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ST. FRANCIS AND SOCIALISM.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

A PRESENT-DAY writer, in comparing the ideals of a modern American city with those of St. Francis, asks the question: "Which of these have attained the real secret of success—these visionaries of Umbria long dead, or the solid, live men who have made Chicago? Those who get or those who give? Truly if they (the visionaries of Umbria) were right, then the modern world is altogether wrong." And he goes on to quote from a modern novel: "No, no; I don't see an American divesting himself of his goods, preaching poverty, and talking to doves. Instead of St. Francis we shall, maybe, have men who will lessen poverty and make the world a more comfortable place."*

These last words undoubtedly represent the sentiment with which many thinking men look upon the Franciscan movement of the thirteenth century and the enthusiasm which has, of late years, been evoked by the story of St. Francis and his thirteenth-century followers. To them the ideal and method of St. Francis are utterly impracticable—or, rather, it is not their ideal. The spirit and method of St. Francis are alien to their conception of life, which implies at least a sufficiency of wealth and a comfortable place in the world.

* *Cf.* G. Masterman in *The Peril of Change*, pp. 188-9. I must add that the author does not unreservedly endorse the sentiment he quotes.

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Nor is this the ideal of men who live simply for themselves; it is the fundamental conception of many an enthusiast for the betterment of society and the lot of the poor. They would use wealth itself as a means of their own and their neighbor's salvation; through material comfort they would attain to a higher human development.

St. Francis, on the contrary, preached the renouncement of wealth and material comfort; he built up his reform upon the principle of poverty—the divesting oneself of this world's goods.

Here, then, we have two very different principles of life, social and individual: the one relying for salvation upon the acquisition and distribution of wealth; the other upon its renunciation.

Now it is necessary to make this sharp distinction because, although when we come to apply either principle to social life generally, we shall find that they must necessarily overlap in any practical scheme, yet the spirit in which one approaches the social problem, and to a great extent one's methods, are shaped and colored by the principle from which one starts.

The social problem cannot be settled offhand by the word "renunciation" or the word "poverty," any more than it can be put at rest by the enunciation of the principle that every man may justly claim a material sufficiency. Life is too complex for any such easy solution. But in so far as renunciation or the endeavor to gain represents a tendency towards an ideal, it will determine one's efforts and fashion one's methods.

I make this remark purposely because much misconception has sometimes arisen regarding St. Francis' Gospel of Poverty in its application to the question of social reform. St. Francis never for a moment assumed that all men would divest themselves of their riches and all be equally poor; nay, in his idea of life he took for granted that some would have wealth and others would not; yet at the same time he did not deprive the rich of the benefits bestowed upon the world by the Lady Poverty. To the legalist dealing with words, this might seem a contradiction or a confusion of thought. But St. Francis was an idealist—a very practical idealist—and he dealt with ideals. Poverty to St. Francis was the corner stone of a new edifice, the mistress of a new vision of life; it was not the edifice, nor the vision of life.

It is important, in considering St. Francis as a social reformer, to remember that he embraced poverty, not as a measure of social reform, but as a means of personal sanctification. He became poor because in poverty he himself found liberty of soul. In the first instance he was thinking of himself not of his neighbor; afterwards, when others joined him, he was glad because he would share with others that measure of spiritual liberty which he himself had found in poverty. When again he feels in himself the call to go forth and preach, he does not preach poverty to the people, but the love of God and peace amongst men. Only to the very few does he give the invitation to renounce all worldly goods and share with him the delightful treasure of his own life of poverty.

Nor does he ever denounce the possessors of property; indeed, he reckons them amongst his friends, equally with the poor and the lepers. What St. Francis does denounce in his sermons are the feuds which set the people against one another and the avarice and envy and lust of domination which were the source of these feuds. But he denounces avarice and ambition, not so much as a social injustice but as a personal sin. In a word, he came before men not directly as a social reformer, but as a religious reformer. He had no thought of revolutionizing the established forms of society. He took for granted the existence of feudal lords and civic republics, even as he took for granted man himself. He only appealed to the lords and burghers as men and Christians, and sought to bring them to a love of God and their neighbor, and to a proper discernment of the eternal values of life as opposed to the transient earthly values. Where, then, did that "Most High Poverty," which he loved so much, come in his preaching? It was the force behind his words as he urged the supreme value of eternity and the comparative nothingness of that material comfort and earthly domination in the strife for which men were losing their grip on the spiritual world.

His appeal to the world was directly for a detachment of soul from wealth and power—such a detachment as is necessary to any one who would live the life of the spirit as set forth in the Gospel of Christ; and his appeal pierced through the materialism of the age, because of his own evident joy in absolute poverty. His poverty was the argument for their detachment, forcing from them the confession that life had

something greater than feudal or civic power or material wealth and luxury.

But though the mission of St. Francis was directly a religious mission, addressed to the individual soul, yet it had its social effects. In rectifying men's outlook on life, St. Francis necessarily laid the foundation of a new social order, especially as many of the features of the existing social order were due to a distorted moral vision. And he undoubtedly forced upon the popular mind certain truths which though not new, since they had been proclaimed by the Church time out of mind, now for the first time, in that age at least, acquired the force of moral realities. Such were the love and respect due to man as such, apart from rank or position.

St. Francis had a fine human feeling, which in him was a religious conviction, that embraced all humanity in fraternal affection and intimate reverence. It was not that he had any theory about the equality of man socially and politically. He had no such theories; he accepted as a matter of course the distinctions of rank and position which existed amongst men; but behind such acceptance was always an intense feeling for the brotherhood of man. Every man, whether rich or poor, noble or beggar, was to him a brother, in whose joy or sorrow he had a ready interest. Not even crime could divest a man of his claim of brotherhood in the eyes of Francis, as the *Fioretti* bears witness in the chapter which tells of the robbers of Monte Casale. The reforming influence upon social relations of such a truth keenly felt by large numbers of men, can be imagined when, as was the case in St. Francis' day, there was so wide a separation of class from class, and even family from family.

Again St. Francis, in glorifying poverty as he did, necessarily modified the attitude of mind with which the poor were regarded by a people who worshipped power and wealth and regarded the poor as inferior beings, to be pitied perhaps, but otherwise of no account in the scheme of life. The poor under the ægis of St. Francis, acquired a certain dignity in the eyes of those who fell under his influence. They came to be regarded as liegemen of the Christ Who Himself was poor.

Yet, again, the Franciscan message of peace—most insistent note of their preaching—necessarily influenced the social relations of a people, who regarded the family and civic feud as

a matter of honor, and who went forth always armed ready to meet a foe.

In these and various other ways did the Franciscan teaching influence society and bring about some measure at least of social reform. It has been said that the spread of the Franciscan movement gave the last blow to Italian feudalism; it certainly raised up a strong body of opinion against the tyranny of the Italian civic republic; which, far more than feudal lordship, was the enemy of individual liberty and the fomenter of class feud and bitterness. And in this matter of social and political reform the teaching of the Friars was reinforced by the establishment in almost every town and village of Italy of the Order of Franciscan Penitents, called the Third Order of Penance. The Tertiaries, as the members of this Order were called, were men and women of the world who formally professed to live according to the teaching of St. Francis; and from the point of view of the student of social reforms, this fraternity has special value, as showing in concrete form the working of St. Francis' Gospel of Poverty.

The Tertiaries did not necessarily renounce their property; in fact, most of them could not do so consistently, considering those social duties which St. Francis recognized. But though retaining their proprietorship, they yet did so as moral trustees, rather than as absolute owners.* Hence, whilst supplying for their own needs according to strict frugality, they must also assist, as far as they can, their neighbors who are in need.

Again, they might hold positions of honor and power, yet always as ministers and servants of the community, not irresponsible lords and masters. Further, since they must regard all men as friends, they were prohibited from taking part in civic or family feuds, and were not allowed therefore to carry arms, except in defence of their country or the Church. Amongst them—as also amongst the Friars—manual labor was to be held in honor as a means of avoiding idleness which leads to sin; and this at a time when manual labor was regarded as proper only to menials. Finally, any God-fearing man or woman might be a member of the fraternity, whether noble, burgher, or peasant. There was no class hindrance; in the fraternity all

* It was a common practice for Tertiaries of means to distribute, from time to time, the surplus of their income after providing frugally for their own wants; or to set apart a fixed portion of their income for the poor.

were brothers whatever might be their rank or station in the world.

Now when it is remembered that the Tertiaries were no small body, but were found in large numbers throughout Italy, as Pierre de la Vigne, the chancellor of Frederic II., had reason to complain, it will be understood how potently their presence in the community must have affected the social organism.

The historian of Assisi, Antonio Cristofani, styles St. Francis "the Father of religious democracy." And without doubt his principles were democratic, inasmuch as they tended to lift man himself above the conventional distinctions of honor with which society labels him, and thereby to win for him a nobler liberty; but it was the liberty of the children of God as set forth by Christ Himself in His Gospel—a liberty which has its source in the recognition of the duty which every individual owes to God and his fellowman; and it was a liberty secured by that spirit of detachment from earthly possession and domination, which Christ made a condition for entrance into His Kingdom, and which St. Francis idealized in the Lady Poverty.

From this brief *résumé* of St. Francis' teaching we may determine its relationship with the Social Reform movement of our own time. Some one once said rather foolishly: "We are all Socialists now"; and the phrase being taken hold of by all sorts of people with large sympathies for the suffering and poor has tended to make the word "Socialism" bewilderingly elusive and vague. Moreover, it may justly be urged that Socialist thought and theory are still in an evolutionary stage, and that it is unfair to charge to the present propaganda the tenets, often crude and impulsive, of the past.

Nevertheless certain characteristics seem to cling to the Socialist propaganda throughout all its modifications, and to determine its tendency. In the first place organized Socialism has always tended to the secularizing of the state or community; either it is professedly anti-religious in its teaching, or else it simply ignores religion as a factor in the social organism. It certainly takes no account of the supernatural in man, and its consistent tendency has been to regard the doctrine of the supernatural as inimical to man's temporal interests.

Now it is hardly needful to point out that with a propaganda of this nature St. Francis can have no part. All his life and teaching were suffused with the thought of that greater life

which is promised in the Gospel and which has been the inspiration and hope of Christian teaching from the beginning. To him eternity was the substance of which time is but the shadow, and in his endeavor to gain that substance he willingly renounced many of those temporal interests which to the Socialist seem of such supreme importance.

Another mark of the Socialist propaganda has been its emphatic insistence upon the rights of men and its persistent failure to indicate the duties which flow from these rights. In its own way, and wherever Socialist influence has gained sway, it has brought about a tyranny as destructive of peace and liberty as any other tyranny; and equally as harmful to individual character.

But St. Francis made his direct appeal to duties rather than to rights. He did not urge the weak and the poor to claim their due; but rather he urged the rich and the strong to give the poor and the weak their due. Certainly in setting before one class of men their duties towards another class, St. Francis implicitly or explicitly proclaimed men's rights, since there can be no duty without a corresponding right. But the difference of method springs from a fundamental difference of temper and aim. The claiming of a right may be of merely earthly value; the fulfillment of a duty has in it a directly eternal value. One may suffer the loss of one's rights without imperiling one's soul; but the same cannot be said of the neglect of one's duties. The exclusive insistence upon rights denotes the materialist temper; the insistence upon duties the religious.

And just as St. Francis laid far more stress upon man's duties than upon his rights, so too did he appeal not for justice but for love, as the basis of social relations. Indeed, he considered that all right-doing must proceed from love—that consecrated love which in Catholic theology is termed *caritas** —else to him it hardly seemed right-doing.

It may be said that he would have injustice taken away by love and by love only. No other remedy seemed to him to be of any consequence or to be real. Hence even the inequalities in the social organism gave him a certain satisfaction, for they seemed to him to give love its opportunities. The wealth of

* The word "charity" has come to have so debased and dechristianized a significance in our English tongue, as implying a condescension on the part of a superior to an inferior, that one now hesitates to use it in the Catholic sense, lest it be misunderstood.

the rich would meet in brotherly charity the need of the poor; those in power would stretch forth their hands to help the weak; and so, out of these inequalities, would come the nobler equality of love and friendship. Even mendicancy was, in his eyes, invested with a halo of glory, inasmuch as he saw in almsgiving a sort of sacrament of mutual good-will between giver and receiver.*

Socialism, however, would seem to proceed upon a different principle. Justice and not charity is its immediate ethical principle; and upon the basis of justice only does it endeavor to build up the social organism. Doubtless it will be urged that only on the basis of justice can you establish rights; but it is just this exclusive appeal to the rights of men which is the moral weakness of the Socialist propaganda. The appeal to mere justice, whilst it may be of value in establishing rights, can never evoke the sense of duty in its highest and most enduring quality. Duty, without love as its impelling force, never yet bound hearts together. And it is in the union of hearts that social justice has its final security. It is evident, therefore, that between St. Francis and the Socialist propaganda there can be no alliance. The only point at which they meet is in their common pity for the poor and suffering; here only do they find any kinship of spirit. But the kinship hardly goes beyond this primary sentiment of pity. In ultimate ideals and actual methods the Franciscan and the Socialist stand far apart.

But whilst co-operation with the Socialist propaganda is impossible to the Franciscan, he is not, therefore, out of sympathy with those political and economic reforms which make for the material betterment of the poor or for the liberty of all classes in the state. In truth, the Franciscans have gener-

* Perhaps I may be allowed to point out here what seems so seldom to be understood by writers on St. Francis—the true significance of mendicancy in the saint's teaching. Mendicancy was never meant by the saint to take the place of honest labor. Over and over again he insists, in his Rule and other writings, that his disciples must work for their bread; only where the wages for their work are not given to them are they to go and beg. In actual fact, they frequently had to beg, because their labor was not of the kind to bring in wages—as, for example, their preaching, their attendance on the lepers. Nevertheless, whilst insisting on the brethren being always employed in honest work, St. Francis had a peculiar feeling for mendicancy, because the alms which were given him were the symbol of his neighbors' good-will towards him. In the same spirit he would never bargain for wages in any service he gave to others. Freely give and freely receive was his principle. Anything in the shape of bargaining was abhorrent to his instinct, because it implied self-assertion of a low type, and distrust of others' good-will, besides being a temptation to covetousness.

ally been found in sympathy with such reforms; for though economic and political aims were not distinctly and consciously included in St. Francis' mission, yet, as we have seen, his worship of poverty and his principle of all-embracing love necessarily set his followers in moral opposition to the reign of avarice and oppression against which genuine democratic movements are directed. And thus is St. Francis rightly reckoned amonst the prophets of Christian democracy.

Moreover, that principle of active sympathy with the poor and the weak, which St. Francis so insistently inculcated, has naturally brought his followers at times into active co-operation with political and economic reform. In the circumstances of the case we look for such active co-operation to the Tertiaries more than to the Friars, since the Tertiaries are more immediately brought into contact with the world's affairs; and, in point of fact, the history of the Tertiaries in the thirteenth century is closely bound up with the political and economic history of the time, at least in Italy. But even the Friars could not altogether stand aloof.

The same principle of brotherly charity which led St. Francis to make the care of the lepers a particular duty of his Friars, also led the Blessed Bernardine of Feltre, in the fifteenth century, to rescue the poor from the power of the Jewish money-lenders by establishing *Monti di pietà ;* and his broad, humanizing influence, which affected the citizens of Assisi and led to the enfranchisement of the serfs,* is again apparent in the relations of the English Friar, Adam Marsh, with Simon de Montfort in his struggle for English liberties. In truth the deep human feeling of St. Francis naturally brings his disciples into sympathy with those movements which make for the betterment of the lot of the poor or the oppressed or the suffering, and knowing St. Francis one would be surprised were not his followers to be found carrying out the apostolate of corporal as well as spiritual mercy.†

* The charter for the enfranchisement of the serfs was drawn up in 1210. A. Cristofani and others consider it was the result of the preaching of St. Francis.

† Perhaps I may be allowed to call attention here to a work of mercy inaugurated by the Capuchin Franciscan Friars in Germany, under the appropriate title: *Seraphisches Liebes-Werk*, which, under the title of *The Seraphic Work of Charity*, has now a branch in the United States, with headquarters at Pittsburgh. The object of the Association is to rescue Catholic children who would otherwise receive non-Catholic education. In 1906 the American Branch undertook to promote Volunteer Probation Work on behalf of poor Catholic children coming before the Juvenile Courts.

But the question of Social Reform goes beyond what we understand usually by the corporal works of mercy; it takes in the fundamental question of the acquisition and distribution of wealth in society generally. As I have already pointed out, St. Francis at no time preached absolute poverty as a rule for society at large; this rule he laid down only for those who united themselves with him in his renunciation of the world. Hence, there may well be an alliance between the spirit of St. Francis and those Christian social reformers who regard the acquisition of wealth and material comfort within certain limits as a necessary condition of social and moral betterment, and who make it an immediate object to secure for every man, as far as possible, the opportunity to gain for himself a sufficiency of material comfort. In truth, taking the world as it is, it is an abundantly proved necessity that an effort be made to give to the thousands of the poor who crowd into the dark corners of our industrial life, a greater measure of material comfort than they now possess; and for the sake of their own manhood and self-respect, to bring them to acquire it, in some measure at least, by their own effort. Only a faddist or a heretic would teach otherwise; and St. Francis was neither a faddist nor a heretic, but a wholesome-minded Catholic enthusiast; and his teaching bears the mark of his wholesomeness. He acknowledged the right of men to acquire and hold property, even though he himself renounced it. But he made three claims against the holding of property—claims which all must admit who stand for a Christian character in society. First, he demanded that in the acquiring and holding of any material wealth, there must be sufficient detachment of heart and mind to secure a man's soul in its proper spiritual liberty, so that his mind and heart be not oppressed by the care for material comforts or for secular power, and rendered inert in the pursuit of what is spiritual and eternal.

In the second place, he would have those who hold property to regard it as a trust before God, rather than as an absolute dominion; so that whatever they held should be not merely for their own benefit, but also for the benefit of others who are in need. For to St. Francis all men are a family—the family of God—with claims upon each other. To refuse to share one's goods with another who needed help was, in the eyes of the saint, a betrayal of the kinship which unites all

men in God and a disruption of that bond of charity which he regarded as a first law of Christian society.

Thirdly—and this is of the very essence of his message, and perhaps its most distinctive note—he taught that human dignity and the higher development of the moral and spiritual life are not necessarily dependent upon material comfort, but can be attained even in absolute poverty; nay, that absolute poverty can be the state of the highest spiritual liberty; and though in practice it is but the few who find this liberty in poverty, yet it is man's right to know that material comfort is not an essential condition of moral and spiritual development.

To withhold this knowledge, or—what amounts to the same thing—to create a system which would lead men to regard wealth and material comfort as an absolute necessity of a Christian life, St. Francis would regard as a betrayal of the Gospel of Christ. Yet that is one of the dangers which meets the social reformer at all times. In the effort to better the material lot of the poor, the idea is apt to gain ground that without some measure of wealth and material comfort a man is degraded below the proper level of human life and dignity, and men come to estimate their own worth by their hold upon the things of earth rather than by their hold on things eternal.

It is in his warning against such error that St. Francis will prove an especially valuable ally to the social economic reformer. Economic reform easily runs into materialism, unless held in check by such faith and mental vision as we find in the "Poor Man of Assisi." "Not by bread alone does man live, but by every word which proceeds from the mouth of God," says our Divine Master; and this was the truth vividly realized by St. Francis and his disciples, when they set themselves to better the lot of the poor and to awaken the conscience of Christian society.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

PART II.—STELLA.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

RESIDENTS in Shepherd's Buildings, Mann Street, King's Cross, had grown accustomed to the "stand-off" ways of Mrs. Mason, who lived at the very top of the buildings.

The great pride and glory of the buildings were that their builder, who was a man of imagination and died bankrupt, had given the buildings bow-windows, a fact which differentiated them from their neighbors. "The Buildings with the Bows" was usually enough in the way of direction for those who sought in darkest King's Cross, as one might search in a haystack for a needle, for any particular one of the flats that reared their tall red heads above the insignificant, grimy houses which, in their turn, must some day soon make way for other buildings as steep and hideous.

Mrs. Mason's flat was quite to itself at the very top of No. 4 Shepherd's Buildings. It had its own little flight of stairs, which made it peculiarly isolated. It was in fact a sort of attic to the buildings, which roared and fought and starved and sweated below it, shut out of sight and hearing by the swing door at the foot of the little staircase and the bright green door with a brass knocker, which shut away Mrs. Mason and her little girl into a kingdom of their own.

As you knocked at the brass knocker you were aware of a curious opening in the wall above the electric bell, an opening as large as a dinner-plate at your end of it, but narrowing inwards. This was a device of the imaginative builder, for which the inhabitants of the buildings were grateful, a device by which it was possible to inspect the person who knocked at the door before giving him admittance. In proportion as it

was a source of delight to the owner of the castle it was unpopular with those who called with a little bill, or who desired to deliver a summons. It was, in fact, a curiously unselfish device of the builder, who certainly looked forward when he built the flats to receiving the rents; and its existence was a cause of special objurgation to the representatives of those who had profited by the late Mr. Shepherd's ill-luck, whose task of collecting the rents on Monday mornings was increased a thousand times in difficulty by the existence of the spy-hole, as the ingenious device was known in the buildings.

There had never been any difficulty about Mrs. Mason's rent. As long as little Estelle could remember the rent had been made up in a neat little twist of paper and set on the corner of the sitting-room mantel-piece every Monday morning, awaiting the knock of the rent-collector, which came punctually about noon. Everything else was paid as punctiliously. Yet Mrs. Mason used the spy-hole as assiduously when there was a knock at the door as the most debt-harassed of her neighbors.

Estelle could remember the time when her mother had started for every knock at the door. That was a long time ago, in that dim border land of memory beyond which lay gardens and lawns and a great house and carriages and horses and servants; and, most beautiful of all, a great big handsome papa who doted on his little daughter and loaded her with all manner of gifts. There were days when Estelle had cried "to go home," and her mother had tried to comfort her with a frightened face. Gradually the memories had become faint and blurred; and the child had grown used to her new estate, which was a lonely enough one for a healthy, normal-minded child.

Estelle and her mother hardly ever went out at first. Mrs. Mason gave lessons on the piano at home, and when she had no pupils worked at lace-making. The most familiar fact of Estelle's childhood was her mother bending to the window to catch the light for the fine stitches. Luckily they were high above the street. Estelle used often wonder how any one ever lived down the deep, dark well of the street. Up there at the top of the buildings there was light and air and sky, and the dome of St. Paul's, and many church spires standing up above a wilderness of chimney pots.

Sometimes there were Turneresque effects of church-spires in a rosy mist of sunset and smoke; or there was a wonderful sky of stars above the lurid light of the streets; or the lightning flashed and leaped along the horizon; and all these were sights Mrs. Mason liked her little girl to see and admire. She had even lifted her from her bed to see the lightning when it was unusually splendid, and had told her that this and all beautiful things were among the wonderful works of God, and so to be praised and reverenced.

At first the neighbors had disliked Mrs. Mason, because she was plainly a lady and desired to keep herself aloof. But finding that she was kind and helpful in cases of sickness or poverty, and was always ready to advise or nurse or do what she could, the feeling in time came to be rather one of admiration and pride in possessing her. In fact, the inhabitants of No. 4 came to have a distinct advantage over their neighbors in the matter of Mrs. Mason.

"There's a lady lives at the top of our 'ouse," they would say, "as is a lady. None o' your flyaways. An' 'er flat as grand as grand. Pictures and books and cushions to the chairs, and the walls as white as white, although she don't keep no servant. *An'* 'er little kid. You couldn't see a nicer lady's child not if it was ever so."

The neighbors at first put down these remarks of the No. 4's as romancing, till they in time became acquainted with the appearance of Mrs. Mason and her little daughter; and that took some time, for in the early years of her life at Shepherd's Buildings Mrs. Mason only went out when the shades of evening had fallen.

Mrs. Mason's flat and Mrs. Mason's little girl were in those days a sort of window in fairyland to the children of Shepherd's Buildings. The children had peeped in at the door of the flat and beheld its glories, the modest brown carpet on the floor, the water-colors on the white walls, the few little bits of china and pottery, the piano, the book-shelves—to them it represented splendors as unattainable as those of Park Lane. And the little girl, with her flame of hair and her delicate face, in the pretty frocks her mother made for her, was as fine as the fairies in the pantomime to which some of the children of Shepherd's Buildings were admitted once a year.

Mrs. Mason watched over her little daughter with a jealous

dread. Of course there was no friendship possible between her and the children of the buildings, not even between her and the children who came for music-lessons to the flat, the children of neighboring greengrocers and butchers and the like. In fact Mrs. Mason lost her best pupils, the three daughters of Mr. Vine, the butcher, by refusing an invitation to their Christmas party for Estelle.

"Nasty, stuck-up thing," said Mrs. Vine. "She don't know 'er place. An' me payin' a pound a quarter too for Enid, Elaine, and Guinevere!"

It was, of course, a drawback in the money-earning way that in those early years Mrs. Mason would not visit pupils in their own homes; because, of course, careful mothers of the little shop-keeping class did not care for their daughters to go to Shepherd's Buildings, which every one knew was a low-down, workingman's place.

However, when Estelle was about seven her mother discovered a convent of French refugee nuns who had dropped down in a big house of an old, decayed square close at hand. The nuns had opened a little school, besides doing their flamboyant embroidery for church purposes, by way of a living. The school was, in the nature of things, a very small one; but the safety and harmlessness of the place were a Godsend to Mrs. Mason, who was terribly afraid of the streets of London for the child. She could leave her there every morning, fetch her home for dinner as she returned from her round of tuitions, deposit her again in the afternoon, and claim her finally about the tea-hour. The big, roomy house had an old garden, with elm-trees where thrushes and blackbirds sang as soon as they did in the country. The nuns had brought some boarders with them from France, demure French children who wore their hair in pig-tails, who could shriek at play-time with a shrillness to surprise the islander. It was a safe and happy shelter for little Estelle, where she had the playmates she had lacked before, and received an education from the nuns which was supplemented by the influence of the place, with its atmosphere of peace and refinement.

Meanwhile Estelle's mother widened her sphere of teaching, going as far afield as some of the Bloomsbury squares and flats, and getting a much more profitable class of pupils by so doing.

Sometimes some of those patrons of hers would make her

free of a square or enclosure; and when it was summer weather she would sit with little Estelle under a bower of lilac or hawthorn and do her lace-work, while the little girl read by her side, or bowled her hoop demurely along the gravel paths.

There were even afternoons of summer—very rare and precious afternoons these were—when mother and child would get into the train at King's Cross or St. Pancras and go away into the green country, where they would have a few precious hours among fields or woods, have tea at a cottage or an inn, and come back to Shepherd's Buildings greatly refreshed in spirit to dream of future outings.

Mrs. Mason dressed her daughter daintily and prettily, as became her pretty age. For herself she bought as few new clothes as consisted with being respectably dressed. She was always in black, and always wore the somber veil which one associates with widows and people abroad who mourn their dead. As she went from place to place she kept her veil down, even when the weather was hot and she gasped for air. Only when she and Estelle had reached the quiet fields where they were quite alone did she throw back the stifling veil. And even then, if she heard a footstep coming their way she would hastily draw down the veil and would remain so till the harmless intruder had passed out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

FIAMMETTA.

The years passed and every one seemed to bring its portion of gifts and graces to shower them upon Estelle Mason.

Despite the cramped London life she had perfect health, although hers was a spiritual beauty, which to the undiscerning often suggested delicacy. She grew tall and straight and slender as a young branch blown in the wind. There was a delicate color in her cheeks. Her hair, light and lifted by every breeze that blows, made a cloudy halo about her young, intense face. Her blue eyes were lambent flames. She did nothing that was not graceful. She was charming; but if she knew of her charm it was in a manner of detachment. If people praised her she seemed as though she would efface and abstract herself. She was a great lover of poetry and music. The nuns had taught

her many feminine accomplishments and much dainty French housewifery. She was not unlike a French girl, with her fine, usually colorless, skin. She wore her clothes with a French cleverness. Above all, she had a delightful voice, which the nuns trained to the best of their ability, bidding her remember that her voice was the gift of God and should be dedicated to His service.

The conventual life, although it appealed to her imagination, was, she knew, not for her. If there had been no other barrier, there was her mother—she would never leave her mother. There were other ways of using her voice for God than singing with the nuns behind the grille in the convent chapel. She could not hear a thrush or blackbird sing without having her thoughts lifted to God. Why should not her voice do as much beyond the strict confines of the convent chapel?

The nuns sent for Mrs. Mason and urged on her the cultivation of her daughter's voice. At first she seemed averse from the idea. There was no place near at hand where a voice could be trained. She would not have her running about London by herself. There was a faint shriek in her tone as she said it. And she herself could not think of leaving where she was, where she had formed a connection. Estelle must learn what she could in the neighborhood.

At last a way was discovered. There was a certain very old maestro living in one of the dusty squares, who had been famous in his day, but had outlived most of his patrons and pupils. Few of the people who had known him in his hey-day knew that he still lived. His voice was now only a thin, cracked old fiddle, but he had his method still, his wonderful method, which had trained a prima donna and prepared many lesser lights for the stage.

He heard Estelle sing, and groaned over her method while he wept with pleasure for her voice. He did not now take pupils. He was too old; and the great voices went elsewhere. But for the sake of his valued friends, the nuns, and for the love he bore to art, he was going to do what he could for the young lady.

Estelle had dreams, as what young girl would not. The Signor who had trained La Tella's voice was going to undertake hers. Who could say what she might not achieve? Who could tell what she might not do for her mother? It was all

for her mother in these days. Sister Margaret, her good friend at the convent, to whom she imparted her dreams, smiled and sighed over them.

"Poor little one!" she said, "it is all for the mother. Long may it be so. She is too tender and sensitive a thing for the rough world."

"Soon, little mother, you will toil no more for me," Estelle said to the faded, still pretty, woman, "you shall sit at home and do what you like. You shall have a sealskin coat for the winter and pretty things for the summer; and plenty of books to read and flowers to look at; and we shall not be in the buildings any more. There are country cottages to be had not so far from London. Ours shall sit right in the middle of a garden; and a thick hedge shall shut it off from the world. There will be sweet-briar in the hedge and clumps of lavender in the garden. And there will be an orchard and a meadow, and a little wood where the nightingales will sing. It will be an old, old cottage, and we shall have a tidy, bright-faced maid, and a dear dog to take care of us—"

She paused, a little out of breath, and laughed.

"We deserve all that," she went on, "after so many years of the buildings. Do what we can, we can't keep out the smell of the buildings' washing-days; and the buildings' greens a-boiling; nor the sound of the women quarreling and the men grumbling and the children crying. Up here one can think of sweet and delicious things, as one always can at the convent; but there are always the stairs of the buildings to be traversed before one gets up here—the dirty stairs, and the evil smells and the sound of the babies crying and the women scolding. Ah—"

She closed with a little fastidious shudder.

"If it had not been for thee, *petite maman*"—she had learned the way from the nuns—"I believe I should have fled from the buildings into the convent. It is all clean there, as it is clean here."

"You have minded it so much, Estelle?" the mother said wistfully.

"I have detested it. The country has beckoned me as an oasis of palms and deep water-wells beckons the traveler dying in the desert. Only—there was always an oasis close at hand —You!"

After this conversation the mother sighed at intervals, while

she read or worked, forgetting sometimes that her daughter's wakeful love was aware of those sighs. Once, while Estelle was absent at a music lesson, she turned out of an old work-box, fitted with mother of pearl bobbins and reels, most of its contents, all manner of odds and ends, till, at the bottom, she discovered an envelope neatly inscribed with a date. She took from it a newspaper cutting and read it over to herself. It was quite old now and it had been pasted on to a sheet of note-paper the better to preserve it.

"To Mrs. Nesta Moore," it ran, "widow of James Moore, her heirs or representatives. The said Nesta Moore is a beneficiary under the will of the late Miss Elizabeth Moore. Her address is sought for by Messrs. Lincoln & White, Solicitors, Valley, Loamshire."

Mrs. Mason had dropped a good many tears over that newspaper cutting. One or two of the tears had dropped on the cutting itself, making the print faint.

She read it, for the hundredth time perhaps. If she could only put out her hand and take this gift from the dear old woman who had loved her and been good to her! It might mean the country cottage the child sighed for. But she was afraid; the habit of fear was upon her. She said to herself that her heart had been cowed within her ever since Jim died, her brave, strong, beautiful Jim. Of course they couldn't take the child from her now. Estelle would choose for herself and choose her mother. Yet—

Suddenly the key turned in the lock outside, and almost before she was aware of it Estelle was in the room, bringing the West Wind with her. It was a West Wind day; and the unusual color was bright in the girl's cheek. Turning round with the cutting still in her hand the mother had an intuition of the incongruity between Estelle and her surroundings. A lily on a dung-heap, a country bird amid the smuts and foulnesses of mean London streets.

"The poor old Signor is ill with bronchitis, too ill to give me a lesson," she said, "so I came straight home. It is a glorious day. The spring has found us out even in London. Let us make up a picnic basket and go off into the country. I stopped at the cook-shop to get a few slices of ham; and I've brought a lettuce and a little fruit. Let us pack up the tea-pot. We'll find a cottager to give us hot water. What is that you have got there, Mummie?"

She stooped over her mother's shoulder and read the advertisement.

"How nice it would be if it were for us!" she said, "if it were we who were the beneficiaries. The Signor wants me to go to the Royal College of Music. He is gloomy over his bronchitis. He is always like that, thinking he will never give me another lesson. To-day he was downright discouraging. 'It is a very sweet voice,' he said, 'but you will never sing in opera. Oh, no, you will never sing in opera. And if you did, what then? 'Tis only a few years for the best of us. The woman's place is at home, ah, heaven! at home. The opera—it is to break the heart, unless you are strong as a lion and as brave.' You see he was in a mood of despondency. Why, what is the matter, Mummie, you are pale?"

Mrs. Mason was putting away the things she had taken from the workbox. She *was* pale, and she felt weak. She said to herself that it was natural after the long winter. It had been such a long winter.

They had their day in the country together. It was delicious, if it was all too short. When they got back to London it was raining. The streets were in puddles. The omnibus steamed with the vapor of wet clothes, was rank with the smell of waterproofs.

For the first time Mrs. Mason noticed that her daughter attracted attention. People stared at her in the 'bus. One or two men leaned from their hansoms to catch a sight of the young, flame-like figure and face, straight and graceful as a poplar in spring. One young man, evidently a gentleman, came up to them at a dangerous crossing, where the mother hesitated while the daughter, with an arm about her shoulders, urged her forward, and offered his assistance. He was quite a youth, dark, blue-eyed, with an air of good-breeding which was unmistakable. He did not seem to glance at Estelle, but when he had taken them across and lifted his hat and left them, he stood staring after them for a second or two, unaware of the jostling, hurrying crowd.

"What a face!" he said, "to leap out of the London darkness. Fiammetta—that must be her name. I have a mind to follow them; but, if they discovered me, they would think me a cad. Fiammetta! I wonder if I shall ever see her again."

CHAPTER III.

AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE POST.

The Signor's bronchitis did not mend very rapidly, and Estelle was at home for some weeks, during which she practised a great many hours a day, making the flat at the top of Shepherd's Buildings like a grove of nightingales, and bringing the neighbors crowding the stairs to hear her.

But practise as she would she was dissatisfied that her mother must come and go in all weathers, while she, a great, lazy, overgrown thing, as she put it herself, could stay in the house in comfort if the day were not inviting, could do pretty well what she would, while her delicate little mother must keep the treadmill round.

It ended in her procuring some tuitions for herself, partly through the nuns, partly through the Signor, and her joy and pride when she brought home her first earnings to her mother were very pleasant things to see.

"I shall not rest," she said, "till you are able to sit there"—indicating the fireside arm-chair—"just whenever you like." It was a particularly unpleasant East Wind day, when the whole world was pinched and arid; and within the little flat it was pleasant with firelight and lamplight, and the green and white china cups on a little white cloth on the table. These were the hours that made life worth living to the mother and daughter. "Here am I, a grown woman, and you have been earning for me up to this. I take shame to myself for it. Why didn't you set me to work at the beginning instead of leaving me so long with the nuns and then handing me over to the Signor?"

"But there was your singing, darling," said the mother.

"Yes, so there was my singing. But who knows if the Signor will ever teach me again? He has had so much asthma this winter. And he talks incessantly of what a hard life it is for women, the life of the professional singer; and of how so many get pushed to the wall and so many go under. I tell him that I shall not get pushed to the wall or go under; but he says that with my face I had better have given my voice to the good God. He gets stranger and stranger, the Signor. Why with my face? Why should it be against me?"

The mother sighed at the innocent question. Estelle was not so beautiful as noticeable. Every day it seemed she grew more flower-like, more gracile, like a lily in bud. It was not a beauty for the vulgar. The buildings had never thought much of Estelle's looks. It was something for the artist and the lover of spiritual beauty.

She used to come in to the Signor in his great dingy room, where he huddled above his gas stove, fresh as the daffodils she brought him. Sometimes she flashed in the same way on the jaded eyes of some wayfarer in the London streets. She was Fiammetta, as the boy who had helped them at the crossing had called her. Once an artist followed her home and begged her mother to let her sit to him.

"I want to paint her in a meadow full of spring flowers," he said, "in a white gown with her arms full of flowers. It will be something jewel-like. Pray do not refuse me."

He was a young man of low stature with a clipped golden head, shining blue eyes, and a warm color. If he had had but stature he would have been splendid. He was winning enough as he implored Mrs. Mason; but she would not listen to him. She had a fear when she was speaking to him, a cold fear that clutched her heart. The young man might be well enough in himself. For her he typified the world in which dangers lay in wait for her girl.

She bowed him out remorselessly; and the incident made her fear of London greater. To be sure Estelle was now a woman in years; she ought to be able to take care of herself; but the nuns and her mother between them had kept her life an enclosed garden. She knew nothing of the perils and the pitfalls that awaited her in the world. She had had no one to open her eyes. All the grosser side of life was hidden from her. It was perhaps the sense of her innocence that made the Signor so averse from exposing her to the life of the woman who must fight for her place.

The tuitions were safe enough. They were in schools or convents, hardly ever with private pupils. Estelle brought home money to her great delight. The mother sought for no new pupils to replace some she had lost. It was now her turn to be indoors and to prepare the fire and the comfortable meal against the return of the working-woman, who was often wet through; often when the summer came, languid with heat,

Estelle came in sometimes tired and dispirited, having met some rudeness or rebuff or injustice during the day.

The mother was unhappy about it. Estelle would have her way, although the Signor, when his asthma was in abeyance, grumbled that the hard life would destroy the girl's voice; he had known such evil results from a heavy wetting, from an exposure to a bitter wind. And her lessons had all but ceased. He had not known he was training her for such a life; to break her heart against the stupidity of blockheads. Her mother had much better let the convent have her. A mind, a spirit like hers, would have been safer with the good God.

In those days more than once Mrs. Mason took out that advertisement with a half-resolve to write to the solicitors. But—she would have to reveal herself, and she felt less and less able for what might ensue. She said to herself that she had not one friend in the world upon whom she could really lean. She had been Mrs. Mason so long, that all that other life seemed distant and unreal. She had no near relative. There was Godfrey. She wondered what had become of Godfrey. Perhaps he was dead. During the first year at Shepherd's Buildings she had read that Godfrey had been dangerously wounded. Perhaps he had died of the wound. All the other people of the old life had become shadowy and unreal. To which of them could she appeal for help for Estelle or herself, if she were to come out of the grave of those years to be Nesta Moore once more?

It was the second winter of Estelle's independence, and the mother was worried because the girl had a cold which lay like a cloud upon her brightness, and her own weakness was more confirmed than before. She had paid a surreptitious visit to a doctor, and he had comforted her by telling her that she was quite sound, only needing good food and change of air and cheerful surroundings. Couldn't she get away somewhere, to the fields or the sea? He gave her a prescription for a tonic and told her to come again so that he might judge if she improved. But change of air and scene and cheerful surroundings would be better than any prescription he could give her. Above all—no worry. "I can see that you worry about something," he said, with a kind little pat of the shoulder. The pretty, frightened woman interested him. "No worry, no worry," he said; and then smiled with a humanity which

had brought and kept him many patients. "It is so easy for me to talk, isn't it?"

On her second visit she waited in Dr. Orme's dining-room, where a score of people sat turning over the illustrated papers. She had a memory of something that might have happened in another life, so dim and distant was it, of the time she had waited for Jim, and seen him come out from the doctor, with his death sentence written in his eyes, in just such a room.

She took up a paper hurriedly as a distraction. It was the *Morning Post*. A long column of advertisements was under her eyes. She read it down mechanically. Suddenly she paused at one, looking at it with dilated eyes. She had caught sight of names that belonged to that other life.

"Wanted: A young lady as Companion-Governess to a delicate boy of twelve. Must be musical and fond of reading and games and out-door life. Must be thoroughly trustworthy, kind, and patient. Salary £100 a year. Apply to Stephen Moore, Esq., Outwood Manor, Burbridge, Loamshire."

She stared at it, and the words danced before her eyes. So Stephen must have married and had a son. The child would have all that should be Estelle's. What a strange, strange chance that she should have lit upon the advertisement, she who hardly ever opened a newspaper. Her thoughts were in a whirl while she saw the doctor, and while she went home in the 'bus, not daring to walk lest Estelle should have come in before her and should catechise her in her bright, fond way as to what had taken her abroad on a particularly unpleasant day.

She stirred up the fire and lit the lamp, moving hither and thither while she made the room pleasant for the girl when she should come in. She put Estelle's slippers to warm in the grate. She knelt before the fire and toasted the bread for the tea. All the time her mind was working. She would, she would not; she dare, she dare not.

Ah, there was Estelle's foot on the stairs! There was Estelle's bright face, Estelle's dear voice apologizing gaily for a wet umbrella and muddy shoes and a draggled, wet skirt.

And all of a sudden the mother knew that there was only one way, and that at last, at last, she was going to take it.

CHAPTER IV.

CONFESSIONS.

She hovered about the girl with a more anxious tenderness than usual; helped her off with her wet garments and into a warm, comfortable dressing-gown. She brushed out Estelle's shining hair, which was sprinkled with rain, and stood out more cloudily because of the damp. She pulled off her wet shoes and stockings, and knelt holding the cold, slender feet in her hands, rubbing them with a warm towel, while the girl protested half-shyly. She wanted to do these things for herself; but the passion and glory of motherhood in the woman's eyes frightened her a little. With such a look had Nesta Moore held her baby's feet against her breast more than a score of years ago.

It was the hour of the day they both loved, when they were together and need go out no more into the wet, unhomelike street. It was always so comfortable to sit down together to the tea-meal, which was dear to them as to most women. But to-day Mrs. Mason's movements were awkward. She fumbled with the things she touched; finally knocked down a saucer and broke it. They both stooped together, to pick up the pieces, and their hands met.

"Why, you are cold," Estelle said; "yet you have been by the fire and the day is not cold. There, sit down in your comfortable chair. I am going to wash up presently. You don't suppose I shall let you do things for yourself or for me. You shall know the comfort of having a daughter."

"Why I have known that since the hour you were born."

She tried to work at her lace while Estelle bustled about getting things in order, but she only entangled the threads which got into knots and broke off short. Her hands trembled excessively and were very cold. There was nothing to fear in the story she had to tell; but the events of long ago had increased her natural timidity. If it were not for Estelle she would have preferred to remain dead as people had come to believe her. But there was Estelle, at whose brightness, as of the evening star, men looked curiously in the street. Estelle must not be left alone—if anything were to happen to her.

And there was no provision. The five hundred pounds which had come to her from her aunt, and which proved so opportune in time of need, had dwindled to its last dregs. If she were to be ill even—why, how should Estelle, the poor child, keep the wolf from the door?

"Well, Mummie, what is it?"

Estelle sat down opposite to her, took her cold hands and chafed them.

"It is something I have to tell you, child; something you ought to have known before perhaps. It is the story of my life, Estelle."

"Of your life. What is there to tell, little mother? You have told me how you were brought up by your aunt in the country and lived with her till you married. And that after my father's death you carried your grief and sorrow away to London. Is there more than that?"

"There is more than that."

While the shadows grew in the room, where the lamp was yet unlit, mother and daughter leant together; the daughter controlling the mother's agitation, holding the trembling hands in her young, firm grasp, encouraging and comforting her with soft words of compassion and sympathy, till the tale ended with the beginning of the life at Shepherd's Buildings.

It seemed that Nesta Moore had met with good Samaritans on that night journey long ago, who had taken her and her little child by the hand and kept her till she was able to think and act for herself. Looking back to her childhood Estelle remembered them, Captain John Burrowes, the delightful, simple old sailor-man, always so spruce, with a flower in his coat, and his comfortable old wife with peaceful eyes, gray-blue like lavender. They had been the only visitors who ever came to see them; and they had always brought the child toys and sweets and cakes, although they had grandchildren of their own, scattered about in various sea-board towns, for Captain Burrowes' sons had all taken to the sea. And then one day Mrs. Burrowes had come alone and in black, and had wept, clinging to Mother and trembling like a leaf. She had come again and again; but she had rather frightened Estelle, being always in black and so ready to weep. And then she too had disappeared out of the picture.

"And was there no one you could have gone to? No one

who would have stood by you?" the girl asked with tender pity, fondling the mother's hands.

"I only wanted to get away with you, child. I was so frightened lest they should take you from me. There were people who would have stood by me if I had stayed. John Lee, the lawyer who drew the will, would have helped. He was bitterly opposed to it. And there were others—friends, acquaintances."

"You should have stood your ground, little mother; you should, indeed. They could have done you no harm. The law would have stepped in. The whole world must have known that Papa's will covered a trust for you. How could any one think otherwise?"

The mother passed her hand over her brow as though she were confused.

"They said things"—not for worlds could she have told her young daughter what those things were—"they would have made out a case against me, to prove that I had alienated my Jim's affection from me. They were wicked and they hated me. And they threatened to take you from me—"

"They couldn't. The stones would have cried out. Such a little, innocent, gentle mother! You would have had champions everywhere. But all that is over and done. Do you think now I am going to let you bend your back and blind your dear, beautiful eyes over that lace-making? I am going to right you, little mother. They shall answer for it to me before the world."

She lifted her head proudly and an oblique shaft of sunshine, suddenly piercing the Western clouds, set her hair alight about her young brows. There was something conquering, Olympian, about her, that made the poor little tired mother gaze at her in wonder.

"You are like your father, Estelle," she said. "Your father feared nothing in the world. And I—I was made to fear everything."

"I wonder what Papa would have thought of your cowering here all these years, as though you fled from justice; as though you, and not they, had sinned. Hiding even your name. Little mother, you ought to have had more fight in you."

Her hand caressed her mother's hair, taking the sting of reproach from the words.

"So it was you," she said suddenly, "they were advertising for in that newspaper scrap I once found you poring over. Whose will was it under which you benefited then?"

"My one friend other than your father during those years at the Mill House. They were beautiful years, as I see them now, because your father was with me. What did all the rest matter? Child, child, it is not enough to be happy. We must *know* that we are happy as well."

"I always know that I am happy. I have never yet known a time when I was not happy. But I shall be happiest of all as your champion and protector. I shall stand by your side, as Papa would have done if he had lived, and shelter you. The wrong has lasted a long time. I suppose they think that God has forgotten them. They will know He has not when I come."

Again the sinking sun lit up the golden head and the mother was reminded of something. What was it? Perhaps the St. George of Donatello—a St. Michael. Something she had seen somewhere in that long-buried past.

"And you let her legacy go too," the girl went on quietly. "I wonder if she was unhappy about it where she went, if any one could be unhappy there. Why, you had nothing but fears, nothing but fears. But you are never going to be afraid any more with me to take care of you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A FORGOTTEN BOOK OF DEVOTIONS.

BY CHARLTON BENEDICT WALKER.

OTHING is more striking to one who casually turns over the pile of publishers' catalogues which accumulate upon his study table, than the constant output of devotional literature: prayer books of every kind and at every price; schemes of meditation; companions for the altar; pious extracts for every day in the year; religious poetry; hymns; books about prayer—vocal and mental; reprints of the writings of the great masters of intercourse with God, pour from the press in a constant stream. And when one spends an hour or so in glancing through some of the latest of these productions, as they lie ready for sale, one is struck by the fact that much of this vast supply is excellent and much of it is ephemeral; for devotion, like all else, has its fashions and its seasons; none of it, no single book can, of course, be considered as complete—containing in itself all that a Christian can need in the matter of prayer—for the needs of the soul are, as the words and deeds of our Lord, too many for the world to contain if they were written in books.

But this constant output of devotional literature is in itself evidence of a constant demand. This demand is not self-evident. We are over four hundred years from the introduction of printing, and it would not be surprising if we had long ago settled, by a process of steady elimination, upon a standard work in each department of devotion, suitable for every class which finds its home in the household of Faith. Yet this need not disturb us; it is but one more sign of the buoyancy and freedom of the life which is lived in the Catholic Church, the life which is inspired by the Divine, and which vibrates to its furthest limits in response to the beatings of the Sacred Heart of its Reedeemer. Perhaps because it is realized that the eye of authority will scan its pages before it reaches the eye of the faithful; rather, I venture to think, because of the splendid tradition which has constantly inspired the efforts of the

Catholic publishing world, little indeed is put forward which is entirely worthless. But, at the same time, any one who has had much experience of this kind of literature will not hesitate to affirm that in every devotional book there is much that is of questionable value. And this, first, because it does not meet the immediate need in the simplest way; secondly, because it is so often couched in language which is not that of ordinary, familiar, affectionate converse with God—how often is an expression, a phrase found which, by its awkwardness and the unfamiliarity of its language, breaks the flow of the conversation which it should sustain?—or, thirdly, because it has confounded the desire to teach with the attitude of the disciple to the Teacher, just as the attempt to invent a new form for the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, in the Book of Common Prayer of 1549, resulted in a didactic address to the sick man, far removed from the ordered simplicity of the form which the change hoped to replace. And, further, were it not that vocal prayer is but the stepping-stone to that wider prayer which throws away crutches that have helped it to the waters stirred by Angel-hands, one would ruthlessly abandon prayers such as those of St. Thomas or St. Bonaventure, written, not for use as vocal prayers, but rather as suggestions for mental prayer.

The suggestions which follow, therefore, are no plea for a new book of devotions. They are rather a demand, from a layman to laymen, for a general bracing-up of the subject, for further investigation by those principally concerned in a question of great importance. Yes, the question is not merely important, but enormously important. If the priest is on the mount with Moses and Elias, we are below in the thick of the battle. If the leader needs that his arms be supported as he raises them high in supplication all day long, we, face to face with Amalek, have our part to play in the divine drama.

If the cloistered religious pray hour after hour before the Prisoner of Love in His earthly home, is it not that we may be renewed and strengthened; is it not that we, too, may be made more perfect in prayer and in the language of the Faith which will tread under the world, the flesh, and the devil?

Certain it is that every Christian is falling short of an elementary duty, who is not making constant effort—making it, not talking about it—towards closer union with God. And if

one asks by what means, close at hand, this constant effort is best helped and maintained, there is no hesitation in the answer. First and foremost is the diligent use of the sacraments, greater and bolder and more generous attempts to increased Communion, a steady and unflinching determination that the present Pontificate shall see the establishment of a world-wide Order of Daily Communion and the restoration, in accordance with the expressed wish of the Holy Father himself, of what we have been in danger of losing from the insidious attack of an obscure and hateful heresy.

And next, there is need for a steadier discipline in the matter of mental and vocal prayer. Concerning mental prayer I will say no more at present but that it is bound up with wider considerations than those usually dealt with in standard treatises. There is no small danger that the ordinary educated layman should be turned in weariness from this out-breathing of his soul, by an easy misconception as to its difficulty. St. Ignatius and St. Alphonsus took no small pains to prevent this misconception by insisting that prayer is prayer, and not mere turning of books. The work of those who have followed in their steps varies directly in so far as they do or do not grasp this fundamental principle.

But what about vocal prayer? "The tongue is indeed a little member," says St. James, "a fire, a world of iniquity." Indeed it is so, and the greater the need of discipline. It is very easy for a person to try to live upon vocal prayer, which is very like trying to support bodily existence by reading the lists of foods sent out by provision merchants. But, nevertheless, vocal prayer is a very real and important part of the spiritual life. It takes a high place in the corporate life of the Church and its function should be to transfer this never-ceasing expression of corporate need into the private life of the individual. As in all else, the excellence of a gift is determined by the position of the giver, and the gift of a prayer or a form of devotion receives its worth by reason of the excellence of its source. The fact that a particular book of devotions bears an *imprimatur* is no guarantee in itself that it will meet our particular need. No, we must go further still.

Is there, after all, no book of devotions which represents the common possession of all the children of the Church? Are there no books which gather into their pages the devotional treas-

ures of all ages, which will put upon our lips the very words of our Lord and His Blessed Mother and His saints, which will give us the battle-songs of His army, that we may swing along our way, rank by rank, in step with those who have gone before, which will tell us the cry we must raise when we faint and are near to falling by the way, which will keep the door of our lips that we offend not in our tongue? In other words, what does the Church provide?

The Church provides, and has provided for centuries, that daily official prayer which shall be the expression to her children, and to an unbelieving world, of the life that is within her. In the Missal and in the Breviary she provides, and will continue to provide, that outward expression of the needs of her heart which is the third part of her duty in the sphere of worship. For she bids us confess that we have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, no less in our public and corporate action than in our private relations to His Divine Majesty. In thought, for we have been lukewarm and neglectful in our corporate insistence upon the personal affection of the Bride for the Bridegroom; in word, for we have discouraged, by coldness and indifference and positive neglect, the constant stream of public vocal prayer which is a large part of our duty; in deed, by slovenliness about ceremonial, unspiritual carelessness about the *minutiæ* of the Royal Court, a spirit which gains the easy approbation of those outside the Church, who pretend to find in her an overcarefulness for detail. I do not pretend to disregard the clear fact that all this is against the clearly expressed command of the Church. It is this command upon which all our eagerness to keep the Liturgy and the Divine Office to the fore is ultimately based. Nor do I pretend to disregard the needs of an age which is in some sense the age of little leisure. It is these very needs which appear to me to call for an immediate return to the essentials of divine worship. We are tempted, and we succumb very easily to the temptation, to a kind of smug complacency if we devote half-an-hour a day to hearing a low Mass, too often, also, choosing the time when the sacrifice is being offered, for the recitation of the rosary, or the deferred saying of our morning prayers.

First, then, I would plead for a more general return to the excellent custom of assisting at Mass. Says the Penny Catechism:

"Should you also hear Mass if you have time and opportunity? I should also hear Mass if I have time and opportunity, *for to hear Mass is by far the best and most profitable of all devotions.*" Now, it is obvious that we cannot do two things at once, and that in order to hear we must listen attentively, and that all that we do or say must have reference to that to which we are listening. I do not intend by this to deprecate the saying of the rosary during Mass when ordered by authority, as during the month of October; nor do I forget the excellence of hearing Mass by way of meditation, which is a practice recommended by saints, and which in itself demands attention to what is being done at the altar. But I plead for universal and practical recognition of the fact that "*Dominus vobiscum*" is not an address to the server, but to the congregation present, and that "*Orate fratres*" is an invitation to the faithful generally to pray for the priest and not merely a signal to a child of tender years to say "*Suscipiat.*" There is, indeed, little excuse for not following the priest at the altar. The *Lay Folk's Mass Book* shows us clearly that before the age of printing our fathers in the Faith were accustomed to follow the words and action of the liturgy with intelligence. The Missal in the vernacular is available for every one who can afford a book of devotions at all, the Missal in its own mother-tongue is equally available. And the advantages of hearing Mass are almost incalculable. We are witnessing to our corporate existence; we are praying in the very words of our Mother; we are receiving the teaching in the lesson and the Gospel which she has designed for us to hear this very day; we stand and express, not by standing up alone, but by our softly altered recitation as well, our unity with the holy host of heaven and our allegiance to the Faith once delivered to the saints; we pray, as our Mother prays, that overwhelmingly majestic prayer of the Canon of the Mass, that knocking upon the gate of heaven which, like the *Sanctus* of the angels, ceases not day nor night. Yes; we cannot refuse it, we are led on to it by our Mother herself, beating our breasts at the *Domine Non Sum Dignus*, we are caught in the toils of the Divine Love, and humbly and fearfully we rise to make our way day be day to His Table—*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam. Amen.* And this is all liturgical worship, there is nothing here which has not been consecrated again

and again by the experience of the saints. This is the book of devotions for the Mass.

And, secondly, I would plead for the use of the Breviary. "What!" I hear many exclaim, "that long and tedious Breviary, that dull and wearisome book which is laid upon ecclesiastics and from which we of the laity are so happily free? Surely there is nothing for us there." But one moment. We have seen how the use of the Missal as a book of devotion for the Mass has proved its own value. But the Mass is limited, if I may be allowed the expression, to but one-half our day. By mid-day at latest must our corporate worship be at an end? Not so. "Seven times a day I have given praise to Thee," says the Psalm of the Saints, and though I do not know if I am right in ascribing this to King David himself, yet the tenor of the whole Psalm seems to me to point out the author as a busy, practical man. And seven times a day, if not from the very earliest ages of the Church, yet for centuries, has been the rule for that extra-liturgical worship which we call the Divine Office, not for ecclesiastics only, but for the whole body of the faithful. Here again we are met by the objection—"There is no time." If prayer is important to the spiritual life, then in the life of every single individual there is time for prayer if the will be set aright. And if the time be short, how much greater the importance that our vocal prayer should be prepared no less than our mental prayer. If the experience of one who has tried to say the Breviary for nearly twenty years be worth anything—and I offer it for what it is worth—I would say that the saving of time which is attained by the use of the Breviary for vocal prayer tempts me to declare that those who have much leisure for prayer, whose lives are not lived outside in the world, really need something more than the Breviary! It is to the busy man, the real man of business, the man who spends much of his year in traveling the country by rail, the literary man, the student at college—it is to these that the Breviary comes as a revelation when they use it for the first time.

It will be objected that the Breviary is in Latin and that Latin is a dead language. But the new edition of the Breviary in English offsets this difficulty; and if a wider demand showed itself, the price could be so lowered as to bring this work within the reach of all.

This book then, the Breviary, is what I have ventured to

call "A Forgotten Book of Devotions." Those who know it will not cavil when I call it by a kinder name, "*The Layman's Book of Devotions.*"

I commend it for five reasons. First, because it contains the Psalter, the War-Songs of the Prince of Peace, as it has been aptly named by a Protestant writer. To enshrine within its pages the words used by our Lord Himself in the worship in which He deigned to join while on earth seems to claim for it a high place in Christian devotion for all time. Secondly, it contains the greater part of the Sacred Scriptures set out in orderly portions spread over a whole year. Here again material for which we may be thankful is given to us. Thirdly, it contains portions of Patristic commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures which, brief though they be, are valuable for their very brevity. A layman does not need a load of theolgical learning, but an acquaintance with Patristic methods of interpretation may serve him in good stead by acting as a corrective to those of later times, the fruitful breeding-ground of so much that is deplorable in the history of religious thought. Fourthly, it contains day by day the prayers which link it to the Mass, of which it is the complement and around which it circles. And lastly, it contains in the Responsories, Anthems, and Hymns, a collection of material for the service of Divine Praise which leaves far behind all modern and unofficial attempts. No one who, year by year, joins Holy Church in the Passion-tide Responsories, the Anthems of the Holy Cross Festivals, or the stupendous office of St. Thomas for Corpus Christi, will question this judgment.

And lastly, two practical suggestions, for this is a question of practice and not merely of theory.

I suggest first that the Breviary should be more widely used in public worship. Vespers is *not* a complicated service if dealt with intelligently. I well remember the awe and delight with which I, a Protestant school-boy of sixteen, listened to Solemn Vespers in a strange London church, into which I had wandered. Matins again is *not* a long, wearisome service. Three-quarters of an hour—hardly longer than "Devotions and Benediction," suffices for its recitation aloud.

My second suggestion is for the laity only, and would be brief and practical. Buy a Breviary, preferably a Breviary in four volumes, that there may be less turning of pages, the perplexity of which is so disturbing to devotion. Be in no hurry

to master the whole contents at a sitting, but take up the *Pars Hiemalis* and find the General Rubrics. They are very plain, they say no more than is absolutely necessary, but they are the work of experts and may be trusted as such. And then begin at once with Compline, studying well the arrangement and order before saying one word. And then Prime, which is not quite so easy, and the Lesser Hours, Terce, Sext, and None. In six months you will be eager for Lauds and Vespers, in a year or less you will blame me for not having led you at once to that truly incomparable simple office of Matins. *Festina lente.* Mistakes and omissions on your part do not carry the blame which would attach itself were you an ecclesiastic. Happy are they who can recite this Divine Office in company with others, happiest of all are they who can find it day by day in recitation in the house of God. But alone or in company they are raising their voices, taking an active part in that round of praise which circles the Mass, learning here on earth the meaning of the liturgical worship which gives a title to the very angels themselves—"Are they not all ministering (liturgical) spirits, sent to minister for them, who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?"

May I be allowed to conclude with a quotation from a beautiful work, *The Spiritual Life and Prayer*, by the late Abbess of Solesmes? In the concluding chapter—"There is but one Liturgy"—speaking indeed of the life of those who are bound by vow to the religious life, but in words which might well be engraved upon the mind and heart of every one who tries to do his part in corporate worship, she says:

> As long as they are striving to prefer nothing to the Divine Office, and are eager to display in its celebration all the care and refinement which so august a function claims, the science of their own sanctification is communicated to them under the form which they must realize in the depth of their own souls. And if it came to pass that in some liturgical function the souls called to take part in it were all very near the perfection of their own private liturgical worship, that is to say, the highest reach of the spiritual life, the angels would, in the midst of such an assembly, well-nigh think themselves in heaven. God's satisfaction would for certain be unbounded, and the radiation from such a center would be the wonder of this whole world.

FROUDE AND CARLYLE.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

WHEN Anthony Froude published his books on Carlyle many people were inclined to say that it was a case of "Save me from my friends." They declared that their idol had been shattered and that the iconoclast was no other than the great man's intimate and trusted companion who had lifted his heel against him. Such was the fixed, if unspoken, opinion which prevailed among a great number of Carlyle's English admirers. But, whatever may be thought of Froude's wisdom in publishing the books, it must be owned that the facts and circumstances as they have been given to the world by Mr. Herbert Paul in his *Life of Froude*, if they are to be implicitly relied upon, acquit the author of Carlyle's biography of any false or hostile feeling against the man who was not only his friend but the object of his most profound and almost filial reverence.

Froude's career divides itself naturally into several parts. We begin with his unhappy boyhood and his school days at Westminster, followed by his entrance at Oxford and his early association with the Tractarian leaders, of whom his brother Hurrell was one of the most notable and certainly the most romantic. Then came the severance from these early views, culminating in the publication of *The Nemesis of Faith* and the loss of his Exeter Fellowship. Following these events was his admiration of Evangelicalism as it was displayed in the life of a God-fearing Irish clergyman, until his religious opinions settled down into those of a free-thinking Protestant, who became not merely an admirer of the Reformation, but its warmest defender, who looked upon that hideous act which defiled the history of England and robbed its people of their Faith, as the basis of that people's manhood and the safeguard of its liberties.

As an apologist of the Reformation it goes without saying that Froude was a thoroughgoing Erastian and a bitter enemy

of the Catholic Church. In this character and with these views he wrote his history, and, unhappily for the true view of the events with which he dealt, he was the undisputed master of an exceptionally beautiful style. It is quite as hopeless to imitate Newman's transcendent manner as it is impossible to emulate the heat and brilliance of the sun. But the humblest laborer may become tanned by the ardor of its noonday rays, while understanding nothing of its chemistry; and there is little doubt that Anthony Froude owed something of his wonderful power of narrative, and the easy and beautiful style that fascinates even hostile critics, to the fact that in early days he had been under the spell of Newman's enchantment.

The juxtaposition of these two distinguished names gives me an opportunity of correcting an error into which Mr. Paul has fallen. He is indeed in good company in his mistake, for it has been repeated over and over again, far and wide. But a mistake it is none the less, and one which will, in all probability, continue to be made, though it has before now been refuted. Mr. Paul tells us that Froude, at Newman's request, wrote the "Life of St. Neot" for the series of the *Lives of the Saints*. This, of course, is perfectly true. But we should have expected the biographer of Froude to examine this "Life" before making it the excuse for repeating the time-worn and baseless story that Froude added to his work the following epilogue: "This is all and perhaps rather more than all, that is known of the life of the Blessed St. Neot." Mr. Paul puts this passage into inverted commas, as though he were quoting Froude's words, whereas no such epilogue appears in the "Life of St. Neot."

The origin of the tale is this: In the "Life of St. Bettelin," written not by Froude but by Newman himself, we find the following characteristic sentence, added not in cynicism, of course, but in all seriousness: "And this is all that is known, and more than all—yet nothing to what the angels know—of the life of a servant of God who sinned and repented, and did penance and washed out his sins, and became a saint, and reigns with Christ in heaven."

As far back as 1897 a refutation of the great Froude myth was published in the *Times* by Mr. Bellasis, now one of Newman's literary executors. After once more exploding the

legend, Mr. Bellasis adds this cogent commentary upon Newman's epilogue: "The Cardinal is apologetic almost throughout this little life of 15 pages as to many reputed events being attributed to divers persons, etc., citing Bollandus to the same effect—'Here is a basis of truth and a superstructure of error.' . . . What more natural than the conclusion, though couched in Newman's own inimitable way: 'This is all I can learn about St. Bettelin, but it is more than I can vouch for.'" This is the real sober truth which has given rise to the legend of Froude's supposed "witticism." With a little more care surely the official biographer of Froude might have guarded himself against giving further currencey to a baseless tale.

Another period of Froude's life is that connected with the *History*, which, regarded merely as literature, placed its author deservedly among the greatest writers of his day. It was when preparing materials for this work that he became acquainted with Carlyle, being introduced to him in his Chelsea home by James Spedding, who thus, in Mr. Paul's words, "made unconsciously an epoch in English literature." Not only was Froude influenced in considerable measure by Carlyle's philosophy of life, but it is to Froude that we owe the picture we now possess of the Cheyne Row *ménage*, of the fireside talk of Carlyle, of the brilliant intellect of his scarcely less gifted wife, of her rare powers as a letter-writer, and of the little weaknesses of her great husband which helped to make her life unhappy.

Mrs. Carlyle, as Mr. Paul tells us, "was an unhappy woman, without children, without religion, without any regular occupation except keeping house. Her husband she regarded as the greatest genius of his time, and his affection for her was the deepest feeling of his heart. He was at bottom a sincerely kind man, and his servants were devoted to him. But he was troublesome in small matters, irritable, nervous, and dyspeptic. His books harassed him like illnesses, and he groaned under the infliction. If he were disturbed when he was working, he lost all self-control, and his wife felt, she said, as if she were keeping a private mad-house."

There can be no doubt that dyspepsia prompted Carlyle to utter sentiments the reverse of wise. The Chelsea Sage, as he was called, committed himself in private conversation to the opinion that Mill was a poor feckless driveller; that Darwin

was a pretentious sciolist; that Newman had the intellect of a moderate-sized rabbit; that Herbert Spencer was the most unending ass in Christendom; and so on; all of which probably meant that Carlyle was feeling very ill and very cross. No wonder we are told that Froude, in listening to his "eloquent and humorous diatribes, . . . felt more admiration than sympathy." That Mrs. Carlyle was unhappy can scarcely be wondered at, if Mr. Paul is right in saying that her husband had taken away her dogmatic beliefs and put nothing in their place. Her pale, suffering face, we are told, "haunted Froude in his dreams."

Her end was tragic in the extreme. In 1866 Carlyle had been made Rector of the Edinburgh University, and naturally felt some anxiety as to his Rectorial Address. Its delivery gained him much applause among the students, and we may well imagine how keenly he was looking forward to describing the scene to his wife, whom he dearly loved in spite of all the trouble and chagrin that he sometimes caused her.

He had retired to Dumfries to enjoy a short rest after his Edinburgh labors. Here the news reached him that he was a widower. He never recovered from this blow. For the rest of his life he continually spoke to his intimate friends of his "Jeanie" and of her lovable qualities, at the same time expatiating upon his own shortcomings, which his sorrow no doubt led him to exaggerate. His grief was embittered by a perusal of her diaries. "He realized that he had almost driven her to suicide," writes Mr. Paul, "he, the great preacher of duty and self-abnegation."

"For the next few years," says Froude, "I never walked with him without his recurring to a subject which was never absent from his mind." Of course there was much exaggeration in all this. His affection for his wife was most profound and real and this led him after her death to magnify the little rubs of life as well as the more serious differences, until in his brooding and melancholy mind they took on the appearance of crimes. "But he had at times been cruelly inconsiderate," writes Mr. Paul, "and he wished to do penance for his misdeeds. A practical Christian would have asked God to pardon him, and made amends by active kindness to his surviving fellow-creatures."

The circumstances of Mrs. Carlyle's death, during her hus-

band's absence from home, and at a moment when he was being *fêted* and applauded to the skies, added much to the bitterness of his sorrow.

On the 21st of April, 1866, she was driving in Hyde Park, Her pet dog was running by the carriage. It was run over, and she caused it to be picked up and placed on her lap. She then told the coachman to drive round the "Ladies' Mile," until he was otherwise directed. The man obeyed, but before long he became surprised at receiving no further orders; he stopped the carriage and inquired whether he should drive home. He received no answer. Very soon it became evident that for some time past he had been driving a corpse. She had died from heart seizure, precipitated probably by the shock of the accident to the dog.

Five years after this event, when Carlyle had almost ceaselessly, throughout his waking hours, rehearsed the tragic scene, and brooded over the harshness of which he had sometimes been guilty, he suddenly called upon his friend Froude carrying with him a bundle of papers. These contained a Memoir of Mrs. Carlyle, written by himself, a number of her letters, and other biographical fragments. All these Froude was to read, to keep, and, after Carlyle's death, to publish or not as he thought best.

This proposal was not without its attraction. Carlyle was, of course, one of the leading men of letters in the English-speaking world, and it was quite certain that the position of his literary executor would be both honorable and lucrative. To be chosen with every mark of confidence to publish or withhold an important work by Carlyle was a fact of which any man might be justly proud.

But, on the other hand, the proposal bound the chosen man to perform the task whether it was agreeable or not. To Froude it was a distinct sacrifice of literary liberty. He was at that time under no sort of necessity to undertake a task for which he was not inclined either for the sake of money or fame. His reputation as a literary man was already secured. A book with his name on the title-page was certain of a wide and ready sale, while the eminence he had attained gave him an unfettered liberty in the choice of his subject. He already had it in mind to produce a history of Charles V., one of his great heroes. The theme was thoroughly congenial to him. Mr.

Paul tells us that the book would have enabled Froude to show forth "the best side of the Roman Catholic Church," but it is perhaps conceivable that "the Roman Catholic Church" will survive the loss of his patronage as it was indifferent to the virulence of his hatred. The great apologist of the Reformation could scarcely be expected to love the Bride of Christ.

Froude then had won the right to produce books in his own way and at his own time, and there were undoubtedly reasons which made him hesitate before yielding to Carlyle's wishes. But the great man persisted, and his friend undertook the task. First of all he told Carlyle that it was right that his wife's letters should be given to the world, and that the Memoir by Carlyle should appear with them. On these points he consulted John Forster, whose name is best known as the biographer of Dickens. By Forster's advice Carlyle defined his wishes in a will, dated February, 1873. By this instrument the MS. of the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle* was given over to Froude. Carlyle's brother, John, and John Forster were to be called into consultation; but the final judgment was to rest with Froude, and his authority was to be equal to that of Carlyle himself.

In this will was a clause which ran as follows: "Express biography of me I had really rather that there should be none." Notwithstanding this, however, Froude in course of time received a further consignment of documents consisting of "a box of more letters, more memoirs, diaries, odds and ends, put together without much arrangement in the course of a long life." These, he was informed, were the materials for a biography of Carlyle, and he was requested to embark upon the work at once.

In 1878, while Froude was devoting his energies to the biography, he was appointed by Carlyle one of his executors, the others being Dr. Carlyle and Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. In the following year the death of Dr. Carlyle left Froude and Stephen the sole executors.

In the autumn of the same year a curious incident occurred —one which was destined to cause trouble later on, as any careful man might have foreseen that it would. Carlyle casually said to Froude: "When you have done with those papers of mine, give them to Mary"—meaning his niece, Mary Aitken, Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, who had, since Mrs. Carlyle's death,

lived in Cheyne Row, to take care of her uncle. In his will the great man speaks of her in terms of pathetic affection. He notes the "loving care and unwearied patience and helpfulness she has shown to me in these my last solitary and infirm years."

Carlyle's casual request naturally struck Froude as strange Up to that time he had regarded the papers as his own, though that Carlyle himself did not so look upon them is clear from the fact that he had left them by will to John Carlyle! The latter was now dead, and no doubt it was on that account that Carlyle made the verbal request to Froude that he would hand them when done with to his niece.

Meanwhile Froude was making progress with the *Life*. So far did it absorb his time that, at Carlyle's request, he had resigned the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*, a post which brought him an income of £400 a year.

Carlyle's trust in his friend's discretion was without limit; and in the exercise of his undoubted right, Froude determined to publish Carlyle's reminiscences of his father, of Edward Irving, of Francis Jeffrey, and of Robert Southey. But in 1880, the last year of Carlyle's life, the old sage asked his friend what he meant to do with the Letters and Memoir. Froude replied that he meant to publish them, to which Carlyle seemed to assent.

"Froude," remarks Mr. Paul, "drew the inference that most people would, in the circumstances, have drawn. He concluded that Carlyle wished to relieve himself of responsibility, to get the matter off his mind, to have no disclosure in his lifetime, but to die with the assurance that after his death the whole story of his wife's heroism would be told."

On February 4, 1881, Carlyle died, and then began the inevitable trouble. Hardly had the grave closed over her uncle than Mrs. Alexander Carlyle told Sir James Stephen "that Froude had promised her the whole of the profits arising from the *Reminiscences*, that her uncle had approved of this arrangement, and that she would not take less. . . . Mrs. Carlyle did not know that the memoir of her aunt would be among the reminiscences, and the sum which Froude had promised her was the speculative value of the American edition, which was never in fact realized."

For this offer he substituted one-half of the English profits.

When Carlyle had been dead a little more than a month,

Froude published the *Reminiscences*, including the memoir of Mrs. Carlyle.

In the following May, Froude, in accordance with his friend's request, sent the manuscript containing the memoir of her aunt to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle. Now, unfortunately, there was a slip of paper attached to this manuscript, containing a vague surmise that the book, which at the time Carlyle meant to burn, might survive him. In that case he solemnly forbade his friends to publish it as it stood, without editing, and he added a warning that the "fit editing of perhaps nine-tenths of it" would, after his death, be impossible.

Here was a chance of correcting and harassing Froude, of which Mrs. Alexander Carlyle was not slow to take advantage. In a letter to the *Times* she accused him of violating her uncle's express directions.

Froude's reply to this charge was easy. The very fact that five years after writing the injunction Carlyle had handed the manuscript to him to deal with it as he thought fit, showed clearly that he had thought better of his prohibition. The will which I quoted above, and the verbal permission to publish, given in 1880, still further exonerated Froude from Mrs. Carlyle's charge.

But the lady was not satisfied, and she went so far as to express a doubt of her opponent's veracity. This stung Froude into making an offer which, had it been accepted, would have destroyed his work and defeated Carlyle's own wish. He had, he declared, brought out the Memoir by Carlyle's desire. He would do the same with Mrs. Carlyle's letters. "The remaining letters," he added, "which I was directed to return to Mrs. Carlyle so soon as I had done with them, I will restore at once to any responsible person whom she will empower to receive them from me. I have reason to complain of the position in which I have been placed with respect to these manuscripts, they were sent to me at intervals without inventory or even a memorial list. I was told that the more I burnt of them the better, and they were for several years in my possession before I was aware that they were not my own. Happily I have destroyed none of them, and Mrs. Carlyle may have them all when she pleases."

It was fortunate for Froude's biography of Carlyle that this rash offer was not accepted. According to Counsel's Opinion,

dated three months after Carlyle's death, the old sage's request, that the papers should be handed over to Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, was "an attempted verbal testamentary disposition, which had no legal authority," and obviously it could not be held to override written instructions by virtue of which, according to Mr. Paul's interpretation, Froude had no power to part with the documents without the concurrence of Sir James Stephen, his co-executor, and Stephen would not have consented to the return of the papers until Froude's work was accomplished.

Nor was Mrs. Carlyle's contention upheld by some other members of the family, one of whom, writing to Froude, said: "My uncle at all times placed implicit confidence in you; and that confidence has not, I am sure, in any way been abused." Mrs. Alexander Carlyle considered the publication of the Memoir a breach of faith, but, according to Mr. Paul, this did not prevent her claiming the whole of the profit arising from its sale. Froude, as we have seen, contended that he had promised her the income derived from the American edition which, contrary to expectation, turned out to be very small. He ultimately offered her fifteen hundred pounds, retaining only three hundred for himself. She accepted the money, though she denied that it was a gift. Stephen, one of the leading lawyers in England, was of opinion that it was a legal gift, "though there may have been in the circumstances a moral obligation." But Mrs. Carlyle put forward another contention which the executors heard of for the first time in June, 1881. This was that, in 1875, her uncle had orally given her all his papers and handed to her the keys of the drawers containing them.

The obvious reply to this was that, as early as 1873 or at the beginning of the following year, the greater part of the papers had been in Froude's possession and not in the drawers of which she had the keys.

Mrs. Carlyle demanded the return of the papers. Froude referred the matter to his co-executor, who refused the demand; and, in accordance with what he believed to be Carlyle's wish, he finished his work.

There would certainly seem to have been a confusion as to the ownership and destination of Carlyle's papers. The manuscript of the *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*

were clearly bequeathed to Froude, who was to take counsel with John Forster and John Carlyle on the subject of their publication. In 1879 Carlyle gave Froude the verbal instruction that he was to hand over "those papers of mine" (including others besides the *Letters and Memorials*), when done with, to "Mary." Before this Carlyle had left them by will to his brother John, who was then dead. Mr. Paul declares that Froude could not dispose of the documents without the consent of his co-executors, and yet for many years (before the will of course had saddled him with co-executors, if not later) he had regarded the papers as his own, to do with as he pleased.

In a letter to Froude, printed for private circulation, Sir James Stephen explains his action in the following words: "It was my whole object throughout to prevent a lawsuit for the determination of what I felt was a merely speculative question, and to defeat the attempt made to prevent you from writing Mr. Carlyle's life, and I am happy to say I succeeded."

Froude complained, in a letter to Max Müller, that his ill star was uppermost when he laid aside his project of writing his book on Charles V., and accepted Carlyle's offer. "There are objections to every course which I can follow," he writes. "The arguments for and against were so many and so strong that Carlyle himself could not decide what was to be done, and left it to me. He could see all sides of the question. Other people will see one, or one more strongly than another, whatever it may be; and therefore, do what I will, a large body of people will blame me. Nay, if I threw it up, a great many would blame me. What have I done that I should be in such a strait? But I am sixty-four years old, and I shall soon be beyond it all."

In 1882 Froude published the first two volumes of Carlyle's biography, bringing his life up to the year 1835. The next year saw the publication of *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, in which, for the first time, the reading public of England became acquainted with Carlyle's wife. The book proved that she was one of the most accomplished letter-writers that the modern world had seen.

In 1884 appeared *Carlyle's Life in London*, which completed Froude's task. It is not too much to say that these volumes were the leading books of the seasons in which they

appeared. For months together people "talked Carlyle" and little else, unless we add criticism of Froude, for, of course, there was plenty of abuse poured upon the man who had painted his hero as he believed him to be. It seems the very height of absurdity to suggest that in pointing out Carlyle's faults and weaknesses, he had any ulterior motive, and undoubtedly the reading world owes him a debt of gratitude for supplying it with volumes of deathless interest. It is at least possible that Froude felt that Carlyle's fame "would bear many spots," and that his hero, like Warren Hastings in Macaulay's famous Essay, "would have wished posterity to have a likeness of him, though an unfavorable likeness, rather than a daub at once insipid and unnatural, resembling neither him nor anybody else. 'Paint me as I am,' said Oliver Cromwell, while sitting to young Lely. 'If you leave out the scars and wrinkles, I will not pay you a shilling.'"

One of the most interesting sights in London, a spot visited each year by many hundreds of American and English citizens, is the little, unpretentious house in which for so many years Carlyle and his wife lived. The tranquility of the Chelsea street in which it stands seems to suggest the seclusion in which the sage spent his life, and from which at intervals he sent out those works which in the rugged language of a Scotch peasant and a Teutonic philosopher, alternately lashed and scorned the everyday world of men. The house remains, down to the smallest details, as Carlyle himself left it on that chill February day when he closed his eyes upon a world which had never but half understood him. There is his writing table, his ink-stained pens, his plain chair, his clay pipes. There too is the room where for two hours he and Tennyson sat together without either of them uttering a word, at the end of which time Carlyle declared that he had had a delightful talk with "Alfred." There also are the dining-room, and the table whence a frightened domestic was one day ordered to "remove these Stygian viands." The very bareness of the rooms seems appropriate to what we know of the grim austerity of the "dour" Scotchman, who craved as his one comfort an undisturbed tranquility which in London he could never attain. The "sound-proof room," designed by Carlyle himself, is also shown, a windowless apartment into which it is to be feared the crowing of the much-hated cocks still penetrated to

disturb his meditations. For his sake and that of his harassed wife, we may be thankful that he did not live to see the advent of the motor car.

The deserted scene of the philosopher's labors and of his wife's household drudgery, is fruitfully suggestive of the vanity of human life and fame. Froude's book has no doubt led many hundreds to wander thoughtfully from room to room in this plain, prosaic house, and I venture to say that no one has ever left its threshold without having gained a clearer idea than he had before of the life, half-tragedy, half-comedy, which was once lived therein.

Mr. Herbert Paul's *Life of Froude* is a well-written book full of pleasant reading, but it contains a blemish of a very grave and even unpardonable character. I refer to the outrageous and utterly unsupported charge against Blessed Edmund Campion. Mr. Paul accuses the martyr of being in intention a murderer, and this without one word of proof. "When Campion," he tells us, "pretended that his mission to England was purely religious, he was tampering with words in order to deceive. To him the removal of Elizabeth would have been a religious act. The Queen did all she could to make him save his life by recantation, even applying the cruel and lawless machinery of the rack. If his errand had been merely to preach what he regarded as Catholic truth, she would have let him go, as she checked the persecuting tendencies of her Bishops over and over again." There is certainly a touch of grim humor in the picture here presented of Elizabeth's burning anxiety to save Campion's life, or rather to make him save it, an anxiety evinced by the use of the rack! And when we are assured that the soft-hearted Queen would have let Campion go free if his object had been merely a religious one, we are inclined to ask Mr. Paul how he reconciles the statement with the passage on page 140, in which we are told that "the Mass . . . to Elizabeth was a definite symbol of political disaffection." And we may also fairly invite Mr. Paul to square this with another passage of his which occurs on page 138, in which he informs us that "Elizabeth boasted, and boasted truly, that she did not persecute opinion." That "if people were good citizens and loyal subjects, it was all the same to her whether they went to church or to Mass."

If the Mass was to Elizabeth "a symbol of political disaf-

fection," how could she feel this indifference? And is it conceivable that Mr. Paul does not know that the "religious object" of a Catholic missioner necessarily involves the offering of Mass?

As for the charge against Campion that he was at heart a murderer, we can only say that, until Mr. Paul attempts to bring forward some evidence in support of his monstrous calumny, he must be set down as an unscrupulous bearer of false witness. Even Mr. Froude, with his hatred of the Catholic Church, makes no such charge. The other allegation, that Campion "endured torture and death without flinching rather than acknowledge that Elizabeth was lawful Sovereign over the whole English realm," is refuted by Froude himself, who records the precise opposite. Indeed, it is universally recognized by all historians that Campion not only acknowledged that Elizabeth was his lawful Queen, but that he died with that acknowledgment upon his lips.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Paul should have allowed his bigotry to spoil a work of high literary value. The very merits of the book will continue to attract readers, many of whom, of course, will swallow wholesale the calumnious nonsense that the author has written about a glorious martyr of God's Church.

This is assuredly an unpleasant mode of taking leave of a writer whose book is in so many respects a pleasure to read, but it would be impossible to pass over in silence so gross an instance of anti-Catholic bigotry, It is, of course, possible that, in the four years that have elapsed since the *Life of Froude* was published, Mr. Paul may have written a retraction of his unscrupulous charge which has escaped our notice. If he has not done so, it is high time that, in the interests of historical truth and for the credit of his own name, he repaired the omission.

FOR SPORT.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

"YOU know, Mr. Vantage, that I have never asked before for a vacation in all the years I have been with you. And I have never once been absent except on those strictly business trips to Belgium and Italy on which you sent me."

The speaker's accent was un-American, though hardly foreign, and his tones of so melodious a quality as to please any one, unless, perhaps, an irritated employer. The head of the great Western department house rose from his office chair and took a turn or two about his glass cage.

"Two months is a long time," he said testily, "and you'd have to be back on the first sharp, for the fall rush. I suppose"—reseating himself—"you may as well go, if 'twas only for peace sake; as you've been at me about it since last Christmas, I do believe, Scarpia."

His companion smiled, showing very white teeth under a black mustache. It was his temperament to gain his end by patient siege rather than direct attack. "Thank you, Mr. Vantage," he answered gently. "I shall want to start this week. So I will leave my department in perfect order and give Rogers instructions about everything."

"Give him some brains if you can," growled Mr. Vantage. Afterwards he remarked to the head-bookkeeper coming in; "Scarpia is the only one in the place who really knows anything about lace. I'd trust nobody else here for an expert decision about that old point from Brussels and Genoa."

"Steady fellow," agreed the bookkeeper sententiously. "Not likely to get into any trouble during a vacation."

"No"; said Mr. Vantage, with a short laugh. "He won't spend his time dissipating, but just mooning about and—what you might call "duding" it. Well, how about that consignment of chiffon?"

Meanwhile the young man in question moved with peculiarly easy grace between the counters in the busy hive below, his great dark eyes quick to note everything needful; himself ready

to oversee, assist, reprove, like the invaluable chief of department he was. He went about with serious, business-like indifference; invariably polite and considerate, and was a soothing contrast to others hurtfully rough.

The only vague emotion, outside of business interest, that Giovanni Scarpia ever felt in this place was when some fair goddess of the social Walhalla, gliding past on her way to her car, let a fleeting glance fall on his handsome face. Then it was as though the winter sun had rosed for a moment his cloud-castle. For it was in the clouds that his inner life was lived, and the lover of Dante's Beatrice and Petrarch's Laura, though human and lowly-placed, might easily be blind to a shop-girl's coquetries.

Antonio Scarpia, who long ago kept a small fruit stall in the Italian quarter of this Western city, had one fair daughter whom he loved not passing well, or he would never have ordered her to marry a certain plasterer called William Scruggs. The girl, just sixteen, timid and submissive, accepted him at her father's command, as she would have married Bluebeard—which might, indeed, have been the better match, as her misery would have been the sooner ended. The plasterer, who had coarsely fancied her soft eyes and pretty figure, her musical voice and childish manner, was an ignorant, rough animal, a bully and a drunkard, and the poor child's life was a martyrdom.

How often in their one dingy and disorderly room—for life-long poverty had not taught her neatness—had her only child seen her olive cheek whiten and felt her tremble as he clung to her skirt while she affected to be busy at wash-tub or cooking-pot, when a heavy, unsteady foot made the ricketty stairs creak. The "little language" of his childhood would have been of oaths alone but for his mother. The boy was her very self in person and nature, and their love for each other was a passion. How often had they mingled tears and mutual consolation. How often had the timid creature tried to shield him from brutal blows. How often had his loving heart sickened at his childish impotence to protect her. Then came the day—well-remembered—when a neighbor, likewise Italian, living in their tenement, came in and said: "Giovannina, they say your man is killed."

The little boy was frightened at the gladness which he

felt on their tyrant's removal. Was it not as wicked as murder, perhaps, to be rejoiced at one's father's death! He dared not ask his mother, who was on her knees, hands clasped and great eyes raised to the cheap copy of Carlo Dolci's Madonna, which she had brought from her home and which Scruggs had once thrown into the fire. He would strike her now if he could come in and find her praying. The child shuddered at the thought; and then knelt beside her and prayed too.

But when the poor funeral was over, he clasped his little arms around her and said joyfully: "*Madre—Giovannina mia*—it is for *me* to take care of you now!"

She smiled: "Oh, *carissimo*, and you but nine! You must go to school."

"But not for long?"

"To read and write good, you must. After that"—brightening with an unexpected thought—"all learning is in the books and they will be open to you."

"And now my name shall be Giovanni Scarpia!"

At the child's birth the father had roughly silenced her suggestion that to him should be given some of the musical names of her country. "My name's plenty good for him. And look out you don't call him nothin' but 'Bill.'"

The boy had always loathed the harsh name and its associations, and now, looking into his eager eyes, she consented that he should take the masculine equivalent of her own. Ten years of cruel treatment had not utterly destroyed all traces of former beauty, and but for her child's ideal devotion, destitute as they were, she might have fallen into hands as brutal as Bill Scruggs'. But the work by which she made a meager subsistence while her boy went to the parochial school, occupied most of her time, and her church—now freely visited—and care of him took the rest. Then came his thirteenth birthday, when they had spaghetti and fried plantains for a treat.

"I am not going to school any more," he announced, "Father Felice has found me a place in a store as errand boy; and—he is so kind—he will still teach me at night the things I need, and to speak French and Italian. I speak it now, you know, *Nina mia*"—coloring sensitively for her—"but not—not always quite right, you know."

Then came the happiest part of the poor seamstress' life,

when her boy, though tired and hard-worked, would say proudly that "he was getting on fast." When she would walk out to church with him on Sundays, and afterwards hear Father Felice praise him. When his tiny earnings brought her some small personal comforts, especially what she had yearned for, a picture of San Gian' Battist', her patron. And then—just then—she died. For it is not only the blessed who die in the Lord whose works follow them. The wicked also leave their mark; and years of Bill Scruggs' ill-usage, together with privation and over-work had developed the seed of inherited disease in the fragile Italian woman.

The struggle was mercifully short and almost painless at the end; but the boy's grief was fearful to see. With the intensity of race and temperament he gave himself to such despair that Father Felice felt called upon to reprove him severely in religion's name. Then the good pastor, relenting, took him in his arms and wept with him, which was the best comfort, after all. He took the lonely child to his own little home which, though in the same noisome and swarming quarter, would remove him somewhat from the deadly moral atmosphere of the crowded tenement; and so, with work by day and reading with the priest by night, the boy's adolescence had gone by.

This was years ago, and Father Felice had passed to his reward. His pupil—industrious, temperate, of quick perception, and ready of service to others—had risen until he occupied his present position. Having no vices on which to squander money, he was able to live in handsome rooms in a pleasant quarter.

"This looks like a woman's apartment," commented a picture-dealer who had come to examine a rare engraving which Giovanni had picked up. "What do you do with all these little traps?" In which he touched on a defect of the young man's quality—a rather finical fastidiousness and devotion to petty luxuries which amounted to effeminacy. Also, for the virile sports of his fellow-clerks he held a distaste which was to his physical disadvantage.

On the other hand, he possessed a wonderful, grave patience and self-control under annoyance, which were sometimes tested severely. Yet he could astonish an associate who spoke roughly to a saleswoman in his presence; and the other did not easily

forget his keen words and flashing eyes. For no Paladin of old had a more ideal devotion to womanhood, founded on the memory of the mother, whose picture hung in his oratory with the cheap Carlo Dolci and the San Giovanni. The horror he felt, even now, remembering her suffering, would heve made him lay down his life to save one of her sex. Added to this were the dreams inspired by the noble and gracious ladies of his beloved Italian poets.

It was now the holiday season at watering places, where those who have played hard all winter seek variety of play. In a great hotel on the Atlantic coast, far from Vantage's "Emporium," two girls sat brushing their hair. The strong, salty breeze blew some glossy, ash-blond strands over the shoulder of one on to her kimono and she smoothed them, then sighed.

"What is the matter?" asked her companion, smiling. "Is it: 'He cometh not, she said. I am a-weary of—nothing but women. I would that I were dead—or wed'?"

"It is all very well for you," responded her friend, "with Walter Travers coming down every Saturday. But heaven pity the rest of us in this crowd of women. Only four men, and one of them deaf, and all of them stupid! Ah, there goes the band. The coach must be coming from the station. Let's see if there are any arrivals."

Miss Juliet Champney trailed her blue gown across the floor and parting the curtains stepped on to the little balcony which commanded the lawn and gate-way. The high iron railing made her comparatively safe from observation, but a young man was just then alighting from the coach and in the interest of the moment she leaned forward. He happened to look up, she drew back, and he carried into the house a confused impression of a radiant vision with shining blue eyes framed in long, rippling waves of fair hair.

"My dear child," she announced, gliding back," the arrival is not only a man, but a handsome man—Romeo himself —an ideal Romeo for your poor, lonely Juliet."

"That remains to be seen," said Miss Elliott indistinctly, "there are a few other young women here." A most injudicious remark, for her friend, smiling sweetly, made instant resolve.

"Lace my gown for me, Katherine," she said, coming in presently from the adjoining room in dinner toilet of black tulle. The blond locks were now fastened high on the shapely crown, with just a tendril or two escaping. "Romeo," she said inconsequently, "is grace itself; and such glorious dark eyes, my dear! And, Katherine, he plays the mandolin, or lute, or something, for I saw the case among his traps."

"You are a silly goose, but very pretty in that gown," said Miss Elliott judicially. "Come, let us go down."

"'Tis he, 'tis Romeo!" murmured Miss Champney at the dining-room door; but, being well-bred, her look of unconsciousness was perfect as she passed the stranger at the table next their own. He, on the contrary, instantly recognizing the woman of the balcony, flushed and played nervously with the menu card.

Giovanni Scarpia was in the uncertain, half-painful first stage of a realized vision. He sat, as he had often dreamed, far from the madding crowd of shop-girls and troublesome customers; from the everlasting heaps of gloves and perfumes and laces; among people whose low tones and quiet movements were a pleasure to him. The band played "Adélaide," on the lawn, with the undertone of the surf beating on the sands. Boats glided, in theatric fashion, between the window-frames, each of which enclosed some marine view; the breeze wafted about the fragrance of flowers. Artist as he was by temperament, he could have thrilled with rapture to the finger-tips, but for a pang of earthly disquiet.

"Would he not prove unfit, by habit or manner, for companionship with the denizens of this favored sphere? Could books supply the want of early training and association?"

"For the men"—he felt within himself a Latin's quick adaptability. "For the women, *felicissime*"—his wandering, thoughtful eyes by chance encountered Miss Elliott's. Katherine Elliott, not handsome, had yet so fine and noble an expression as instinctively to convince a beholder of her goodness and the possibility of his own. "For the women"—concluded Giovanni Scarpia in his thoughts—"I have done nothing to make me unworthy. They are so sweet and beautiful—they, too, must love music and art. They are like Laura, 'and Monna Vanna, and Monna Bice.'"

Occasionally, crossing the pathetic strain of "Adélaide," he

caught a subdued, silvery laugh from the neighboring table, and traced it to the fair beauty. "*Bellissima!*" he murmured, glancing in that direction.

Right above the Elliott's table hung a small chandelier which the head waiter had already noted was insecure. "Surely," thought Scarpia, "that sways too much," and was just in time to catch it as it would have fallen on Juliet. The confusion was slight, few being present, and Giovanni had left the room before Mrs. Elliott could recover herself. "Thank you a thousand times," had Juliet said, with lovely, upward glance which was so misleading. "Dear Mrs. Elliott," she complained ingenuously, "I hate to seem to call you remiss, but we ought to have said more. Only for him we should all have been badly hurt."

"Well," said Mrs. Elliott, bewildered, "I can, of course, speak to him again. But *you* need not, Juliet. He is a stranger, and, and—"

Katherine smiled quietly. She smiled again, when later she saw her mother, walking the broad veranda with Juliet, stop and speak to the young stranger, whose manner was most deferential. Katherine knew well by whose deft arrangement it was that he remained and strolled beside them for a few minutes.

"It will give me great pleasure to play for you at any time," she heard him say. "It is a guitar. Yes; I sing sometimes—tenor."

"What a lovely voice in speaking," thought Katherine, but said distantly: "Mamma, you must be tired. You have walked so much to-day."

"Yes, dear; I am going to sit down now."

But Juliet lingered a moment, the moonlight falling on her fair head shining out of a black lace scarf. "Well, then, Mr.? —oh, Scarpia, yes—in the morning—the little parlor is best for practice. Every one will be in the surf then; good-night."

As for Giovanni Scarpia in his room, he merely exchanged a waking for a sleeping illusion, for he was a dreamer by day and by night.

"Ah, you will kindly play my accompaniment? How good you are!" He bent over the girl, who ran her fingers lightly across the keys, with the ease of one sure of her technique. The "little parlor" or music-room was, as she had predicted, quite empty, it being the hour for surf-bathing. Mrs. Elliott,

with her fancy-work, would have mounted guard at Katherine's suggestion, but Miss Champney had laughingly assured her "that it was heroism worthy of a better cause, and that she might more profitably follow Katherine into the surf."

"Your papa would not say so," said the chaperon helplessly. "You know nothing of this gentleman, Juliet."

"I know that he is quite the handsomest man I have ever seen"—promptly—"as for other particulars, I will ask him straightforwardly, and tell you what he says."

"I play fairly well," she now answered him sweetly, "but my real specialty is accompaniment, I think. It is a great delight for me to put myself in sympathy and follow a singer's shades of feeling."

"That is lovely, and most rare—even in professional accompanists. Shall we begin with 'Spirito Gentil'? Or, shall we try—it is worn, perhaps, but always beautiful—'Non e Ver'?"

"We will try them all." She sounded the prelude, and his voice rang out, clear, flexible, thrillingly sweet, as only a tenor can be. She had expected him to sing well, he looked like a *primo tenore*, but she was taken by surprise at the quality of the voice. A few loiterers gathered quietly in the room, delighted. A German waiter hung outside the door muttering: "Ach! das ist musik-lieblich, wunderschön!" She went on, with hardly a pause, from one song to another, and he would have sung at her desire indefinitely, but suddenly she arose.

"Unconscionable, I know it is, to tire you so, for my delight!" She presented him to the little group present, who loaded him with compliments almost unheeded, as he saw her leaving the room. With hasty excuse he followed to where she lingeringly crossed the corridor.

"I thank you a thousand times for the exquisite accompaniment."

"I thank you a thousand times for the exquisite singing," she smiled, with faint, enchanting reproduction of his slight accent. Then, serious again, seated herself among the hall window cushions and fixed her bright gaze upon him. "I am going to show you, Mr. Scarpia, how mean and selfish I really am. Since I have heard you sing, I want you to promise me that you will never sing in the parlor again. It attracts a

mob—unmusical most of the time—who talk and disturb us. You have your guitar, which is accompaniment enough for such a voice as yours, and—and—I want you to sing only for *me*."

Giovanni's dark cheek glowed, his eyes shone like stars. He leaned against the wall near her to say gravely: "If it were only something harder, that I could do it for *you, signorina gentillissima!*"

"See now, how good I can be, when I give my mind to it," said Miss Champney to Katherine that evening. "Instead of going down to the pavilion alone with Mr. Scarpia, to hear him sing, I have promised that Mrs. Elliott will come too, and you besides—Mr. Travers not being expected."

"Extraordinary discretion—not to go out alone by moonlight with an accidental acquaintance of yesterday!"

Miss Champney threw some white lace over her hair as they strolled down the beach to the pavilion. This was a music-stand far down the sands, where the orchestra sometimes played.

"Ah, most happy night!" murmured Giovanni, giving his hand to each lady up the little steps.

Under the moon serene, the waves in long silver curves came lapping up the shore, and receding left a sparkling train of phosphoric specks to mark their path. "See the pale moon," hummed Giovanni, leaning dark and slender against a pillar. Then the girls and he sang "Santa Lucia."

"A Venetian night hardly surpasses this," said Juliet softly.

"I had some beautiful ones there," said Giovanni, "when I stayed out all night on the Grand Canal. But, no, no; you are right; they lacked much of this."

He began singing again to light touching of the guitar. Mrs. Elliott was almost disquieted by the moon and his voice and graceful pose. It seemed hardly proper to be taking part in what looked like a scene from an operetta. Ought a gentleman to appear so picturesquely attractive? Walter Travers, her daughter's betrothed, a good fellow, very sensible and a bank president besides, could never look or sing like that.

Miss Champney spent the next afternoon on the rocks, with Giovanni reading aloud to her Petrarch's sonnets in the original.

"I do not understand it all," she told him, "but I like it." In fact she understood scarcely a word, but it was musical, and she could recline, with the rose lining of her parasol tinting her charming face, and divine the meaning when ever and again his dark eyes were raised to hers.

More bewildering days, more moonlit nights, and Katherine ceased further remonstrance, which was but a spur to the wilful girl. Other women tacitly abandoned all claim to this picturesque cavalier. As for him—his life-long "Dream of Fair Women" was now realized. For this reward had he lived with labor and art, keeping himself above all feminine allurement more ignoble than that of poesy's heroines. His recompense had come, as he had always known it would. He felt not the slightest misgiving, but trod upon air, with the gods. Even Katherine could not but notice that he grew daily handsomer, and did not fail to be softened by his unceasing, gentle, courteous thought for others, in spite of his own evident preoccupation. One afternoon Miss Champney had, with premeditation, substituted "Romeo and Juliet" for the usual Italian poet. He leaned below her in their rocky nook with only the crested waves and screaming sea-gulls in sight:

"'I have more care to stay,'" he read, "'than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? Let's talk'"— He paused.

"*My* name is Juliet," she said in her clear tones, as it irrelevantly, letting her look wander away over the water. The book dropped; he looked up, calling back her gaze by the intensity of his own, and in a moment was at her feet. The attitude—impossible to an Anglo-Saxon—suited the vehemence of a passion which almost terrified her.

"*Giuletta, Giuletta mia!*" he cried, "life of my life, and soul of my soul, give me a look—a word!"

Half-fascinated, she let him take her hand. "It is like a star—like an angel stooping to the earth!" And he pressed his lips to the hem of her white gown.

It was about a month later that Miss Champney, coming from her room to her friend's remarked thoughtfully: "So Giovanni must go home to-morrow, and this season will soon be merely a memory."

"Giovanni!"

"Well, why not? We have been engaged for some time."

"Engaged! And your father! You, Juliet, who of all girls should make a conventional marriage!"

"Did I say a word about marriage?"—calmly—"I may never see him again after to-morrow."

Miss Elliott merely looked at her.

"You need not look so unutterably reproachful. He has never presumed in any way—just gazes at me with those glorious eyes as if I were a goddess. He thinks all women divinities. And what would I have done in this dullest of places without him? Katherine, I tell you, neither you nor I have heard anything like it!"

"Could you not find some plaything which was not sentient?" asked Miss Elliott coldly.

Next day Giovanni Scarpia went away when the afternoon sun was rosing the window-panes; and the children sported in the sand; and the band on the lawn once more played "Adélaide."

"*Addio, Giuletta, donna carissima! Addio, vita mia!*" and his look and tone so touched even this girl that she was moved to give him what he besought, a little, shining lock of hair. She asked her father, carelessly, when she went home herself, to inquire in his business correspondence with St. Louis about a family called Scarpia. "There were some people of that name at the beach," she said.

"There are innumerable Scarpis in the Italian quarter," replied the correspondent. "Of Scarpia I can find but one, a salesman in a large department house. Of humble origin, he is described, but of very refined tastes, handsome, musical, and with good manners."

Miss Champney raised her eyebrows again, with a difference.

As for Giovanni, he had taken up his daily routine at Vantage's quite simply. His evenings were Juliet's; for when he sang, it was to her absent; and when he read, he thought of her. The glamor so transmuted even his days that Vantage said to him: "I never saw a man so improved by a trip. Have you had a fortune left you, too?"

"A fortune? Yes"; smiling slowly.

"By Jove, that fellow's good-looking," muttered Vantage.

When a week or two had gone by and the expected letter

did not come the hours began to drag heavily and anxiously. He had written at once and again and again. After three or four weeks of suspense, he told himself: "I cannot bear this. My beautiful lady is very ill, perhaps. I must go and see her." And then, a letter was handed him in her writing. In all his eagerness he would not open it until a chance came to draw apart from the bustling crowds in the shop. Then he read.

To Mr. Giovanni Scarpia.

DEAR MR. SCARPIA: I find on returning to my home that I was altogether mistaken as to my feelings towards you. And on quiet reflection that we were most unsuited to each other. I know that you will agree with me, therefore, in thinking that it is best we should not meet again. You will understand that this is final, when I tell you that I am shortly to be married to a gentleman well known to my father and friends. With best wishes for your future welfare,

Very truly yours,

JULIET CHAMPNEY.

He folded it with mechanical neatness and slipped it in an inside pecket, where it touched a soft little package he always carried there.

"What's the matter, Scarpia? You look white," called a fellow-clerk passing. "Guess they've too much heat turned on."

"Land sakes!" said his janitor's wife next morning, "this bed ain't been touched! Came in early, too, last night—Mr. Scarpia. Hope he ain't sick." She was a motherly soul and liked the gentle, considerate tenant. Indeed, he had spent the night walking his room amidst the ruins of his cloud castle, out of which Juliet's face shone with mocking allurement; and again it seemed his mother's wistful, sad eyes which looked at him while the winds of autumn at his window echoed: "*Addio, Giuletta mia! Donna carissima, addio, addio!*

He continued his duties now with careful precision; but looked often languid and ill. And once, when a chilling blast was whistling, he forgot his overcoat; and another time he was caught in a drenching rain and made light of staying all day in damp clothing. And many times, in preoccupied indifference, he failed to eat and sleep.

Mrs. Barton, a very wealthy customer, came into the store

during the Christmas season, and with her were friends—a newly married couple from the East. "What a striking resemblance, Walter," said the bride, "to a young man we knew at the beach." The salesman she remarked had passed them quickly on his way to a rear department. Immediately after there was some slight confusion in that part of the store.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Vantage, himself in converse with the important customer.

"It is Mr. Scarpia, sir," said a saleswoman near, "they say he has fainted—had a hemorrhage—some sort of attack."

"I hope not," with some feeling. "He is, you know, Mrs. Barton, an invaluable man, and has been with us so long. He has looked very badly all winter. They tell me his mother died of rapid decline."

"Scarpia!" cried Mrs. Travers, "Oh, Walter, it is the same man. I wish we were not going on this evening that we might ask for him."

It was more than a month before they returned from California on their homeward route, and then Mrs. Barton told her that young Scarpia was very ill. She had inquired for him, having a pleasant, shopping acquaintance with him, and had sent him fruit and flowers.

"I wish *I* might ask for him!" said Katherine impetuously.

"My dear child, there is no reason you should not," replied her husband. "I will drive there with you."

"It is quite an excellent street," added Mrs. Barton reassuringly.

"Walter," Katherine said, as they drove from the florist's, where she had supplied herself with his choicest blooms, "Mr. Scarpia was in perfect health and spirits when Juliet Champney—could that—"

"My dear"—smiling with a little superiority—"you do not, surely, believe in broken hearts and all that stuff! This was a very industrious young man who had his daily duties to occupy his thoughts."

"The body and mind being partners," persisted Katherine slowly, "I think an accidental illness might have easy work if desire to live were lost."

Her husband preceded her to the first floor where, in the hushed atmosphere of Scarpia's tasteful rooms, the janitor's wife held her apron to her eyes. A Sister of Mercy came

from the inner apartment and took the flowers from Katherine. "He will be so grateful," she said. "He appreciates kindness so deeply. He is always and entirely conscious—though it is but a matter of minutes." When she came again: "He wishes to see you," she told her; and Katherine went in.

Giovanni lay on a lounge near a window and facing the oratory where a priest knelt and where hung his mother's picture with the Madonna and San Gian' Battista. He was but a shadow of his former self, and it was startling to see how the darkness of his hair and great eyes intensified the whiteness of skin and gleaming teeth.

"How good heaven is!" he whispered, as Katherine gently touched his hand, nearly transparent against the crimson silk cover. "It is almost like seeing *her*. Ah, *donna carissima*, *grazie*—the flowers so sweet; and the violets most so—their fragrance—she loved it always. But you must not stay—no—it might be painful."

He closed his eyes, exhausted, and turned his head that his cheek might rest on an ash-blond curl lying on his pillow.

The priest followed Katherine into the outer room. "It is kind of you to come, Madame," he said. "Though many call inquiring for him, he had but few intimates, being so different in tastes and thought from his associates. It is curious, too; for I happen to know that his beginning was humble and his first environment deteriorating. But if the pure of heart shall see God then he will; for I have met few like him—and a confessor should know. Still, I am bound to admit that his chief idea of heaven is being with his mother again. He is a dreamer—and so, perhaps, unfit for this material world of ours. Ah, they call me."

When the Sister came out in a little while, she raised her hand solemnly and there were tears in her eyes.

Katherine had a sudden vision of a graceful figure leaning against a pillar in the moonlight, his glowing eyes fixed on a girl with white lace over her blond hair, and the waves beating a refrain to the notes of a guitar and a touching, thrilling voice. She forgot that he was but a lowly-born clerk with a foolish, fanciful passion for a fair woman of the great world—a desire of the moth for the flame.

"Oh, the pity of it!" she murmured; and her eyes, too, were wet.

CONVERTED MARRIED MINISTERS AND THE PRIESTHOOD.

SHOULD CONVERTED MARRIED MINISTERS BE ALLOWED TO RETAIN THEIR WIVES AND BECOME PRIESTS?

BY LOUIS O'DONOVAN, D.D.

SEVERAL months ago fifteen non-Catholic ministers, almost simultaneously, "went over to Rome," and the belief obtains in high places that very many more would soon follow were they, being married men, allowed to become priests and keep their wives. To them, therefore, if not also to us, it cannot be an uninteresting question whether or not the Church should offer such terms to these "other sheep." And when we recall that not many years ago in England, a minister brought his whole congregation with him when he came into the Catholic Church, one may fancy the proportions that might be assumed by a tidal wave "Romewards" were the dike of priestly celibacy allowed to sink before the sea of prospective home-coming ministers on both sides of the Atlantic.

The question is not, of course, whether or not celibacy is to be maintained as a *sine qua non* for the clergy *in general.* Neither is it whether or not converted ministers shall be allowed to marry *after* being ordained priests. But whether or not non-Catholic ministers *already* married, may become Catholic *priests* and continue to live with their wives.

Further, it is not intended here to discuss the probable gain in numbers by lay accretions from the various non-Catholic sects, were such a step taken. Neither shall we question whether such expected converts would prefer as guides, confessors, and directors their one-time married non-Catholic ministers and their then married Catholic priests—whose time, thought, prayers, and means must then necessarily be divided between family and flock—or whether they would rather be directed and led by life-long celibate priests.

We leave aside also the question of probable shock and its

scandalous consequences, in gravity and numbers, were such news borne to the ears of the Catholic faithful. And this, even though it were explained to be only an exceptional, extraordinary case of the Church becoming "all things to all men in order that [she] might save all" (I. Cor. ix. 22).

We also pass by the probability of non-Catholic laymen or ministers, who contemplate entering the Church and the priesthood, taking advantage of this relaxation to marry before entering upon their studies for the priesthood. Finally, we do not raise the issue whether married Catholic laymen would, or would not, ask that they, the children to the manor born, be accorded equal privileges with outsiders, and, at least, material heretics, should they wish to become priests.

Cutting off all these questions, interesting and important though they are, the question of historic precedent only is here considered; namely, what has been the Church's practice in the past in such a situation—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.* Nor shall we consider what individuals have asserted as their personal convictions, even though it should be a St. Jerome asking: "What is practised by the Churches of the Orient? What by those of Egypt and the Apostolic See?" and then answering: "For they receive either virgin or continent clerics: or if their clerics had wives, they cease to be married."* No matter if it be a Pope St. Gregory the Great writing to his Subdeacon Peter in Sicily that: "It seems good to me that from the present day all bishops be notified not to presume to make any one a subdeacon unless he has promised to live chastely. . . . But those who, after the prohibition, will not live apart from their wives, we do not wish to receive Holy Orders."†

Leaving aside all these ancillary questions, we shall consider only more or less general laws, formulated by early synods, that is, during the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries, in both the East and the West. Lest some be shocked by statements hereinafter made, let them bear in mind that laws are

* Quid facient Orientis Ecclesiæ? Quid Ægypti et Sedis Apostolicæ, quæ aut virgines clericos accipiunt aut continentes: aut si uxores habuerint, mariti esse desistunt?" (Cont. Vigil., n. 2., P. L., Tom. XXIII, Col. 341).

† "Unde videtur mihi ut a præsenti die episcopis omnibus dicatur ut nullum subdiaconum facere præsumant nisi qui se victurum caste promiserit. . . . Eos autem qui post prohibitionem factam se a suis uxoribus continere noluerint, nolumus pervenire ad sacrum ordinem" (Epist., Lib. I., Indict. IX., Epist. xliv., P. L., Tom. LXXVII., Col. 506).

made for the worst, the relatively few, and are no indication of the moral status of the generally good. They should not lose sight of our Lord's own warning, "that scandals needs must come"; that even among the Twelve Apostles one fell afoul of the most fundamental law. And then, too, it should not be forgotten that these synodal canons that we are about to review were formulated in reconstruction days, times when uncouth, passionate men had to be dealt with—men who had broken through many laws, human and divine, and who needed the healing physic, or even, at times, the cutting scalpel of the Divine Physician, as well as the self-sacrificing nursing of Holy Mother Church, to bring them back to a sanitary, spiritual condition. This much premised, we may take up the main inquiry.

In the year 305 or 306 (Hefele, *History of Church Councils*, Book. I., §13, Ed. Clark, Edinb., 1894), in Andalusian Spain, surely nineteen, possibly forty-three, bishops gathered and held the Synod of Elvira, for the purpose of reconstruction after the persecutions of the preceding three centuries. Of the eighty-one canons, the thirty-third orders: "Bishops, priests, and deacons and all clerics in the ministry to separate from their wives and not beget children" (Hefele, *Councils*, Book I., §13). Here is the first synodal legislation on celibacy, and the note struck is quite clear and to our point, showing no uncertainty or compromise in Spain, at least in the early fourth century, and implying that the same had always been in vogue, at least generally, if not, indeed, universally.

Not ten years later, in 314, near where the Rhone debouches into the Mediterranean, a great number of bishops, estimated variously at from thirty-three to six hundred, from all the provinces of Constantine's Empire, held the great Council of Arles. Its purpose was to rectify abuses that had arisen from the Donatist schism. And while it was not an œcumenical council, yet it has been called a general council of the West. In its last canon (sixth or twenty-ninth) it declares: "We exhort our brothers that priests and levites do not live with their wives, because they are occupied with daily ministration" (Hefele, *Councils*, §15). The tone of legislation embodied in this canon, it will be noticed, is less imperious than that of Elvira, and it embraces the sentiment of a far vaster part of the Church—all the West.

This same year, 314 (Hefele, *Councils*, Book I., §16), a smaller number of bishops, variously put down as from twelve to eighteen, met at Ancyra in Asia Minor, to readjust matters there after the persecutions. The tenth of the twenty-five canons formulated was: "If deacons, at the time of their appointment (election), declare that they must marry, and that they cannot lead a celibate life, and if accordingly they marry, they may continue in their ministry, because the bishop (at the time of their institution) gave them leave to marry; but if at the time of their election they have not spoken, and have agreed in taking holy orders to lead a celibate life, and if later they marry, they shall lose their diaconate" (Hefele, *Councils*, §16). Here is still greater leniency in words, yet the wording implies that as a general thing it was assumed by the very fact of ordination that the candidate intended celibacy, and should he wish to marry he must so declare before receiving deaconship. It should be noted, though, that there is question only of the diaconate, and that nothing is said of the priesthood.

Of priests who marry after ordination, the Synod of Neo-Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, Asia Minor, held between the date of this Synod of Ancyra and that of Nicæa in 325, declares, in its first of fifteen canons that: "If a priest marry, he shall be removed from the ranks of the clergy" (Hefele, Book I., §17). If, therefore, we interpret the mind of Ancyra by the text of Neo-Cæsarea, so near in time and space, Ancyra would forbid all married life for priests.

So far, then, legislation in the West and East forbids priests to live with their wives. In the East, it is true, while saying nothing explicitly of priests already married who remain with their wives, the legislation positively forbids both priests and deacons to marry after ordination, and, by implication, forbids priests already married to live with their wives.

One naturally desires to know what legislation on celibacy was passed at Nicæa. Here, in Asia, seventy-five miles south-east of the present Constantinople, the first truly œcumenical council met, A. D. 325, and over three hundred bishops were present. The third of the twenty canons says: "The great synod absolutely forbids, and it cannot be permitted to either bishops, priests, or any other cleric, to have in his house a *suneisaktos* (subintroducta) with the exception of his mother, sister, aunt, or such other persons as are free from all suspi-

cion" (Hefele, §42). But what does the term *subintroducta* mean? Does this forbid "*spiritual*" marriages, *real* marriages, or does it forbid all women but the true *wives?* Each opinion has its supporters (Hefele, *loc. cit.*). And hence the Fathers of Nicæa are not clear, for us at least, on this point, whatever they might have been for themselves.

At Rome, in 386, eighty bishops met in synod and declared: "We advise that the priests and levites should not live with their wives" (Canon 9. Hefele, Book VIII., §105). This expression "advised" is explained as no retrogression, but as meaning that priests are advised to observe what is *already* a law, and *no new legislation.* At Carthage, in Africa, in 387, a synod "Binds bishops, priests, and levites to live apart from their wives" (Hefele, Book VIII., §106). Fourteen years later, in 401, the Sixth Synod of Carthage (canon 4) decreed: "Bishops, priests, and deacons may not live with their wives, or they will be deposed from their office. The rest of the clergy, however, are not so bound" (Hefele, Book VIII., §113). Africa seems, therefore, to have stood with the West for absolute, unqualified celibacy of the priesthood.

This same year, 401, a synod at Turin addressed a synodal letter of eight canons to the Gallican bishops, and declared: "No one who has been ordained irregularly, or has begotten children while discharging the ministry of the Church, may be promoted to any higher grade" (*loc. cit.*). The parallel here implied between irregularity and fatherhood in the priesthood of course precludes the latter from being permitted to priests. It would seem that the Gallican bishops appealed to Rome on some points of this letter, and the next year, 402, the Synod of Rome, under Pope Innocent I., decreed among other things, that: "Bishops, priests, and deacons must remain unmarried" (*loc. cit.*, §114, can. 3). No doubt, therefore, seems ever to have clouded the legislation of Rome on this point.

In the year 441 a synod was held at Orange, in south-eastern France, when thirty canons were formulated. The twenty-second is: "Married men shall not, henceforth, be ordained deacons, unless they have previously vowed chastity." The twenty-third is: "He who, after receiving ordination to the diaconate, shall live with his wife, shall be deposed." Yet, in a more indulgent strain, the twenty-fourth declares: "Those however, who at an earlier period (before the passing of this

law) were ordained deacons and have fallen back into married intercourse, are excepted from this punishment. But, in accordance with the decrees of the Synod of Turin, they must not be advanced to higher dignity." And canon twenty-fifth is: "Persons twice married, in case they are received into the number of the clergy by reason of their upright conduct, shall not be advanced higher than the sub-diaconate" (Hefele, Book X., §162). Hereby not only priests, but even deacons are prohibited to have wives unless married before the law was promulgated.

The Second Synod of Arles (443 or 452) enacted fifty-six canons, the second declaring: "A married man is not to be made a priest unless his conversion (*i. e.*, vow of chastity) has preceded" (Hefele, Book X., §164). Nothing clearer, or more to the point, could be asked in our inquiry. In 461 a dozen Gallic bishops met at the Synod of Tours and passed thirteen canons, the first being: "Priests and levites are exhorted to perpetual chastity, because they may at any moment be summoned to the discharge of a sacred function—sacrifice, baptism, etc." (Hefele, §211). Four years later, in 465, the Synod of Vennes, in Brittany, published sixteen canons, number 11 speaking of "Priests, deacons, subdeacons, and all those who are themselves forbidden to marry," thus taking celibacy as an established fact. Again, in southern Gaul, in A. D. 506, thirty-five bishops met at the Synod of Agde. Of the forty-seven canons received as genuine, the ninth says: ". . . . Incontinent clerics shall be deprived of all ecclesiastical dignities and offices. Only those who did not know that the continuance of married life was forbidden, may be allowed to retain their office if they live apart for the future" (Hefele, § 222). And canon sixteenth is: ". . . If a young married man wishes to be ordained, he must be asked whether his wife also agrees, and is willing to depart from her husband's abode and practise continence." France, therefore, made no compromise, but demanded celibacy of all her priests. In 517, in the province of Tarragona, in Spain, a synod of seven bishops decreed: "If married men are ordained, they must, from the subdeacon to the bishop, no longer live with their wives," etc. (Hefele, §229). Thus Spain, too, demanded and had a celibate priesthood, and would tolerate no other.

In A. D. 535 two hundred and seventeen bishops met at

Carthage, in an African general council, to reconstruct legislation and morals after the Vandal Kingdom's devastation, and the consequent rampage of Arianism. They discussed the "question whether those who had been Arian priests of the Vandals should, after reception of the orthodox doctrine, be left in their offices, or should only be taken into lay communion. All the members of the synod inclined to the latter view; yet they would not decide, but resolved, unanimously, to apply to Pope John II. for guidance" (Hefele, §248). The Pope's answer was that: "Their office in the Church could not be left to the converted Arian priests, but that they should receive support from the property of the Church." Here, nearly fourteen centuries ago, in now "darkest" Africa, was formulated an interesting and practical solution of the case which will not endanger orthodox faith, yet not financially embarrass newly-converted ministers. This same year the Synod of Clermont, in Auvergne, decreed: "If any one is ordained deacon or priest, he must not continue matrimonial intercourse. He becomes a brother of his wife. As, however, some . . . have cast off the girdle of the warfare (of Christ) and have returned to matrimonial intercourse, it is ordained that such must lose their dignity forever" (Hefele, §249).

The Third Synod of Orleans, A. D. 538, decreed: "No cleric, from a subdeacon upwards, must remain with his wife, whom he formerly dwelt with. A bishop who allows it is to be suspended for three months" (Canon 2. Hefele, §251). Three years later the Fourth Synod of Orleans, attended by thirty-eight bishops, and twelve representatives of bishops, decreed: "Sacerdotes (bishops and priests) and deacons must not have the same dwelling with their wives, so that they may not be brought into suspicion" (Canon 17. Hefele, §253). Not only must the priesthood be celibate, but all "*suspicion*" even to the contrary must be avoided. Again, at the Fifth Synod of Orleans, A. D. 549, it was decreed: "If a cleric of any degree whatever returns again to his wife, he shall for his whole lifetime be deprived of the dignity of his Order and deposed from his office" (Canon 4. Hefele, §284). The First Synod of Macon, A. D. 581, was attended by twenty-one bishops, who formulated nineteen canons; the eleventh is: "Higher clerics who persist in married life are deposed" (Hefele, §286).

Just after this synod, one at Auxerre declared: "No pres-

byter may, after his ordination, dwell with his wife, or resume married life with her. So with the deacons and subdeacons" (Canon 21). At Lyons, in 583, eight bishops met and decreed: "The married clergy may not live with their wives" (Canon 1. Hefele, §286). Thus Gallic synods are consistently for celibacy.

At the General Council of Toledo, held in 589, to set aright the abuses resulting from Arianism in Spain, it was prescribed that: "As the bishops, priests, and deacons, that have come over from heresy, still partly live in matrimony with their wives, this is now forbidden to them. Whoever does so shall be regarded as a lector" (Capitulum 5. Hefele, §287). And at Saragossa, A. D. 592, a provincial synod declared: "If an Arian priest becomes a Catholic and upright, particularly if he is chaste, he may be ordained as priest anew on repentance. So also a deacon" (Canon 1. Hefele, §288). Finally, another Spanish Synod at Huesca, A. D. 598, ordained that: "All clerics must lead a chaste life."

Summing up, therefore, we find that of these twenty-seven synods, not selected because of any biased legislation on the subject, but because they are the earliest dealing with the case, dating from reconstruction days after the terrible double catastrophe—the persecutions and the early heresies—summing up, we find that three synods were held in the East and twenty-four in the West. Of the three held in the East, the major one—that of Nicæa—is apparently not clear as to the obligation of celibacy for those newly-converted who wished to exercise the priesthood. Indeed, the synod seemed to have inclined to the obligation of celibacy, but was probably, if we may hold the account historical (see Hefele, §43), prevailed on by Paphnutius not to forbid these newly-converted, already married, to live with their wives.

Of the two minor Eastern synods, one, Ancyra, allowed *deacons* to live with their wives, if they so stipulated before ordination, but nothing is said of priests. The other, Neo-Cæsarea, orders priests to be deposed if they marry.

Hence, the legislation of the East, on our point, is rather in favor of celibacy, for one synod is doubtfully against obligatory celibacy; one does not deal with the case directly; and the third is for celibacy in general.

In the West eleven of the twenty-four *oblige* celibacy in priests, while thirteen *presuppose*, or *imply*, or *exhort* to celi-

bacy. One of these latter would have converted priests *supported* as *laymen*, but not made priests.

It is accurate, then, to say that the early synods generally forbade converted priests retaining their wives and becoming priests. Indeed, we might say that it was decidedly the exception for such a course to be allowed. Nay, we may say that we have not one entirely trustworthy account of a synod in these three centuries, unquestionably, uncompromisingly allowing converted priests to become priests in the Catholic Church and still retain their wives. Whereas we have two dozen clearly, positively forbidding the same. By countries, we find Italy, Africa, Spain, France, all clearly for celibacy, and Asia rather doubtful, if not for celibacy.

Again, by plurality vote, we would find that the preponderance was for making celibacy obligatory on the part of converts, if they would become priests in the Catholic Church. More accurately, against the 300 who, at Nicæa, probably did not vote against a married clergy, 445, or by some records 952 (with eight synods not listed, wherein all voted for celibacy, and therefore probably from two hundred to four hundred more), all voted for a celibate clergy.

Hence our conclusion is that, historically, from precedent, the Church cannot, consistently with her traditions of these three early centuries, allow converted non-Catholic ministers to become Catholic priests, unless they promise to practise celibacy.

THE WHITE GIFT.

BY CATALINA PÁEZ.

AWAY up at the north of Caracas, where the streets grow steep and hilly, and the gray-green "Silla" starts boldly in the foreground, stands the church of "Our Lady of Mercies." A holy and stately title, and one fraught with deep significance to the brown-habited friars who first inscribed in faultless script upon the parish records: "*Nuestra Señora de las Mercedes.*" But friars and records alike have lain for many centuries beneath flat slabs in the transept, and the name has died with them; for the parish loves better one of its own bestowing: "La Merced."

With its rectangular, white stuccoed walls, square-domed towers, and tiny plaza a beautiful riot of neglect, La Merced differs little externally from her many sister-churches in Caracas. But here the similarity ceases, for the unpretentious little church in a hilly, unfashionable section, outranks them all in fame.

Boasting neither the stateliness of the Cathedral, the venerable dignity of Altagracia, nor the new and fashionable magnificence of Santa Teresa, La Merced yet numbers pilgrims from each of these, who slip in between Masses with a rosary and a votive. For within, where the prie-dieus cluster thickest, and the flag-stones are slippery with the drippings from innumerable candles, is the shrine of the Blessed Lady, she of the miracles and mercies. Hither come all weary and afflicted to pray for intercession; and many are the tales of wonders wrought and miracles performed. Of these the most recent and by far the most wonderful is that which befell little Amalita Rivas, daughter of Don Ricardo and Misia Soledad. The whole city rings with the story. But the city does not mention, for the city does not know, the deepest phase of the miracle: how a woman's hard heart was softened and charity descended upon one who had been as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

It was the ninth night of darkness, and Amalita toiled up

the hilly street, bearing away the evening's allotment of candles. Occasionally she paused on the slope to rest, for Amalita was little and the candles were large, of that long, thick variety which cost a *real* at the *panaderia*. They used to be only a *medio*, but that was before the blockade had sent prices soaring. As she journeyed Amalita made labored computations, with much assistance from the fingers of her one free hand.

"Two candles a night for nine nights, excepting on Friday when *papaito* was worse, and we reserved one to burn in his bedroom. Nine times two makes eighteen, less one—seventeen good candles in all, to say nothing of the *Ave Marias* and *Padre Nuestros!* Surely the Blessed Lady will be satisfied, and send the dress, just a simple little dress. I don't ask for tucks, or ruffles, or embroidery—just so that it be white, and fit for the Holy Communion. The *padre* said we were not to be thinking of finery, but to keep our thoughts on the Holy Mystery; but the prayer book says "decently appareled"—and here she looked down at her faded, shrunken calico, whose decency lay entirely in its scrupulous cleanliness. "Ah, if the Good Lady will but send the dress—my little First Communion dress!"

She paused to shift her candles and wave a kiss to her mother, who stood at the doorway of their unlighted house, at the foot of the hill. Misia Soledad would watch thus until Amalita returned, for it was not seemly that a *niñita* should be abroad alone, and at this hour. But what was to be done? Misia Soledad dared not leave the sick father, and Maria had departed an hour before with the drawn-work. Poor, faithful Maria, with a heart as white as her face was black, who stayed on in their poverty as she had in their days of wealth, asking no wage, but the privilege of lightening their labors.

Maria it was who haggled over the yams and plantains in the market-place, bargained with the *panadero*, wheedled an extra pint from the milkman; who washed and swept, and—occasionally, but not too often—scrubbed; and who struggled with scant fuel, and scanter fare over the charcoal brazier. And it was Maria who, after Amalita's long hours of pulling threads and Misia Soledad's still longer ones of catching, twisting, and drawing them, took up the resultant bit of needle-craft, and went into the streets to find a purchaser. For, although it is no disgrace for a lady to work, most assuredly no disgrace,

yet one must not openly avow it—therein lies all the shame and degradation.

So Maria made her rounds with the handkerchiefs and scarfs only after nightfall had diminished the danger of recognition; and crowded her rotund person into as small a compass as possible, as she displayed her wares in shadowy doorways, speaking, when necessary, in deep, sepulchral tones, which she fondly imagined disguised the natural inflections of her voice. And those who bought, or bargained, or merely admired, helped on the little play, as is the wont of the sympathetic folks of Caracas, and made many exclamations over the beauty of the drawn-work, coupled with random surmises as to the identity of the maker; just as though they did not know all along that it was Misia Soledad's Maria who hawked her wares in this fashion. But appearances had been maintained: and Misia Soledad's pride was saved—her poverty had not been paraded.

Not that poverty in itself confers any stigma; in fact, quite the reverse has come to be the case, now that the wealthy risk being classed with foreigners, "new people," and dictators —all of them quite beyond the pale of respectability. For what with the revolution, the forced loans, and finally the blockade, all of the old aristocracy are poor—save only a few fortunate ones like Doña Mercedes Fernandez, who, rumor avers, has a trunkful of French securities buried beneath the altar in her oratory.

With the thought of Doña Mercedes new lines came around Misia Soledad's mouth, and new rings beneath her eyes, while her face grew hard and rigid. It might have been cut in marble, and labelled, "Despair."

For others, yes, there was hope. They stared at their wasted plantations and desolate chattel farms, and mourned over goodly bales of hides and sacks of coffee piled in useless heaps up on the sweltering wharves of La Guayra, where starving *peons* huddled blinking in the sunshine; while over all the grim, gray ships kept watch. But soon, thought Misia Soledad, there would come another squadron, a white, all-conquering fleet, which would steam majestically into the harbor to strains of Yankee Doodle, and fling wide a starry banner over the wharves and custom houses. And then the intruders would slink away into the darkness, and the warehouses open wide their doors, and steamers once more anchor in the rest-

less roadstead, bringing wealth and happiness to many. To many, but not to her. The blockade might be lifted, the blockade might rest, and *Godo* or *Liberal* sit in the president's palace of *Miraflores*—for her the future presented the same dreary aspect. No longer did there exist a miraculous potency in "to-morrow," that vague, elusive hope with which the Venezuelan assuages all his sorrows and excuses all his procrastinations. To Misia Soledad to-morrow could bring but the sorrows of to-day; and the future stretched drear and bleak to the gates of eternity.

For she and her house were *accurst!* Save the black ban were lifted, of what use to hope? But still Misia Soledad murmured, as she had done innumerable times every day during the past fifteen years: "From anger, hatred, and all ill-will, O Lord, deliver us!"

It was not of herself she thought, nor yet even of the husband coughing his life away in the dark bed-room, but of the little daughter who toiled so hopefully up the hill with the candles. She who gladdened the dreary household by her never-failing cheerfulness, chatting to Maria in the kitchen, retailing merry bits of gossip to her father, and singing blithely beside her mother as she pulled the linen for the drawn-work. It was oftenest now the drawn-work, for there was pressing need of diligence. Was she not about to make her First Communion, and does not a First Communion imply a white dress, and a wreath, and a beautiful veil reaching down to one's very shoe-tops? But these things necessitate money. So much money that Amalita gasped as she considered it.

To be sure there was Misia Dolores next door, who had promised the loan of her wedding-veil, still fresh and pretty in its blue paper wrappings; and roses and orange blossoms were to be had anywhere for the picking; but the dress—there still remained the dress. Do what they would, they could not obtain the dress; although Amalita pulled threads until her fingers showed aching furrows, and Maria wandered the streets for hours, and even stood forth boldly in the *plaza* with her basket. But selling was slow, for few could afford the luxury of fine needle-work. And there was the rent, and the black beans and rice and plantains, even though one did forego meat and wheaten bread; and then the *medico* for the father, and pills, and an occasional tonic; and so very few *reales*

found their way into the clay pig which Amalita shook so often, with her ear close to its corpulent side. Most certainly the pig did not grow fat by eating, and his diet ceased altogether for days at a time; until finally, one evil morning, he came to an untimely end under an annihilating hammer; and Misia Soledad, the tears streaming down her face, gathered up the scanty treasure disgorged, to bestow it upon an insistent landlord, in partial satisfaction of certain unliquidated obligations.

Then it was, when human endeavor proved fruitless, that Amalita took up her unfailing hope, and carried it to the divine keeping. Every evening, for nine evenings, she climbed up the Street of Mercies, to say her novena at the top. Tonight was the last of the nine; the novena would end—and then—then—

She looked down at her mother, then raised her eyes with an expression almost triumphant. It would come, she felt sure it would come; the Blessed Lady would not leave her prayers unanswered.

She turned and caught sight of Doña Mercedes Fernandez, sewing on a mass of white, in her window.

Sewing, invariably sewing, was Doña Mercedes, and not even Misia Soledad's skillful fingers fashioned such exquisite workmanship. For Misia Soledad, hampered by straightened circumstances, wrought only upon linen, while the great wealth of Doña Mercedes supplied her with gorgeous brocades, filmy laces, silks, satins, and threads of twisted gold, whose richness shimmered in strange contrast against the austere blackness of her own simple, almost nun-like habit. For it was not with purpose of her own bedecking that Doña Mercedes labored with her needle and shears, but for the attiring of the sacred image of her patron Lady in the church above. Of Doña Mercedes, Caracas might well say, with double meaning, that "she remained to dress saints"; the phrase in its hackneyed connotation, referring, of course to her continued spinsterhood. Not that Caracas was inclined to take liberties with the name of Doña Mercedes—the strict adherence to the formal and little used "Doña," in place of the more colloquial "Misia" Mercedes, was ample proof of that; for there was something in the lady's cold, impassive countenance, the calm, even tones of her voice, her severe and dignified demeanor, coupled with

her known reputation for an austerity of living amounting almost to asceticism, that checked even the exuberant facetiousness of Caracas. Doña Mercedes had no nickname, wonderful to relate. "A most holy and excellent lady," said all, and they held her up as a model to the young. It even was whispered that a scourge, all knotted and stained, hung upon the wall of her oratory.

"It is almost as though she did penance," said old Misia Vicenta, her neighbor; "but in so saintly a life there can be no fault to atone. Do I not know, I who have watched her from her childhood? Not sinning, but sinned against, if you will. Never has she been the same since the unfortunate affair with Ricardo Rivas, who, as you know, jilted her for Solita Aguero. Ah! she was bright and merry enough before that, and such balls as she gave in the big house, such balls! And such jewels, and gowns, and *mantas!* And now she goes like a religious, and the house so dark and silent, it makes me shiver to enter it, and Mercedita always in the church, or sewing alone in the corridor! *Dios mio de mi alma!* What changes, what changes!"

None of which, of course, was known to Amalita as she shifted her candles, caught her breath, and surveyed Doña Mercedes with mingled awe and curiosity. Doña Mercedes was a strange neighbor. She never came to gossip in the corridor: nor to bustle aimlessly about in earnest uselessness during the father's illness; nor did she send him delicious, indigestible delicacies on a silver tray, with a spray of jasmine or magnolia pinned in its white napkin. It was seldom, even, that one saw her at the window, for the great house usually presented a blank front of tightly-closed shutters, behind forbidding iron bars.

"I hope that when I am grown up I may be as saintly as she is," said Amalita; but even as she spoke she drew away from the cold, shadowy mansion, and stood on the curb, warm with recent sunshine. The woman at the window looked up and started, so that the scissors she held pierced her finger, and a bright red spot glowed upon the shimmering garment in her lap. Amalita saw, with eyes that blurred with feeling, while over her swept a wave of undeniable sympathy for the lonely recluse before her. She pulled from her hair the spray of jasmine her mother had twined there, and stepped

hastily to the window. "I am so sorry," she whispered; then laid the flowers upon the sill, and, like Pippa, passed on her way unknowing.

Doña Mercedes shrank back as though some one had struck her, while a dull red flushed in her faded cheeks. She looked at the starry, wax-like flower, then at the child disappearing in the dimness, and again at the blossoms lying just beneath her hand, which clutched at the window grating. The hand, tense and trembling strangely, released the iron bar, and hovered for an uncertain moment just within touch of the spray, until finally it swept up the green thing into its icy fingers.

"Jasmine," said Doña Mercedes in a voice bereft of all its customary calmness, "Jasmine! His flower!" She fingered the pale blossom gently, her face softened with tender reminiscence; then her expression changed, and she cast the spray fiercely from her: "No"; she said, "no; I am not to be won thus, with soft words and fair gifts. I will not be won! Ricardo Rivas, between me and thee, and all of thine, there is an undying hatred, and may the black blight encompass thee to the Day of Judgment!"

She raised her arms above her, as though calling heaven to witness, and a dark drop fell from the wounded finger and spattered upon her lips. She shuddered with superstitious horror, then entering her oratory thrust her hand into a font of holy water, then knelt for a half-hour in prayer. But the spot upon her lips, unnoticed, remained unwashed; and her petitions flowed from a mouth defiled.

For fifteen years had Doña Mercedes prayed much and fervently; for fifteen years had her lips been polluted with stain, a stain darker and more evil than that which now rested upon them.

A decade and a half had passed since she stood, one evening, quivering with love, jealousy, and wounded pride, in the shadow of the house which awaited the coming of Ricardo Rivas and his newly-made bride. Ricardo, who had sought and loved and won her; and, having won, had passed on with his love, in his gay, nonchalant fashion, to conquer anew, and this time to be held, by pretty Solita Aguero. As they crossed their threshold, Mercedes stood forth and cursed them. Cursed them and their house and their children, unto the third and fourth generation.

"May your cattle starve and your crops wither and fail; may your house, and the lands of your fathers, pass into the hands of strangers; may you sicken in poverty, Ricardo, and behold your wife toiling to maintain you; and may your name die out in ignominy and humiliation, with never a son to succeed you."

Then she had fled up the Hill of Mercies with Solita's scream sounding in her ears. Many times during recent years had she heard the scream in imagination. She heard it when, one after another, three little sons sickened and died in the house at the foot of the hill; heard it when a drought destroyed the sugar, when a flood swept off the cattle, when mortgages and revolutions carried away *hatos* and *haciendas*, leaving only Misia Soledad's drawn-work and lace-making between them and starvation. For Ricardo, the fop, the gallant, the debonair, had been brought home from the battle at Maracaibo with a bullet through his shoulder, and now sat and shivered all day in the sunshine. Once Doña Mercedes had seen him, making his slow way up to the church, coughing and stumbling when his cane slipped among the loose cobblestones; and she, pallid and trembling at the window, had caught up a glass of wine and borne it half-way to the doorway, only to hurl it crashing into the *patio* fountain. "The curse shall rest," she muttered.

But after he had passed her house, she stole out into the street, and followed him up the slope, watching every wavering footstep, starting forward at every uncertain movement, creeping like a shadow behind him up the hill, across the plaza, and into the dim, cool church. At the second row of the pillars she stopped and, gazing for a moment upon the little door which shut him into sacred privacy with conscience, turned and made her way to the shrine of our Lady. There was one aisle of the church which Doña Mercedes never entered. He who confesses must atone, so Doña Mercedes went unabsolved. And so the curse still rested.

"I am not to be won," she said, as she rose from her knees in the oratory, and muffled her hand in her handkerchief. "I am not to be won," she repeated, as she gathered a handful of withered petals from the floor, and laid them between the leaves of her prayer book. "I am not to be won," she insisted, almost mechanically, as she made her way to the

church, bearing with her the lacy white robe she had spent many hours making ready for the coming *fiesta*.

The wardrobe of the Lady of Mercies numbered many beautiful garments—silks, satins, velvets, and stiff, rustling brocades—but none of them in all their gorgeousness could compare with this soft, sheer linen, straight and simple as a child's frock, but wonderfully wrought with multitudinous inlayings of narrow lace, and a delicate tracery of vines and rosebuds which ran from hem to neck, and back to hem again. Doña Mercedes' skillful fingers had done their utmost, and now she was taking the fair, shimmering gown for a final fitting. Not that she had any doubt as to its accuracy of line, for during its construction, she had many times tried it on Misia Vicenta's little grandniece, Clorinda, who was just of a size with the Blessed Lady.

The church stretched vast and gloomy, relieved only by the dim light of a sanctuary lamp. Doña Mercedes approached the shrine by a side aisle and paused in the shadow behind it, so she did not perceive the two candles which flickered low in their sockets and cast wavering lights upon the bent head of a little girl, who knelt between them. Doña Mercedes adjusted the short flight of altar steps, which the sacristan had left for her using, and mounted to the narrow wooden ledge which ran along the back of the shrine. But she started back at the sight of a tiny figure prostrated upon the stones below her. Brief as was the glimpse, it brought startled recognition to the woman up among the shadows, and she clutched at the near-by pillar with shaking fingers.

"It is she," she whispered, "the child!"

She steadied herself, and made an effort to slip on the robe she held, but the Lady of Mercies, usually so gentle and yielding, seemed strangely averse to the robing. She stiffened her arms so that Doña Mercedes' trembling hands could not draw on the sleeves, and stood with the gown, unfastened its entire length, dangling upon the wrists. Doña Mercedes endeavored to draw it off, but the Blessed Lady was still obdurate; she would not wear the robe, neither would she part with it. A voice came up from below, a plaintive, childish treble; and as she heard, the woman leaned weakly against the pillar. The accents were recently familiar and she could hear in imagination a tender, pitying; "I am so sorry!" while the cloying

sweetness of jasmine stole up from the prayer book in her bosom. The little voice grew louder, tense with the fervor of supplication, and then Doña Mercedes perceived that the words were not those of her memory, though the tones might be the same.

"And now, dear Lady, having completed my novena, I only await your gracious intercession. More prayers I cannot say, for I know none; more candles I cannot bring, for as you know, dear Lady, the father lies shaking and burning without light for his bedroom, that I might offer his evenings' candles to you. Well do you know my need, gracious Lady, so I will not tire you with explanations; only a little white dress for my First Communion—please send me a little dress."

The voice rose to a wailing cry of appeal, that pierced the very soul of the bitter woman who listened. "Mea culpa; mea culpa"; she moaned, and sank to her knees, thus releasing her hold on the skirt of the Lady's white garment.

Amalita, prostrate in an ecstasy of adoration, heard a sudden motion and a flutter above her. She raised her eyes, started for a moment of rapturous terror, then uttered a ringing cry of thanksgiving. For there stood the Lady of Mercies, beaming down radiance upon her, and holding out in her two hands a dress, a lacy white dress, which she dropped into Amalita's arms.

"A miracle," says Caracas, and likens Amalita to Bernadette, while La Merced bids fair to rival Lourdes' famous grotto, from the number and fervor of its pilgrims.

Only the good *padre* knows of the first of these, a stricken woman, who knocked at his wicket that night; but he can explain nothing, for the secrets of the confessional are inviolate.

BEYOND!

BY JOHN W. COVENEY, S.J.

At morn on heaven's shore,
When death's dark night is o'er,
    While yet bewildered and alone I stand,
Who first with friendly grace,
From out that spirit race,
    Will bear to me the sun-clad King's command?
What need of herald from the throne
If conscience flout the sins I recked not to bemoan?

For then, with smiting shame,
Must memory proclaim
    My destiny 'fore heaven's squadroned host!
What din or battle sound
Can quaking heart confound
    Like that dread dawning sense of heaven lost,
When bare before her Maker's eyes
My soul appears in all her vile enormities?

Oh! whither shall I flee?
Just God! I have no plea!
    As fettered dove against its prison-bars
Beats out its fluttering life,
E'en now, in senseless strife,
    Would I my spirit yield to listening stars
If aught could Thy poised sentence stay!
Lo! I but dream! Time hath not merged in Judgment Day.

Then don Thy thorny crown,
Dear Lord, Thy crimsoned gown
    Put on! that I may still for mercy pray
While yet Thy Heart doth bleed!
I ask not for the meed
    No eye hath seen: enough to toil alway,
If at the dawn Thy kind embrace,
With welcome wake my soul in Thy fair biding place!

CATHOLICISM IN THE CRUCIBLE.

BY ALEXANDER MERCIER, O.P.

THE title to this paper is very similar to one which heads an article in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for August, 1909. The latter is one of a series in which all are of the same spirit and trend. The writer, Mr. Harold Bolce, makes the charge that the universities of America are contemplating nothing less than the foundation of a new religion—"the introduction into the world of a system of belief superior to the Christianity of the ages." To pave the way for that enterprise, we are told, they have placed Christianity in the scholar's crucible and have sweepingly condemned the Christian Church "as one of the leading obstacles in the way of man's spiritual unfolding."

Which Church is meant? The professors mentioned aim apparently at every religious body that calls itself a Church; yet it can be safely assumed that this assault upon the Church is first of all directed against the Catholic Church.

Because the Catholic Church has been frequently mentioned, and her teachings questioned, this essay has been written. It has no aggressive aim. Aggressiveness may be good tactics in time of war, but I do not care to wage war against adversaries whose sincerity I do not question, and, in any case, I have very little faith in the efficacy of war and polemics for the triumph of truth.

My purpose is simply to show that these attacks, as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, do not really hit the mark; that when placed in the scholar's crucible the Catholic faith victoriously stands the test; and that, if rightly understood—understood with a knowledge that enables the critic to differentiate between what is essential and non-essential—that faith would save college professors and all others the labor of excogitating a new religion.

In the beginning we will state some preliminary principles which underlie the majority of the explanations to be given in the following pages.

First, it would be unjust to impute to religion all the errors or mistakes into which its followers have fallen, and which proceeded partly from their religious belief. This principle is dictated by ordinary common sense. Everybody knows, or should know, that the most sublime truth, the noblest of causes, if associated with some misconception, can contribute to generate monstrous errors and criminal actions. Should we, for that reason, condemn all truth, all noble and generous enthusiasm, even though these things led frequently to the shedding of human blood? We meet here with one of the favorite accusations brought against religion and Church; one which appeals more to the heart than to the mind. The college men in question do not fail to give it a prominent place. "The old indictment, drawn up by irreverent critics against the Church, is repeated with a new force and a new meaning. . . . Motley and Draper have been cited in support of the teaching that the Church in many ages murdered more people than it saved. And these victims were burned alive, strangled, or beheaded, not for crimes committed, but in some cases for reading the Scriptures, or looking askance at a graven image, or smiling at an idolatrous procession as it passed."

We will overlook the rhetorical exaggeration in all this, and the intention it betrays of emphasizing the persecutions imputed to Christianity. Let us grant, for the sake of argument, that religion, associated with, and exploited by, human passions, caused a great amount of bloodshed. What does it prove? More blood has been shed, very often unjustly shed, for other causes, for the sake of country, property, family, love, fame, honor, etc., than on account of religion. And yet do the college men condemn all these things, pursue their destruction, and strive to invent substitutes for them among men?

This shedding of human blood for the cause of religion proves, at least, that religion in all centuries has been a matter of deepest and most intense interest for all mankind. If history did not record that bloody evidence of the vital importance in which religion has been held, we should surely hear of some other scholars who, arguing against religion, would accuse it of impotence, ineffectiveness, since it was never able to stir up human feelings and passions as do the most trivial of human interests. They would also conclude, as some of the professors of American universities are reported to do from

the opposite fact, that another and more powerful ideal is needed to take the place of religion.

If men were wrong in killing their fellowmen for the sake of religion, their action does not prove that religion is not a sacred thing.

The wrong must be abolished, but the wrong-doing, caused by the perversity of human ignorance and passion, never affected, and will never affect, the sacred promise in whose name it was at times done.

This is one instance, and perhaps the most conspicuous one, in which the principle laid down above has been disregarded; the principle that forbids us to impute to religion the mistakes and failings which should be ascribed to human frailty and which have shown themselves in every field where a cherished interest of mankind was at stake.

A second principle and one which applies almost exclusively to Catholicism, is: It is not right to consider all tenets held in the Catholic Church as dogmas of the Catholic faith.

Every enlightened Catholic knows that with regard to Catholic faith there are doctrines that are essentially of faith; and teachings, tenets, customs that are not essentially of faith. Both classes have this in common, that they are believed because explicitly or implicitly revealed by God. This common condition is necessary; for if such tenets were held on the ground of some human or natural evidence, they would not be religious tenets, but scientific or philosophical opinions. But between the two classes there is this difference, that the former are believed to have been *certainly* revealed, the others as more or less *probably* revealed, by God. I need not dwell on the immense importance of this difference.

The tenets that belong to the first class, these only are real and actual dogmas of the faith. They must be believed because they have with absolute certainty been revealed by God. Moreover, the fact of their being certainly revealed by God must be acknowledged by the universal Church, and, as a rule, be declared in due form by the supreme authority. Hence, to consider a point of doctrine a real dogma of the faith, it is not enough that we find it commonly believed, promiscuously asserted, taught, preached in the Church. We must ascertain if it also is believed, as being *undoubtedly* revealed by God, and there is hardly any other way to ascer-

tain that, save by the authentic declaration or definition of the Councils or Popes.

The dogmas of the Catholic faith are as unchangeable as the Divine Truth: the Catholic Church is the guardian of them and is fully responsible for them.

But it is different with other tenets, large in number, which are believed and held as revealed, to some extent at least, by God. These are not, or at least they are not as yet, dogmas of faith. They may be changed. After more thorough investigation, it may be found out that they were never revealed by God, or at least that the special meaning heretofore attached to them was not revealed truth. If the object of such a tenet is within the range of some natural science, the testimony of that science will be received with due deference. Since the Catholic Church proclaims that truth is one, that there cannot be conflict between natural and supernatural truth, between science and faith, it is entirely consistent to admit that any fact or opinion disproved by science, has not been revealed by God; that the previous probability of its being revealed is brought to naught by the verdict of science.

We speak of real science, the data of which are positive, unquestionable, definitive, and not of hypotheses, theories, ephemeral systems of philosophy to which their authors could not warrant even a few years' continued and worthy life. Between the data of science and the real dogmas of faith there was never any conflict, nor can there be. The reason of this is that there is hardly any common ground upon which both can come into serious conflict; or at least the regions where the supernatural object of faith and the natural object of science meet, are too abstract, too far removed from all experimental verification, to allow human science any claim of certainty in its speculations.

In fact the instances of apparent conflict between any science and the Catholic teaching, are instances in which the data of science faced tenets of the second of the classes we have described; tenets which were believed, according to a certain meaning, because they seemed probably revealed according to that meaning by God, and there was no argument, at the time, to suggest that they were not so revealed. These tenets were religious opinions and not dogmas of faith.

The root and reason of such conflicts have been taken

away by the Catholic Church, through its assertion of two orders of things, the natural and the supernatural; the former being, as a rule, the field of human science and reason, the latter that of divine revelation and faith. Hence, it follows that the object of divine revelation is not, as a rule, anything that is, at the same time, the matter of any human science.

Formerly, at a time when human learning was in some matters in its infancy, Christians thought to find much scientific data in the Holy Scriptures, in the Divine Word spoken to man in the language of man. But this expectation, this general belief, was never a dogma of the Catholic faith, nor is it at the present time.

It is a dogma of faith that all statements contained in the revealed word of God are endorsed by God, are asserted by God, according to a certain meaning: that is to say, according to the meaning they have with reference to the general theme and object of the Holy Scripture.

Doctor Shurman says that we "know not on what principle the books of the Holy Scripture were put together as a Bible." Yet this principle, in other words the general theme, the leading idea or fact in which all statements of the Holy Scripture centre, is suggested by the very name which has been given to it of old. The Bible is the Book of the Testament or Covenant. Its general theme or subject is the fact that God, the Creator of the Universe, freely condescended to come down to man, His creature; associated and united Himself with man; that He Himself became Man, in order to raise man to Himself, to the partaking of His divinity and eternal happiness. Everything in the Sacred Book, from the first page to the last, is calculated to reveal, to assert this great fact, to illustrate it in its various stages and its final issue. This great central theme, and everything directly connected with it, is what we call the supernatural order, because such a union of God with man, such a raising of man to the Divine, is a thing which is above human nature, even above the nature of all possible created beings. In the meaning with which they are related to that great fact all sentences of the Holy Scripture are revealed and asserted by God.

Did God also intend to teach man some points of human science, instead of simply using, in the way of examples and illustrations, the imperfect notions possessed by the human

writers who were his organs? It is not a dogma of faith that He did (except, maybe, in the few cases in which the knowledge of a natural fact or truth was an essential element to conceive and express a supernatural dogma).

The Church does not condemn this view, this general principle, "that, since the days of Eden, God never spoke to man in order to teach him any merely natural science." This principle is most consistent with the Catholic doctrine which asserts the existence of the two orders, the natural and the supernatural. In repudiating the paradisiacal state (the original state of our first parents, which implied the knowledge of all things supernaturally communicated by God) man chose to be left dependent for his natural knowledge and science upon his own exclusive powers. That choice was, in a measure, permitted by God. Hence, it has become a rule of Divine Providence that, in matters of natural knowledge, of progress, of civilization, and the like, God does not directly interfere, but leaves man to his own efforts and resources. His positive intervention on earth, by speaking of, revealing, and manifesting Himself, outside the phenomena of nature, is confined to the things belonging to the supernatural order, as it is realized (that is to say, started and initiated on earth, to be completed hereafter); such intervention is always so calculated as to alter as little as possible the order of nature.

In accordance with such economy, it is to be anticipated that, if God inspires a book, the contents of that book will be directed to the foundation and growth of the supernatural among men.

The Catholic Church, I say, does not ignore nor reprove these principles, though she exhibited at times, and lately more than ever, a distrust of the immoderate and destructive use of them in which some freely indulged.

The Church has always, indeed, been slow to abandon her positions even in matters she did not consider dogmas of faith. She refused quite often in the past to obey the summons of the so-called science of the time, which is now ridiculously obsolete. She acted wisely when declining to endorse it and to accommodate her doctrine to unfounded speculations. Yet many scholars are prone to blame her for having borrowed too much from the Greek and Roman philosophers, for having in-

troduced into her dogmas and tenets too many views and ideas derived from secular origin. They should conclude from this that she is not averse to human progress. Even nowadays, in regard to tenets which, though never considered real dogmas of faith, were quite universally held and taught as contained in the Holy Scripture, she allowed her theologians and exegetists to reconsider, because science seemed to have reached well-founded data, and was entitled to a respectful hearing on certain matters placed within its range.

We readily admit that the end of religion, of Christianity, is not the advancement of merely natural science, nor of civilization and temporal prosperity, but we are not willing to make little of the promise of Christ, when He said: *quærite primum regnum Dei et justitiam ejus et hæc omnia adjicientur vobis.* . . . "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Must we not see the compliance of that promise in the undeniable fact that the very civilization of which we moderns are so proud was exclusively born of and developod in the nations and among the people who belong to the Church, or at least used to belong to it?

The proper end of Christianity, of the Church, is the kingdom of God, the kingdom of heaven, the gratuitous adoption of men into the sonship of God, their final glorification in the next life, after they have duly fulfilled their natural destiny on earth, and kept in their soul the germ of eternal life. But we contend also that while striving to achieve its own immediate purpose, Christianity helps powerfully, albeit indirectly, in the attainment of human and earthly welfare, that it has a beneficent influence in promoting progress, science, and civilization.

It has been so in the past, it will be so in the future, by the very fact that the Church will maintain her essential position, preserve the real dogmas of her creed, and keep an attitude of prudent expectation with regard to all scientific data which may seem either to corroborate or contradict the doctrines commonly held by her teachers, but which are not as yet dogmas of the Catholic faith, especially when their object belongs to the field of purely natural science.

We can now apply these preliminary remarks in answering first, the comprehensive indictment against the Church which is attributed to the University of Boston. In Boston Uni-

versity it is taught that "Bible texts have been arrayed against astronomy, geology, political economy, philosophy, geography, religious toleration, anti-slavery, mercy to decrepit old women called witches, anatomy, medicine, vaccination, anesthetics, fanning mills, lightning-rods, life insurance, women speaking in churches and going to the general conferences."

I answer that no Bible texts have been arrayed as real dogmas of faith by the Catholic Church, in a meaning opposed to astronomy, geography, or any other natural science. I lay stress on all words of that answer. If some Bible texts were alleged against astronomical or geological theories, they were not alleged as dogmas of faith certainly revealed by God; or they were not asserted by the Church, but only by private authority; or at least they were understood in a meaning that aimed not at any natural science, but at divers religious errors or superstitions productive of criminal and harmful practices.

Astronomy has been mentioned first in order to hint at the famous affair of Galileo. In that case, indeed, Bible texts were arrayed against astronomy. But every enlightened Catholic knows that it was done in terms and under conditions which were not sufficient to make them, in the meaning that was given to them, dogmas of faith. The supreme authority of the Church did not pronounce, in due form, a definitive and irrevocable sentence.

On the other hand, this act was a mere incident nearly unnoticed in the Church. I wonder how fair-minded scholars can represent the geocentric notion as the foundation and corner stone of the Christian and Catholic creed, and the ideas of Copernicus and Galileo as the arch-enemies against whom all forces of the Church fought desperately from the beginning.

Nothing of the kind appears in the Catholic literature of the time. The founder of modern astronomy, Copernicus, was a Catholic priest. The great work in which he laid down the foundation of the new science was dedicated to a Pope; his first followers were clergymen of all degrees, and when, later on, his book was temporarily prohibited by the Index, this measure did not in any way make the opposite opinion a dogma of Catholic faith. But again the perusal of the official documents and of the most bulky books of theology published at that time and since, shows that the matter, from the reli-

gious point of view, was considered of very little importance. It was never an essential, much less a fundamental belief of the Church, it was no dogma of faith, that in the cosmologic meaning of the words: "Earth stands still, with heaven above and hell below." Astronomy may have "set the earth spinning, dislocated heaven and hell, and whirled man from the centre of the spacial universe." The Catholic dogma has not been touched.

In fact, the fundamental dogma of Christianity, as taught by the Catholic Church, is the dogma asserting that God, by the most gratuitous favors, came down to men, to propose and grant them a destiny that exceeds all created nature—a participation in His own divine life and happiness. Does it make any difference with regard to this dogma, whether the earth is the centre of the world, or revolves around the sun; whether man occupies the centre of the spacial universe, or is whirled around the sidereal immensity? In both hypotheses the Incarnation of God, sanctifying grace, the glory of heaven, remain gifts as supernatural to man as they are or would be to angels.

If the views of Copernicus and Galileo were censured, it is only because they seemed at variance with some passages of Holy Scripture, and not in the least because they were undermining the whole religious edifice, by robbing man of the privilege of occupying a central abode in the material universe. A few writers of long ago may have found some harmony between the central place as they thought, allotted to man in the system of the world, and the state to which he has been raised in the supernatural order; but the one was never adduced as the motive of the other. Such an explanation not only was never a dogma of Catholic faith, but it would have been in all times considered nearly heretical, as being hardly consistent with the dogma of the full gratuitousness of the order of grace.

I dwelt a little longer on the question of astronomy, because it seems to afford what I should call a stronghold to many opponents of the Catholic faith. The previous quotations show that these college men in their assault on the Church have employed it as such. But the answer to them is simply that no astronomical or cosmologic theory was ever a dogma of the Catholic faith; that, if the Church once took sides for some hypothesis on this ground, her decision was but a theological

opinion; one of these tenets which can be given up without necessitating the destruction of the Church, and the founding of a new religion.

We will now turn to various points on which these college men are reported as censuring the doctrines of the Church. First as to the conception of God. "The college men say that they criticise the God of the Christians' conception because such a God is not big enough for the demands of this enlightened century; He is a God who did not know the shape of the earth; a spiritual over-lord, one terrible in anger though moved at times to compassion; a celestial czar, a stickler for etiquette, so that some external rite is a condition for salvation; a God absent from the world, Who has occasionally interrupted the operation of nature to impress His omnipotence upon puny man."

This description of the God of the Christians' conception, as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, is nothing but an unfaithful caricature.

The Catholic faith acknowledges two ways of knowing God; by reason and by revelation. Man may know God, either because he discovers in the universe and in himself the evidence of a first principle and Maker, or because God manifested Himself purposely to mankind. In other words, the Catholic faith recognizes two classes and degrees of relations between God and His creation, the one essential and natural; the other freely and gratuitously superadded to the former, by which He is constituted the God of the supernatural order.

The first knowledge of God, the knowledge of the God of nature, pertains in itself to human science, to natural philosophy. No greater or more admirable conception of God could be presented to the world than that given by Catholic philosophers; for example, by St. Thomas Aquinas. And for the very reason that the Church wishes to maintain this "big" conception of God, she will never descend to picture Him as a God identical with the world, Who "is the constant, vital, eternal soul of the race"; that is, a God who is changeable, subject to error, to corruption, to development, etc.

The other kind of knowledge—the knowledge of the God who manifested Himself directly, purposely to mankind—is the one with which the Church claims to have been entrusted.

This knowledge of God is not exclusive of the former; that is, of the knowledge of God gained by natural powers; it implies the former. Theoretically, at least, this knowledge gained by revelation is not intended to take the place of knowledge won by purely human powers; much less does it aim at revealing to man on earth all that God knows, or all that man would like to learn, and is attainable to human investigation and science. Its proper object is the great fact of the personal union with God to which man is called; the fact of God made Man, and of man raised to a certain possible participation in the divinity —and this we call the supernatural fact.

Hence, though knowing not which text these college men alluded to, in support of the statement that the God of the Christians' conception did not know the shape of the earth, I am positive that the God of the Bible did not aim at teaching men the shape of the earth; but only used occasionally the language of their ignorance, to assert and illustrate the supernatural fact.

God so acted, because there are two orders of things; because man here on earth, in accordance with his own preference, is confined, to a large extent, within the order of nature; he must investigate by his own labor and study the things of nature to which unquestionably belongs the shape of the earth. On the other hand, the question of the shape of the earth has no bearing whatever on the supernatural fact as outlined above.

The supernatural fact and the specific form in which it has been, and is, and will be finally realized among men, this is the main fact that sums up all the objects of the Catholic faith; the general formula of that dogma is, as we put it above: God becoming Man for our sake and man in turn called to a divine destiny. The college men, for instance Professor Frank Sargent Hoffman, also assert our divinity. But I think they mean a divinity that does not really differ from human nature, that rightly belongs to it, and is, so to speak, its perfection. Hence these words "we should not attribute to Him (Jesus) a divinity different from our divinity." The divinity to which, according to the Catholic faith, man has been raised is, on the contrary, a divinity of gratuitous favor and not of nature. We believe that God after making man a

human being, condescended further to make him, in a true sense, by virtue of His own Incarnation, a divine being; not that man becomes God, not that we believe at all in pantheism, but that man, retaining his own complete personality, shares in some way in the divine nature of God. There is but one divinity, the divinity of the supreme God, which is communicated to man in the way of union. But it can be communicated in two degrees and may be predicated substantively of man, and only of the one Man, Christ, so that we may say in an absolute sense, Christ is divine, Christ is God; or it may be predicated adjectively of man, so that we may say that men are called to be divine. We agree with Professor Hoffman when he says: "There are not several kinds of divinity, but only one." But in the way of union the divinity of the one God can be partaken of in different ways. Then it does not follow "that we are as truly sons of God as was the Nazarene." We only admit as a fact that the divine Sonship of the Nazarene and the divine sonship of other men are intimately connected and belong to the same order of things, the order of grace, and in the order of grace to the same particular dispensation.

Only ignorance of the two orders taught by the Catholic Church gives a meaning to the quotation from Comte, who is thought to have spoken of the Christians' God, when he wrote: "Science would ultimately escort Him to the frontier and bow Him out with thanks for His professional service." It is not, and it never was, a dogma of the Catholic faith that appeal to God, and neglect of natural causes, has in itself any scientific value. Nobody was ever more positive in asserting that the world is ruled by stable laws which flow from the nature and essence of things than the great, the Catholic philosopher *par excellence*, St. Thomas Aquinas. God is assuredly the First Cause the ultimate reason for the existence and action of all things; but this does not give us the explanation of the phenomena of any particular science. The cynical, "professional service" of Comte is, therefore, absolutely beside the point.

The conception of God as a spiritual over-lord, a czar whose terrible anger impresses on man "an injurious sense of weakness, inferiority, and fear," is not at all the Catholic conception. Such a conception is the fundamental truth of revela-

tion—the truth that gives to all other conceptions and ideas their real form and significance.

According to the Catholic teaching, the God of religion, the God of the Bible, is the God Who came down to the level of man, spoke to man in the language of men, Who made Himself Man; Who did so not primarily to vindicate His rights as Creator, nor to enforce the moral law by positive precepts, by threats, or by terror. His aim was to raise man above humanity, to the divine sphere, to perfection, to the happiness of heaven. His anger consists essentially in refusing Himself as an object of divine and infinite beatitude, when His creatures have, of their own free-will and in spite of His every effort, deserted and denied Him.

Thus the God of the Christians is a God of infinite goodness and munificence, a God infinitely different from the one who has been pictured and criticized by the college men.

Further, it was never taught in the Catholic Church that the world "Was set running by a now absent God Who has occasionally interrupted the operation of nature to impress His omnipotence on puny man." The belief in the omnipresence of God is, on the contrary, a dogma of the Catholic faith. The Catholic theologians explain that He is the first principle underlying all the created world, keeping all things in existence in accordance with their nature. He is not an absent God. If He has occasionally interrupted the operation of nature, or rather substituted His divine operations for those of nature, it was not primarily to impress His omnipotence on puny man; it was to come down to man, to associate with man, to make Himself Man, and thus to raise man to a share in His own divinity.

It is well now, we think, following the order of the article from which we quote, to say some few words about marriage.

This subject occupies, it seems, quite a large place in the criticism that these college men launch against the doctrines of the Church. Their views are given as examples of the philosophy of spiritual liberty which they are heralding.

We will follow our former course, and simply explain the dogmas and position of the Catholic Church.

First, the Catholic Church teaches that marriage is a Sacrament when the contracting parties are baptized Christians.

When the contracting parties are not baptized, the Church does not, and of course cannot, regard their marriage as a Sacrament. It is simply, in our eyes, a natural contract. With her, therefore, it does not enter into the supernatural order.

But the Catholic Church believes, and with her it is a dogma of faith, that marriage between baptized Christians is a sacred thing, a Sacrament. This is fully consistent with the fundamental dogma of her creed respecting the supernatural state to which man was raised originally and has been restored by Christ.

Adam, according to the Catholic teaching, was created in a supernatural state, both as to body and soul. He was to propagate a posterity like to himself, of human beings blessed with supernatural gifts and destiny. Therefore a mate like unto him, possessing not only the same human nature, but also endowed with the same supernatural attributes, was given to him, made of his bones and flesh, miraculously created in Eden. Thus the first marriage recorded in the Holy Writ was a sacred thing. Its end was the transmission, in the way of generation, not only of the human nature but also of the supernatural life. But, as we have said, man fell from this high estate.

Christ came and restored in part the order of things that man had forfeited in Paradise. In part, I say, as far as the present and earthly life is concerned, because the supernatural and divine life, in the new economy, is only imparted to the invisible and spiritual soul, and cannot be transmitted in the way of natural generation and paternity. Hence marriage is not destined, it is true, to generate children, who, by the very fact of their birth, will possess the supernatural life. But if parents cannot transmit by generation the supernatural life, which is now merely a personal attribute, they can generate children with the intent of having them regenerated by the means instituted by Christ for that purpose, and of bringing them up as Christians, who will attain their supernatural destiny. The very contract which husband and wife make with each other, was deemed by Christ to be of such dignity and of such importance that He elevated it to the supernatural order.

A Sacrament does not necessarily mean a public rite performed by the ministers of the Church. Its outward, external

mark may be any sign by which a man and a woman express their will to be, from that moment, husband and wife to each other. Given by baptized Christians, such a sign means a Christian marriage, and is a sacred thing, a Sacrament.

In fact, for many centuries, and in this country until Easter, 1908, the Catholic Church acknowledged as a Sacrament any marriage between baptized Christians, even though it was contracted in the most clandestine way, not only without the assistance of any priest, but secretly and privately without any witnesses. She still keeps the same view of marriage between non-Catholics who are baptized Christians.

As to Catholics, in order to put a stop to the scandals and the evils resulting from clandestine marriages, such marriages, because there is not sufficient evidence of the intention of the contracting parties, have been declared invalid. Certain formalities have been prescribed, the disregard of which means, on the part of Catholics, no intention of entering into Christian wedlock. In fact, all the formalities may be reduced to one—the necessity of celebrating marriage in the presence of a few witnesses, one of whom is the pastor appointed by the Church. According to the teaching of the Church, the priest is only an official witness. The ministers of the Sacrament are the contracting parties, the man and woman, who, being baptized Christians, will, in turn, bring into life future Christians, citizens of the kingdom of God and of heaven.

Thus Professor Sumner may remark that "the notion that a religious ceremony makes a marriage and defines it, had no currency until the sixteenth Christian century." We will only add that such a notion has no currency in the Catholic Church even nowadays. The religious ceremonies of the Catholic ritual, the going to the church, the altar, instituted to solemnize weddings, are not essential. The only necessary formality is the presence of witnesses, among whom the best qualified is the priest. And yet provisions have been made for the exceptional case where no priest is at hand. Then marriage may be contracted before merely secular witnesses, and it will forever be a Sacrament.

These explanations, I think, sufficiently dispose of the positive statements of these college men on marriage. If they accepted even as a mere hypothesis, the standpoint of the Catholic

Church, the fundamental dogma of man's supernatural destiny, they would realize that marriage among those who are actually partakers of this destiny, cannot be merely natural contracts; they would then shrink from stating "that there are and can be holier alliances outside the marriage bond than within it; that a man and woman can find in their love a security more sacred than anything the Church can create"; "that marriage is not divine; that man and woman are not joined together by the decrees of any God"; "that no commandment against divorce is divine." Marriage among Christians who know the divine character of the destiny to which they are called, and of the spiritual life they must live even on earth, and be instrumental in perpetuating, cannot be viewed but as a sacred thing.

The foregoing discussion on marriage is rather a digression. But the objections made by some of these college professors, the ignorant attacks upon Catholic doctrine, and the unspeakable license into which theories and teachings pronounced at haphazard would lead the individual and nation—show something of the chaotic condition of certain schools of thought and why it is that every now and then a "new religion" is launched.

In our next paper we will treat of other objections urged against the Church.

Sherman Park, Hawthorne, N. Y.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

New Books.

SOCIOLOGY.

Though one occasionally finds some *obiter dictum*, or some interpretation of text or fact, with which, as Catholics, we cannot agree in *The Sociology of the Bible*,* from the pen of the professor in the Lutheran Theological Seminary of New Brunswick, N. J., yet Catholic sociologists, and others who give thought to the deep social movement of the age, will gratefully assign to this able work a place in the library of Christian Sociology, at the head of which stands the great Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*, of Leo XIII. Dr. Schenck's work, indeed, might be described as exhibiting, in the form of an object-lesson, the practical principles and doctrines laid down in abstract form by the late Pontiff. The scope of the work is briefly set forth by the author as an attempt "to gather the most important facts and principles of the society of the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation; to classify them in a sociological way; and to consider what light they throw upon some of the social problems of to-day."

The author aims his work against Socialism, inasmuch as Socialism, or at least many of its leaders, hold that the Bible, and especially the teachings of Christ, favor their theory of society; the first principle of which is that private ownership is unlawful, and that the present evils of our industrial, social, and economic system can be cured only by substituting for private ownership the principle of collective ownership. In refutation of this claim Dr. Schenck draws in detail the scheme of the Hebrew social organization, public and private, as it is laid down in the inspired writings, and as it was, at least imperfectly, realized in the life of the people. The ancient legislation is viewed not merely in the isolation of the Old Testament, but also in its relation to the contiguous ancient civilization, and as supplemented by the teachings of Christ. Besides—and it is the practical element of Dr. Schenck's work—this divine economy is brought into application with the problems of present-day society, for the purpose of demonstrating that in the teachings of Christ, when put into universal practice, the world to-day may find a remedy for

* *The Sociology of the Bible.* By Ferdinand S. Schenck, D.D., LL.D. New York: The Board of Publication of the Reformed Lutheran Church in America.

the evils which press upon it from the present social and economic system. These evils Dr. Schenck enumerates and discusses at considerable length, in language pleasantly free from the technical phraseology which so many of our sociologists delight in hurling at our heads.

Though a foe to extravagance and fanaticism, he courageously denounces the injustices of the present day, without, however, deviating from his attitude of judicial dignity. But, one will ask, are not present conditions so different from those of the Hebrew theocracy, that to attempt to solve the present problems by the light we may draw from the institutions of that people, can be but little more than a statement of bare principles, while our difficulty lies in their application to our highly complex world? The answer to that question must be sought in a careful study of this book, which will well repay the reader.

JASON.
By Justus M. Forman.

In his latest novel* Mr. Forman, who, if not a profound psychologist, is a capable story-teller, abruptly enlists, according to the modern fashion, his reader's interest. He introduces two young men, one English, the other French with a touch of Irish blood and an English training. These companions, sauntering along the streets of Paris, when their conversation is overheard, put us in possession of the *mise-en-scène*. Hartley, the Englishman, is in love with the beautiful, rich American, Miss Benham, who lives with her grandfather, a forceful old American, and his son, her uncle, a retiring, listless, unpractical kind of person of studious disposition; at least that is the opinion entertained of him by his relatives at the opening of the story, though they have very good grounds for correcting their idea before the end of the story. Miss Benham's brother, an idle young scamp, has suddenly disappeared, and all efforts to trace him are vain. His grandfather, wroth at his conduct, has resolved to disinherit him unless he reappears before his twenty-first birthday, which is near at hand.

The young Frenchman, Ste. Marie, a modern Bayard, falls head and ears in love at first sight with Miss Benham, and, to win her reluctant consent, pledges himself to find her brother, Arthur. Thus our modern Jason is launched in search

* *Jason. A Romance.* By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

of his golden fleece, the search of which centres around and terminates in the suburbs of Paris. An Irish adventurer, O'Hara, a man of good family, but of a more than shady reputation, is justly suspected by Ste. Marie, who is guided by intuitions in a manner strongly in contrast with the inferential processes of the Sherlock Holmes' school. As he pursues, amid very rapid action, the clue to his prize, Ste. Marie comes across Coira O'Hara, the beautiful and noble daughter of a disreputable father. She appreciates, as the cold and calculating Miss Benham was incapable of doing, the chivalrous, idealistic, modern Bayard who plays his knightly part on the woefully reduced arena open to knighthood in modern times. To reveal the issue would be to spoil part of the pleasure in store for the reader of this pleasant novel, which, though it once or twice touches the fringe of the demi-monde, is a clean and clever story.

ANTONIO.
By Ernest Oldmeadow.

This is a story* of the cloister *versus* the hearth, in which the cloister succeeds against its rival in retaining the hero, and ultimately capturing the heroine. It may be said at once, to obviate any disturbing surmises, that the novel, as the author of *Marotz* said of that novel, is completely steeped in Catholicism. Perhaps it is needful now to add that it is one of fascinating interest. It opens with the dispersion of a Benedictine monastery in Portugal, by the Government, towards the middle of the nineteenth century. This episode is one of the best pieces of work in the story, and may form a modern companion piece to Father Benson's description of a similar scene in *The King's Achievement.*

Antonio, one of the expelled monks, on the eve of celebrating his first Mass when the community is broken up, resolves that he will go into the world and set himself to gain money enough to purchase back the monastery property from the confiscators, in order once more that the *Opus Dei* may be chanted in the old stalls by sons of St. Benedict. With this vow upon his shoulders, he sets forth to seek his fortune. Fate starts him in a wine merchant's warehouse; and in the course of time he finds himself visiting the houses of the

* *Antonio.* By Ernest Oldmeadow. New York: The Century Company.

English nobility to sell the vintages of Portugal. Having made some money he returns to Portugal; and, passing as a peasant, he begins vine growing in the vicinity of his old monastery. The rustic belles set their caps to catch the prosperous young peasant; and the attempt of two worthy people to capture him for their daughter introduces some delightful scenes of rustic Portuguese life. In vain, however, is the net spread in sight of the bird.

The struggle begins, however, when the high-born, unconventional English girl, Isabel, comes on the scene. She has been fascinated with Antonio in England; and as her father has purchased the monastery on account of some valuable decorations which, to the grief of Antonio, he plans to remove, Isabel and Antonio are soon thrown much together. He loves the girl with a love which the author very cleverly shows to be without sexual passion. Isabel, though haughty and capricious, soon becomes a suppliant for his affection, or rather for a declaration of it. For she believes he loves her, but that being, as she imagines, of lowly birth, he hesitates to ask her hand. A somewhat perilous situation; and one to which, we fancy, no spiritual director would permit a young monk to expose himself. However, the author, who shows himself at home in theology and rubrics, and in the Catholic appreciation of the religious ideal, manages the delicate situations skillfully, though somewhat fancifully, and gives us some tender pages, wet with tears and luminous with the love of the things that are above. The hero never falters from his high purpose, and has his reward, again with some attendant circumstances to which a spiritual director would take emphatic exception, when he perceives Isabel among the assistants at his first Mass in the restored monastery.

THE ROMAN BREVIARY. A competent translator has placed at the service of English readers Dom Baudot's interesting and instructive history of the Roman Breviary.* The work is one of the best among the *Science et Religion* series of Bloud et Cie., where the standard of scholarship and execution is uniformly

* *The Roman Breviary: Its Sources and History.* By Dom Jules Baudot, Benedictine of Farnborough. Translated from the French by a Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. St. Louis: B. Herder.

high. To sketch the origin of the Breviary demands research into dim paths through the earliest ages of the Church, before her public prayer had received any systematic organization or uniformity. The divine authority of the Pontiffs, as Dom Baudot observes, intervened only at later stages, and then to control the slow development which from the beginning had been progressing under the influence of the clergy and laity.

The historian distinguishes three chief periods in this development, and divides his work accordingly. They are: (1) The Patristic Period, the period of formation, presenting in germ the different canonical hours and their chief elements; it extends from the earliest years of the Church down to the pontificate of St. Gregory at the end of the sixth century. (2) The Middle Ages, extending from St. Gregory to the Council of Trent. (3) The Modern Period, beginning with the reformation and reconstruction introduced by Trent, and extending down to our own day. The author zealously strives for historical accuracy, and as large a measure of completeness in detail as can be expected in a hand-book of this size. He has followed, in the main, the great work of his German confrère, Dom Baümer, published in 1895; and has drawn also from the less portly but much more readable work of Mgr. Batiffol, of which we possess an English translation.

The book presents the Divine Office as a fine illustration of the manner in which the life of the Church has grown through its innate varied forces and impulses, shaped into uniformity through the guidance of authority. The last chapter of the book discusses the reformations that have been suggested as desirable at the present moment. Dom Baudot gives a brief outline of the several schemes for revision submitted by various nationalities to the Vatican Council. All of them, with the exception of the Canadian, suggest that whatever, in the legends, does not agree with historical criticism should be expugned; and the French asked that the choice of saints might be made more Catholic, by reducing the number of those saints who belong to Rome and are scarcely known outside the Eternal City. Among the author's own suggestions are—the cutting down of some of the legends of the second nocturn, especially in the offices of more modern saints; and attention to recent literary and historical studies. To empha-

size this latter recommendation he points out that in the office of the Immaculate Conception, which he justly says is so dogmatically important, a passage is taken from the *Cogitis me*, which, while attributed to St. Jerome, is a pious fraud of the learned Abbot Ambrosius Autpert, of pre-Carlovingian times.

The lesson of this history may be summed up in the writer's words: "The Canonical hours are a magnificent growth of divine service, the germ of which has been planted in apostolic times; it is the living development of ritual devotions which have their root in the needs of the human heart and in the relations of the man and the Christian with his Creator and Redeemer."

THE CHURCH IN THE NORTHWEST.

The St. Paul Catholic Historical Society, which has for its object the preservation of whatever historical documents concerning the Church in the Northwestern States it may be able to gather, presents as the first fruits of its labor a volume of lively interest.* From the human, as well as from the historical point of view, its most attractive contents are a number of letters written over half a century ago, which give us some realistic glimpses of the conditions of the Northwest at that time, when "in St. Paul, the largest town in the territory, there was no need of more than one priest." This modest estimate of the needs of St. Paul is to be found in a letter of a seminarian, a New Yorker, who, previous to his ordination, did good catechetical work among the Whites and Indians. This letter alone would make the volume worth preservation. The writer's unflattering estimate of life in St. Paul would not, perhaps, be judged by some devout New Yorkers to stand in need of much amendment to bring it up-to-date. "The only thing," he writes to his friend, A. J. Donnelly, afterwards pastor of St. Michael's, New York, "that can sustain a New Yorker in this wild country is a speedy release from this life and a good place in the next."

* *Acta et Dicta.* A Collection of Historical Data Regarding the Origin and Growth of the Catholic Church in the Northwest. St. Paul, Minn.: The St. Paul Catholic Historical Society.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The present situation of the Church in France is sending the reading world back to the study of the great Revolution, since to obtain any intelligent view of the crisis of to-day one must seek the clue to it in the mother movement of the eighteenth century. All the historians of that epoch recount incidentally, each according to his own prepossessions, the story of that struggle in its religious aspect. To make that point of view the main topic is the task of Pierre de la Gorce, whose work * has won the respect of European scholars who, in many instances, do not share his sympathies. What these sympathies are may be inferred from the language in which he defines the scope of this, the first volume of his work: "I would reconstruct, in a general tableau, the history of the Catholics and priests of France, from the day when the infant Revolution deprived them of their privileges till that other day when, purified by poverty, refined by persecution, strengthened by martyrdom, they re-entered their abandoned temples and, at the dawn of a new century, chanted the Easter *Alleluia*."

The first volume, he continues, may be designated as *From Privilege to Persecution*. Accordingly, the author first describes at considerable length the privileges accorded to the Church under the *ancien régime*—privilege of worship, privilege of jurisdiction, exemption from taxes. He next surveys the riches of the Church; and deprecates the pretence made by some historians to reach an accurate figure in so complicated a problem. Discussing the origin of the Church's riches, he shows how they were entrusted, during the course of centuries, to the clergy for two specific reasons: charity towards the living indigent, and charity towards the dead who were in need of help.

For long ages the clergy were, on the whole, faithful to their trust. But in the course of time—we follow the gist of M. de la Gorce's exposition—after faithfully fulfilling her trust towards the living and the dead, the Church saw a great corruption ensue. "I wish in a word to characterize this decadence. It is summarized in the separation of two things morally indivisible; that is, the wealth accumulated by the liber-

* *Histoire Religieuse de la Revolution Française*. Tome I. Par Pierre de la Gorce. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

ality of the faithful, and the pious obligations with which this wealth was charged." The wealth became the spoil of the aristocracy in the Church, French or Italian, and was frequently spent in an unworthy manner; while the duties devolved upon the inferior clergy. These received a comparatively insignificant wage, frequently only a wretched pittance, for fulfilling the services for the discharge of which former piety had given the revenues that were now spent in Rome and Paris. Behind the worldly vanities which had been hung around the Church, M. de la Gorce shows, there existed, especially in the cloisters of women, a power of prayer and charity which, in the approaching hour of persecution, was to make glorious amends for the errors of the *ancien régime*.

Our historian relates, in detail, the course of events that resulted in the destruction of the privileges of the Church. He follows step by step the proceedings of the Assembly which carried out the confiscation of all ecclesiastical property, and subsequently introduced the "civil constitution" of the clergy. The chief characters in this drama, the conflicts and aims of the various parties and classes, the negotiations with Rome, and the methods and results attending the attempt of the civil power to force the oath upon the clergy, are treated with a thorough grasp, and M. de la Gorce's pictures of men and measures exhibit both an intimate knowledge of his subject and a keen analytical knowledge of human nature. A page or two describing the frame of mind of the average country curé when confronted by the order to take the oath to the constitution are at least the equal of any of the famous passages of Macaulay's England. The last book of the volume follows the religious situation down to the separation of the *Assemblé Constituant*, in September, 1791. The following volume will deal with the era of persecution.

AUXILIUM INFIRMORUM. The person for whom the papers which make up this little book* were written was an invalid for eight years; and, before her death, she begged that they might be published in book form in order that other souls might also obtain from them the spiritual benefit which she had reaped.

* *Auxilium Infirmorum.* A Manual for the Sick. By Robert Eaton, Priest of the Bermingham Oratory. St. Louis: B. Herder.

The readings or meditations treat of subjects suitable to the sick, and, without following any comprehensive system, they touch upon most of the phases and trials of illness, and the spiritual needs and opportunities that accompany sickness, especially when it is a prolonged condition of invalidism. The thought is not so concentrated as that of Ozanam's *Bible of the Sick;* and, perhaps, for that reason may be more adapted to many sufferers who are unable to make any vigorous mental effort.

THE MASS IN THE INFANT CHURCH.
By Rev. Garrett Pierse.

From historic Maynooth comes a contribution, modest in size and valuable in quality, to the large volume of positive theology which has, of late years, been growing around the Blessed Eucharist. This is a treatise,* written by a candidate for the degree of doctor in theology in Maynooth. The occasion of the work is a sufficient guarantee that it will pass the test of critical judgment. The author's purpose is to present whatever documentary, monumental, and liturgical evidence there is to be found in the records of the age, 150 to 250 A. D., to prove that at this time Mass existed in the Church. "My task," he says, "is not to determine whether the varying opinions of modern Catholic writers are found in distant antiquity. I speak only of definitive and authoritative teaching." He limits his scope to showing first, that the Church of that age held the Mass to be an objective sacrifice, not merely a sacrifice of praise or thanksgiving, nor a rude commemoration of the sacrifice of the Cross; and, secondly, that the Church held that the object offered in the Eucharistic Sacrifice was the body and blood of Christ.

Beginning with St. Justin and the other sub-apostolic Fathers, Dr. Pierse presents all the testimony that survives of the Fathers and other writers of the Eastern and Western Churches. He marshals his evidence with admirable lucidity, which is secured largely by separating the two questions: Does the witness testify to the belief in an objective sacrifice? And, Does he testify to the belief that this sacrifice was the body and blood of Christ? And the value of his conclusions is enhanced

* *The Mass in the Infant Church.* By the Rev. Garrett Pierse. New York: Benziger Brothers.

by the care he takes not to put on any text a strain heavier than it will bear.

The section treating of monumental evidence is, necessarily, rather meagre; for this part of the subject would demand a measure of archæological illustrations that is not to be looked for in a dissertation for the doctorate. But the author has done all that could be expected of him when he has described the chief pictures and other objects that bear witness to the Mass in the early Church; and his search for liturgical evidence through the Fathers has been painstaking and fruitful. He has traced the progress throughout, from comparative indefiniteness to growing precision, in the idea of the Mass; and sets forth with vigor the mass of proof that shatters the theories of Renz, Wieland, and Harnack. Theological students are indebted to Dr. Pierse for a work that will serve to supplement and control the deficiencies of most of their text-books on the Eucharistic Sacrifice.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

The Sisters of Notre Dame are to be congratulated on the neat, clear, and appropriately scaled little text-book of early Church history* which they have just issued. It contains a compendious statement, in condensed narrative form, of the important events and phases of the history of the Church from the beginning down to the conversion of Britain and Ireland. They are to be congratulated still more warmly if, as must be the case, this book may be taken as an index of the knowledge of Church history which they exact from their pupils. A set of examination papers based upon it would be a catastrophic experience for a large proportion of our Catholic college boys.

The book will make demands on the teacher; for, unless he or she merely aims at loading the pupils' memory with facts and figures, a great deal of explanation must be attached to the text in order to make it interesting or even properly intelligible. And we should recommend that in a future edition maps should be added. Unless the pupil acquires a considerable geographic knowledge as a setting for the historical, only a jumble of words, attached to no definite idea, will be all that

* *Leading Events in the History of the Church.* Part I. Written for Schools. By the Sisters of Notre Dame. New York: Benziger Brothers.

he or she will have as a reward for committing to memory an immense number of names, such as Cappadocia, Amalfi, Thessalonica, etc., etc. A number of the illustrations might be profitably exchanged for maps of the various countries. For example, one of the journeyings of St. Paul would be of immensely more value for the study of history than is the reproduction of some painter's conception of the martyrdom of St. Stephen; and a similar remark might be made with regard to the pictures of St. George in medieval armor, and St. Patrick traversing Ireland. Why not, also, to introduce the pupil to the nature of historical science, indicate and explain the character of some, at least, of the chief sources from which our knowledge of the past is obtained? These comments are made not to disparage the present form, but as suggestions towards the further perfection of this meritorious and much-needed little text-book.

MEDITATIONS AND INSTRUCTIONS ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The meditations by Ephraem on the Mysteries of the Rosary* are more pithy, suggestive, and original than most of the new books of this kind; it indulges less in imagination, relies more closely on the truths of faith and the Gospel history, and cultivates that sobriety of thought and illustration which is congenial to the English-speaking world. Each meditation might, on occasion, be easily turned into a solid and simply eloquent discourse.

Another set of meditations, more extensive in scope and more elaborate in treatment, is the Belgian work of Father Vermeersch, S.J., the first volume† of which has just been done into irreproachable English by Mr. Humphrey Page, one of the officials of the Papal Court. The first part consists of meditations on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, with a short introduction on the origin and meaning of each feast. The second part, intended specially for the Month of May, is based on the incidents recorded of Mary in the Gospels. The present vol-

* *And the Word Was Made Flesh.* Short Meditations on the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary. By Ephraem. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Meditations and Instructions on the Blessed Virgin.* For the Use of the Clergy and the Faithful. By A. Vermeersch, S.J. Translated by W. Humphrey Page, K.S.G. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ume does not include the third part of the original work, *viz.*, that devoted to the predestination of Mary. While the author has followed a popular form of exposition, he has embodied in it all the ascetical and dogmatic theology pertaining to the subject. Accordingly he offers his book both to the faithful at large and to preachers in particular. To both classes of readers he has endeavored to present exact conclusions supported by solid reasoning, "never relying on mere legends or false interpretations of Holy Scripture." Without assuming the polemical tone the author, as occasion arises, deals gently but effectively with the principal criticisms and objections urged by non-Catholics against the position occupied by Mary in the Catholic Church. Besides the exposition of doctrine the meditations urge, in the light of Mary's example, the practice of the Christian virtues; and here the counsel is precise and practical. It is to be regretted that the publishers could not see their way to co-operate efficiently with the splendid effort of the author to extend and strengthen the devotion to the Mother of God, by issuing this book at a more attractive price.

From a better known, but less methodical, pen than the Belgian Jesuit's comes another book* devoted to the glory of Mary. Under the title of *Behold Your Mother* we find a collection of characteristic papers, eloquent, tender, diffuse, now rising to true poetry, now condescending to the commonplace, from the veteran Father Matthew Russell, S.J. He writes in his own familiarly discursive vein, liberally seasoned with personal reminiscences, which affects the reader as if, instead of following the cold print, he were listening to living, persuasive lips. Perhaps we may close this notice by citing the author's own appreciation of the book, not however without adding the commentary that his estimate is a more correct reflection of his own modesty than of the intrinsic worth of this sweet little volume: "'Another book about the Blessed Virgin!' Yes; although far better books exist already in abundance; but this new one may fall under eyes that would never read those better books; and God may, perhaps, use these simple pages to inspire some hearts with the filial love that is due to our Mother in Heaven."

**Behold Your Mother.* The Blessed Virgin's Goodness and Greatness. By Matthew Russell, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

RELIGION—SECOND BOOK.

The second book of the "Religion" series,* written for children, by Doctors Pace and Shields of the Catholic University, on scientific, pedagogical principles, aims at impressing on the child's mind the idea that everywhere in the universe there is a Divine law, and that, in the case of man, this law imposes a rule of conduct which cannot be violated with impunity. The method pursued is in accordance with approved educational theory. It employs familiar things to impart religious ideas, and thereby obviates the danger of conveying to the child the false impression that religion is something foreign to everyday life, and is to be kept apart from all else in a compartment of its own. Having conveyed the truth of the existence of natural laws, the book introduces the supernatural, in the person of Christ. The history of His birth, childhood, and some of His striking miracles, and, afterwards, the history of the Creation and Fall of man are told. All this information is conveyed in the method which

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

This method can claim the highest approbation; for it was employed by the Master Himself, who taught the most profound religious and moral truths in parables taken from the everyday life of his hearers.

The educator of the present day labors under the difficulty arising from the fact that among the two great classes into which our juvenile population may be divided, rural and urban, there is but little in common regarding the things and habits which fall under everyday notice. While the ways of birds, the character of cattle, flowers, weeds, and trees, are matters of which every country child may be assumed to have an intimate knowledge, to his city brother these things are by no means familiar. The latter, on the other hand, is master of expert information regarding street cars, taxicabs, the police and fire departments, the respective characteristics of the various races of Europe, with a small encyclopedia of industrial and sociological knowledge of which the country child is almost entirely ignorant. This difficulty the editors of this series have

* *Religion—Second Book.* Washington, D. C.: The Catholic Education Press.

evidently perceived, and will continue to keep in view during the preparation of the subsequent numbers of this excellent series. As this method is something of a departure from the old trodden path, it meets in some quarters with no great amount of sympathy. It is not alone conservative John Bull who glories in the maxim that all changes, even if they are for the better, are to be deprecated. This obstacle, however, always yields before the pressure of genuine merit.

CHRIST AND THE CHILD MIND.

"In the life of Christ is found an inexhaustible wealth of illustrations of a nature to make catechetical instruction clear and interesting," says the preface to a book* which is an important contribution to the literature of religious instruction. To the mind of every thinking person of to-day the greatest problem that faces us as Catholics is the well-grounding of our children in the principles of Catholic faith and conduct. In their early days we must give them a knowledge and an enthusiasm that will make them intelligent, strong men and women, able to face and to withstand the temptations that must inevitably be faced in this day of doubt, of questioning, of lax principles. Let any one question a grown-up Catholic, and in many cases he will be utterly shocked at that Catholic's ignorance of the life of Christ—yes, of the elementary truths of the faith which he nominally professes before the world. Where lies the fault? Is it with the instructor? Is it with the child? Is it with the individual who is so apathetic that, from the beginning to the end of the year, he never reads a line of religious literature?

Whatever may be the answer, one of the most efficacious means to secure for the child a right start, and to give him an impetus that will urge him on in the right way all through life, is a knowledge of the words, deeds, and actions of our own Blessed Lord. "In proportion as our Lord becomes a vivid reality to their young minds, and they come to know Him intimately and feel His tender love for them, will their love for Him be molded and formed." We quote again from the preface; and the quotation is eminently true.

So, though it be but a small volume, its worth is extremely

* *The Life of Christ.* Course of Lectures Combining the Principal Events in the Life of our Lord With the Catechism. By Mary Virginia Merrick. St. Louis: B. Herder.

precious. For the teacher of the young, for mothers and fathers who have a real interest in the Christian growth of their children, for the children themselves, and, of course, for priests who are pre-eminently the pastors of the lambs, that they may use it themselves and that they may commend it to instructors, we also recommend this volume by Mary Virginia Merrick. The book is prefaced by an introduction by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. In combination with the catechism Miss Merrick shows forth in a most opportune and telling way the events of our Lord's life that will best bring home to children the value of the lesson and throw upon it the light of our Lord's example. It is a work that required much labor and much sympathy with, and knowledge of, the child's mind. Our sincere hope is that it will meet with wide encouragement, and that, through the zeal and good will of those who have an interest in the instruction of the young, it will be able to do the work for which its author so faithfully labors.

CHOOSING A VOCATION.
By Frank Parsons, Ph.D.

The author of this handbook* was engaged in the work of the Vocation Bureau established in Boston by Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw, the daughter of Agassiz, and one of Boston's munificent philanthropists. The purpose of the bureau is to develop vocational counsellors trained to give expert guidance to young people about to choose a career in life. Professor Parsons, who had considerable experience in this work, set himself the task of becoming counsellor to the counsellors, and providing them with a systematic method of carrying out their work. His starting-point is that there are three broad factors in the choice of a vocation: (1) A clear understanding of yourself, your aptitudes, abilities, interests, ambitions, resources, limitations, and their causes; (2) A knowledge of the requirements and conditions of success, advantages and disadvantages, compensation, opportunities, and prospects in different lines of work; (3) True reasoning on the relations of these two groups of facts. He first takes up the question of personal data; indicating how the mentor is to conduct his investigations in order to obtain a proper knowledge of his client's character,

* *Choosing a Vocation.* By Frank Parsons, Ph.D. New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

ability, and aptitudes. Then he passes on to the industrial problem. He has drawn up extensive tables of the conditions requisite to efficiency, and others setting forth the wages to be expected, the prospect of employment, the hygenic conditions prevailing in the various occupations. A large bibliography of works for profitable reading in history, economics, politics, biography, is suggested. Finally a number of "sample cases" are recorded for the purpose of showing the good results that can be achieved by intelligent direction of this kind. To educators and others who share the responsibility of directing young persons to select a profession or trade the book will amply repay study.

CARDINAL POLE.

The latest addition to the "St. Nicholas Series," is a life of Cardinal Pole,* composed in the simple, popular, yet accurately historical style which characterizes the other biographical monographs of the collection. It brings out, in full relief against the gloomy background, the pathetic figure of the retiring, scholarly, saintly prelate whom circumstances forced to take a leading part on a bloodstained stage crowded with brutal enemies, unscrupulous men of action, and treacherous friends. The story of Henry's divorce, the reign of Mary, and the Great Reconciliation are related clearly and picturesquely. The author deals very gently with the motives of Paul IV. in the matter of the charge of heresy which the Pope permitted or promoted against the Cardinal; and the conduct of Philip of Spain towards England is put in a more favorable light than it is in *The Queen's Tragedy* of Father Benson, who contributes a short but pithy preface to this volume.

MOTHER STE. MARIE.

The subject of this biography,† born in 1803, was, like many other valiant women, who in our own times have done noble service for religion, a member of a noble French family. At the age of about thirty she founded a congregation in France which took the title of the Society of

* *The Angelical Cardinal, Reginald Pole.* By C. M: Anthony. New York Benziger Brothers.

† *Life of the Reverend Mother Ste. Marie, Henriette le Forestier d'Ossville, Foundress of the Society of the Faithful Virgin.* Translated from the French by W. A. Phillipson. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

the Faithful Virgin. Its work is the education of girls and general works of charity. In 1846 she founded a convent in Norwood, a suburb of London; and afterwards she sent out sisters to establish what has proved a flourishing and fruitful foundation in the British West Indies. The biography is a very detailed one, and incidentally affords intimate glimpses of the struggles and crosses borne by those who, in the days of Wiseman, contributed to bring about the "Second Spring" in England. Mother Ste. Marie had her share of crosses from within and without till her death in 1857. She and her sisters were involved in vexatious law proceedings, instigated by the insane rancor of Protestant bigotry against convents. One of these incidents has bequeathed to us a characteristic letter of Cardinal Newman, reproduced in the *Life*. When the sisters found ruin staring them in the face they unexpectedly received the following letter from Newman, who had recently been condemned to pay the heavy costs of the Achilli trial:

> DEAR REVEREND MOTHER: I have this morning received the amount so charitably contributed to pay the costs of my recent trial; and I should like at once to ask you to allow me to offer you a donation of £400 to pay off any debt you may have contracted in consequence of the equally unjust proceedings instituted against you. I owe so much to your prayers that, in addition to the fitness of thus disposing of a portion of the surplus that remains to me, I am happy to have it in my power to show you, and through you to Catholic France, this little mark of gratitude for your generosity in my behalf. Begging the continued aid of your good prayers for me and mine, I am, etc.

A chapter on Mother Ste. Marie's educational methods will, perhaps, provoke some mild dissent from American teaching sisters.

EVOLUTION.

The series of lectures delivered in Berlin, in the presence of an audience representing German science, about two years ago, by Father Wassman on Biological Evolution,* may well be accepted as the most authoritative non-official definition of the Catholic position to-day regarding this question. The circumstances which led to the delivery

* *The Berlin Discussion of the Problem of Evolution.* By Eric Wassman, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

of the course, the conditions under which it was given, the criticisms which the lecturer underwent and brilliantly repelled, all co-operated in attaching a representative character to Father Wassman's competent survey of the evolution claims, and his estimate of their value. Professor Haeckel, of Jena, having frequently referred to and misrepresented some of Father Wassman's views, as expressed in his *Biology and the Theory of Evolution*, Father Wassman determined to express his opinions in Berlin before a scientific audience, if possible. A committee of distinguished scientists took up the matter, drew up a programme to include, besides Father Wassman, a number of well-known scientific advocates of evolution who would criticize and controvert his views. The syllabus drawn up embraced three lectures from Father Wassman. The list of opponents contained eleven names, most of them belonging to well-known professors; and provision was made for a closing speech in which Father Wassman should reply to his critics. The present volume contains the text of the lectures, the closing speech, and most of the criticisms. Some of the latter have been omitted; since, alas for the ideals of scientific poise and dignity, some of the speakers, neglecting the rigorous rules of the arena, contented themselves with launching into abusive attacks of the old-fashioned sort against the Society of Jesus and the Catholic Church.

In the first lecture Father Wassman gives a short account of the scientific hypothesis of evolution, which in his second, he carefully distinguishes from evolution as a philosophy of life, and, besides, he draws the line between, on the one side, the evolution theory which is perfectly compatible with theism, and, on the other, the atheistic principles incorporated with it by Haeckel and others. The third lecture deals with the question whether the theory can be applied to the descent of man. The speaker frequently elucidated his views by illustrations from his favorite science of entomology, in which he stands an acknowledged master.

Father Wassman accepts all the established facts in favor of evolution; admits the evidence offered to prove that new species have evolved in large numbers from a common source. Thus far, he shows, the evolution theory is perfectly consistent with the doctrine of a Personal Creator. In the third and

most important lecture he reviews closely all the evidence offered in support of the descent of man from the lower animals, and signally points out how the proofs fail to support the extreme evolutionist conclusion that is drawn from them. In particular, he scores severely the argument urged from the alleged resemblances between human blood and the blood of the higher apes; as well as the one based on the characteristics of the Neanderthal cranium.

The discussion which followed the lectures, notwithstanding the rules previously laid down, did not confine itself to the subject in hand; and many of the speakers, instead of answering his arguments, directed their remarks against the lecturer; sometimes accusing him of having introduced theology into his exposition, sometimes challenging his right as an entomologist to speak as a scientist. However, one may gather a correct idea of the impression made by Father Wassman from a criticism which, during the storm that arose in the press after the discussion, appeared from a hostile source in the non-Catholic *Hochland:* "The disgraceful fact remains that Wassman, an insignificant priest, in consequence of his training, and not of his intellectual abilities, speaking as a philosopher, routed our collective scientists, and in the course of the discussion, displayed the greatest tact in combating that scientific arrogance which deals with truths that are limited to an existence of twenty-five years, as Ibsen-Stockmann tells us, whereas the Church, in her exalted wisdom, is fully conscious that no earthly truth of any kind whatever can be contrary to a divine truth."

No one who carefully studies these highly instructive lectures, and the subsequent attacks made on them, can refuse to approve Father Wassman's assertion, that his eleven opponents did not, individually or even collectively, succeed in encountering or refuting him on the grounds of scientific facts or of the philosophical deductions from them. And when we consider the quality of the attacking phalanx, we may take for granted that the doctrines which Father Wassman has so ably championed "do not clash with the principles of really free research." This is a book which should be in the hands of every student of philosophy.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (7 Aug.): "The Attack Upon the Act of 1902" tells the victory of denominational schools in the "Swansea School Case." The point at issue asked whether "a local authority had the right to differentiate between two sets of schools, and to pay teachers of equal qualifications, and doing the same work, at different rates only because some were employed in council and others in voluntary schools." The king's bench decided in the negative.——Mr. Francis O. Clutton writes against the acceptance of the miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, and agrees with Father Thurston that "the whole matter is one for further inquiry and suspension of judgment."——Extracts from a characteristic article of G. K. Chesterton in *The Church Socialist Quarterly* on "The Staleness of Modernism." (14 Aug.): "The Royal Declaration" captions a rather pointed criticism of the present Government for its failure to do aught towards changing this document so offensive to Catholics. "The Chancellor tells us it is wrong, the Prime Minister says it is intolerable, and yet both acquiesce."——An Englishman's impression of the great gathering at Cologne on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress—one of great admiration.——Copy of "A Catholic Layman's" letter to *The Times* anent the late Father Tyrrell. It replies to charges made by *The Times* "that the funeral of Father Tyrrell evidenced an equal lack of logic and charity on the part of the Church; whose decision in the matter was "an act of vindictiveness and a triumph over charity and justice." (21 Aug.): That the falling birth-rate is a serious problem for the United Kingdom is evident from the report of the Registrar General.——Father R. H. Benson gives his views on the obstacles and aids to the progress of Catholicism in England. Socialism, the Broad Church movement, and a sectarian spirit among Catholics, are the stumbling stones; while the respect and reverence of non-Catholics for the Church, their craving after some

religious authority, and the missionary spirit growing among Catholics, are the hopes of future Catholicism.

The Month (Aug.): "The Conversion of Socialism," a dialogue by Father Garrold. "Sociology and the historical argument, if properly used, may go far towards effecting the conversion of Socialism." "Only those who venerate the past are the fertile initiators of the future."——P. A. Sillard discusses Oliver Wendell Holmes, "the 'Elia' of America," as essayist and poet. "Holmes is more vigorous, more versatile than Lamb."——C. C. Martindale, continuing "Two Histories of Religion," shows how M. Reinach bases his biblical criticism on Loisy and his history upon Lea and Voltaire.——In "The Grail Legend in Modern Literature" T. Elliot Ranken shows that, had Tennyson believed in Transubstantiation, "his interpretation would have been not only more practical but infinitely nobler and more beautiful."——"Impressions of Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J.," continued.——"Onward Ever" or "Continuity" in London, by James Britten, is a study of the Catholic revival in the Established Church.——Father Herbert Thurston deals with "Clerical Celibacy in the Anglo-Saxon Church." "The existence of the law against the marriage of those in Holy Orders (the word priest in Anglo-Saxon bearing the general meaning *ecclesiastic*) was not less clearly recognized or more laxly observed in this country than elsewhere in Western Christendom."

The Hibbert Journal (July): In "Religious Life and Thought in Germany To-Day" Professor H. Weinel sees three movements: the Idealism of Eucken and the scholarly investigation of Harnack, Herrmann, and Jülicher; the Buddhistic pessimism of Schopenhauer, Wagner, and Von Hartmann; and Nature-Mysticism or anti-Christian Monism of Kalthoff, Ellen Key, and Johannes Müller.——"Jesus or Christ," a reply to Mr. Roberts (January number) by G. K. Chesterton and Professor J. H. Moulton. Mr. Chesterton finds Christ, if only "one of the ordinary teachers of men, 'splendid, suggestive, but full of riddles and outrageous demands'; but if God, 'He would give us a sensation that He was turning all our standards upside down and yet that He had undeniably put

them the right way up.'" Professor Moulton says: "Neither Jesus nor Christ could do it (*i. e.*, attract all men); Jesus Christ alone can work the marvel we see to-day." ——"Moral Force in War," by Lieutenant-General Hart, quotes "Napoleon's dictum that the moral forces are to the physical as three to one."——"The Confusion of Pragmatism," says Professor Ladd, is aggravated by "its unfortunate temper and style," and "its disregard of a reasonable demand to criticize its underlying assumptions. Pragmatism turns out to be either a pretty thoroughgoing agnosticism or a highly emotional idealism."—— "Choice," by F. C. S. Schiller, says that "the existence of moral beings protests against the fallacy of Determinism."——Professor B. D. Eerdmans, on "A New Development in Old Testament Criticism."——"Is Nature Good? A Conversation," by Professor John Dewey.—— "The Mohammedan Cult of Saints," says Professor E. Montet, "rivals the Christian or Indian, with which it offers numerous points of resemblance or comparison." ——Louis T. More, in "Atomic Theories and Modern Physics," urges scientists "to confine their efforts to the discovery of natural phenomena and their classification into general laws derived by logical mathematical processes."——"The Scottish Establishment," by the Rev. D. Frew.——"Kant's Transcendental Æsthetic in the Light of Modern Mathematics," says Professor W. B. Smith, exhibits "prevailing unclearness, the endless reiterations, and the contradictions—the hall-mark of genius," yet "his doctrine is not wholly and irredeemably invalidated."

Expository Times (Aug.): The theory of atonement from a Jewish point of view, considered by Rabbi Adler, "Anglo-Jewish Memories," and synopsized under "States of Recent Exposition." In a last analysis, says the Rabbi, the modern Jew defends no theory, for the simple reason that he admits "no doctrine of atonement" in reality.——Now that "the halo of martyrdom is a little less dazzling to our eyes," Rev. Cyril W. Emmett thinks it "more possible to examine the books of M. Loisy in the better light of common day"—so, under "M. Loisy and the Gospel Story," we find a thorough analysis of the

Abbé's views—principally as set forth in his *Les Evangiles Synoptiques*—with a trenchant criticism of the same. ——Rev. A. S. Martin offers a proof that "the original and normative character of Christianity, though strongly contested, has not been disproved.——"The Date of the Crucifixion," by Rev. David Smith, gives a brief history of this puzzling question, with a plea for the non-rejection of the Johannine report—"for, while critics are right in accepting the synoptic account, it may be questioned whether their rejection of the Johannine account, as irreconcilable therewith, be not a hasty verdict.

Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Aug.): "The Definition of Moral Obligation," says Rev. J. S. Hickey, O.C., is "a necessity resulting from the known will of a superior, of our doing (or omitting) an action physically free but required for the preservation of the objective and natural order of things."——The history of Colonel Richard Grace continued.——Rev. P. J. Dowling, C.M., in "A Plea for Continuation Schools," urges the clergy to favor these night schools because of Ireland's educational deficiencies.——Rev. Wilfred Lescher, O.P., says that "The Progress of Scholastic Philosophy," since Pope Leo's Encyclical, has not been fully successful, since it has not been everywhere recognized as the philosophy of finding truth as opposed to the philosophy of search.——"When Gael met Greek," second article by Tomas Ua Nuallain. ——"The Science of Ethics," by C. Murphy, is a eulogistic review of the Rev. Dr. Cronin's book with that title.

Le Correspondant (10 Aug.): Mgr. Baudrillart praises the achievements of the Universities of Paris, Lille, Lyons, Angers, and Toulouse in the higher education of clergy and laity, and in the formation of Catholic savants and apologists.——Prince Louis d'Orléans et Bragance, continuing his articles on "Chile," describes Valparaiso, its earthquake disaster of 1906, and the exploitation of the saltpetre section.——"The Canadian Spirit," says Louis Arnould, is an amalgam of the qualities of old France and of England with American greed, vanity, sensationalism, and political corruption.——"The New House," a novel by Philippe Regnier, continued.——"Lucian Bonaparte and His Departure from Rome in 1810," by

J. Moulard.——François de Witt-Guizot discusses "The French Peasant in Modern Fiction."——"Economic Life and Social Movement," by A. Béchaux.

Études (20 Aug.): Devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament is enthusiastically maintained at Lourdes, writes M. de Tonquédoc. To prove his statement he relates a number of miracles worked through prayers to the Eucharistic God.——Conversion of Protestants through the Holy Eucharist, by Emmanuel Abt.——Th. Malley contributes the Diary of the Pastoral Visits of Mgr. Camille de Neuville.——It was a favorite opinion of the late O. Hamelin, of the Sorbonne, that under the philosophy of Kant there was hidden a great mass of Scholasticism. M. de Beauprey thinks this is not so. On the relations of sense-perceptions and the intellect, on the absolute value and autonomy of the latter, on the question of moral law—the theories of Kant and St. Thomas are as widely different as daylight and dark.—— "The Religious Situation in Brazil," Joseph Burnichon. ——The works of Father Desurmont; an indefatigable missionary of France, are extensively noticed. These, we are told, are particularly pure in their doctrine, Apostolic in fervor, clear in expression, precise and practical in their conclusions.

Revue du Clergé Française (1 Aug.): J. Paquier writes of "Quietism," a theory of spirituality and mysticism which he sums up in two propositions: The man who is striving for perfection should tend to the annihilation of his own activity; and the only activity of the perfect man consists in a continual state of union with God by contemplation and by love. After pointing out the errors in this apparently excellent system, the author proceeds to trace its origin and its relation to the theological and philosophical schools of that period.——In the "Philosophical Chronicle" A. Ducrocq reviews two works by F. Palhories, one a biography of Rosmini and the other *The Ideological Theory of Galluppi in Its Relations with Kant's Philosophy;* also one by F. Mentre on *Cournot and the Renaissance of Probabilism in the Nineteenth Century.*——"The First Pope" is the title of a sermon by J. Bricout, published in this number.

(15 Aug.): E. Mangenot begins a study of the "Paulinism of Mark." In this number he gives in brief form numerous conflicting opinions put forth by Rationalist writers, Holsten, Volkmar, Weiss, and others, with one or two opinions from Catholic exegetes.——L. Fillion continues his study of "The Stages of Rationalism in its Attacks Upon the Gospels and the Life of Jesus Christ." This article deals with what the author calls the Eclectic School dating from 1860. It includes such scholars as Wellhausen, Wernle, Harnack, and many others. ——In the "Chronicle of the Theological Movement" F. Dubois reviews among other works one volume of a *History of Dogma*, by J. Tixeront. This volume covers the period from St. Athanasius to St. Augustine (318–430). The reviewer notes the opinions of the historian on such points as the source of faith, the human ignorance of our Lord, original sin, etc.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Aug.): "The Moral Law in the Assyro-Babylonian Religion," says P. Dhorme, O.P., was not separated from religion, but religion, as we see from catalogues of faults and lists of precepts, commanded duties towards God and men. The views of Le Bon, Tylor, and Morgenstern are erroneous.——Michel d'Herbigny continues "St. Augustine's Apologetic Arguments," this time against the Manichean question about evil.——A meditation on "Prayer," by Ph. Ponsard. "It is a desire and an expectation of the better thing, with confidence in One who can and will answer the desire; it is talking to God."——J. Guibert writes: "May I ask priests, who so anxiously seek funds for our schools, to be no less anxious to secure the truly Christian direction of the classes? Shall we have teachers enough? Will they be fervent enough?"

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Aug.): B. Gallot reviews the treatise of M. Rousselot on "The Intellectualism of St. Thomas." This is defined as "a doctrine which puts all the value and intensity of life, the essence of the good, in an act of the intelligence," realized perfectly only in God.——"The Beginnings of Greek Philosophy," writes M. Louis, were favored by the absence of a strongly organized priestly class, of intangible revealed

dogmas, of official commentaries in sacred writings, and by the presence of subtle Hellenic dialectics.——Dom Pastourel, O.S.B., finds that "Egotism," as described by M. Barrès, is not opposed to altruism and is deeply religious; it is best summed up in the words of Pascal: "The member, in loving the body, loves itself, for the part has being only in the whole, by it and for it." ——A. Bros and O. Habert warn Catholics who investigate the history of religions, not to attack theories already abandoned; and apologists not to accept unreservedly the affirmations of rationalist savants, especially as regards totemism and animism.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (7 Aug.): J. Bessmer, S.J., in his discussion on "Telepathy," says that science, when ruling out the existence of a world of independent spirits as an unworthy hypothesis, is yet at a loss to explain psychical facts, such as clairvoyance and transmission of influence.——S. Beissel, S.J., continues his paper on "The History of Prayer Books" down to the beginning of the sixteenth century.——V. Cathrein, S.J., concludes his article, "Ethics and Monistic Evolutionism."——Heinrich Pesch concludes "Strikes and Lockouts," and discusses the possible value of compulsory arbitration.——"Modern Catholic Literature: a Reply to Karl Muth," by A. Baumgartner, S.J.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Aug.): Among the continued articles appearing in this issue we find those of Arthur Savaéte dealing with "Liberalism in Lower Canada."—— "The French Clergy Since the Concordat of 1801," by M. Sicard.——Father At's concluding installment of his article on "The Spanish Apologists for the Nineteenth Century."——"The History of Marmoutier," by Dom Rabory.——"The Mysteries of the Inheritance of A. T. Stewart's Vast Fortune," by Denans d'Artigues.——Alexander Harmel's article describing "The Presentation of La Fontaine's Animals."——"The Feminine Opening," by Theodore Juan, wherein the author presents to us the ideas held by Mme. Auclert, treating the question of woman's vote.

(15 Aug.): Arthur Savaéte continues his article treating of the political and religious difficulties in Lower Canada,

and of the appeal of the Catholics of the province of Quebec to the Great Leo XIII., together with his reply urging them to continue courageously their struggle against Liberalism.——"Marmoutier at the End of the Eleventh Century," by Dom Rabory.——In "The Feminine Opening," by Theodore Juan, it is his opinion that man and woman are not equals, due not alone to physical but likewise to mental differences.——Other articles are those of M. Sicard relative to "The French Clergy Since the Concordat of 1801."——"The Presentation of La Fontaine's Animals," by Alexander Harmel. ——"The Mysteries Surrounding the Inheritance of A. T. Stewart of New York," by Denans d'Artigues.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et La Science Catholique (Aug.): Unedited Works of Mgr. Glautier (continued). ——"The Restoration of Gregorian Chant and the Solesmes School," by Norbert Rousseau.——The "Relations between the Church and the State; or, the Public Right of the Church and Liberty of Conscience," by l'Abbé J. B. Verdier. This article is a brief history of the Concordat from 1800 to 1906.——"The Electro-Chemical Fabrication of Nitric Acid," by Jean Escard. "Bulletin of Philosophy," by M. l'Abbé Biguet.——Reviews new works on pragmatism, modernism, reason and faith, free-will and God's fore-knowledge, also Nicolay's new volume on *What the Poor Think of the Rich.*

Revue Thomiste (July-Aug.): Father Gardiel, in "Le Donné Theologique," outlines the different methods of procedure in the study of theology; the supremacy of the scholastic, or positive, over the so-called scientific method is shown from a comparison of the fundamental principles of each and by proving the latter illogical.—— "The Mystery of the Redemption" is a discussion of the theology of that dogma, by Father Hugon. The different theories are touched upon, and the principal elements forming an adequate idea of the doctrine grouped together and analyzed.——The Church's teaching on "Vocation to the Priesthood" is the subject of a paper by J. Lahitton. The divergence of the opinions of St. Thomas and St. Alphonsus is cleared away. The sacerdotal vocation is determined and depends on the

call of the Bishop.——The "Authentic Writings of St. Thomas of Aquin" is continued.——The Catalogues of Pierre Roger (Clement VI.), William de Tocco, St. Antoninus, and Louis de Valladolid are compared.

La Civiltà Cattolica (7 Aug.): "The Interference in Wills Made in Favor of Religious Communities." This article gives the decision of the Court of Appeals of Rome, which pronounced the will of Pietro la Via null because made in favor of a suppressed congregation.——"St. Clement of Rome and Miracles." Last month Harnack endeavored to show the saint's mind as regards miracles in general. In this article he believes he has given St. Clement's mind on the miracle of the Resurrection; but Father Van Laak, S.J., says that St. Clement's writings prove how false Harnack's conclusions are and how unjust it is to the Holy Pontiff to say he gave little religious value to the Resurrection of Christ.——"The Origin of the Gothic Style."——"New Books on Japan." A list of books on various subjects relating to Japan, and a short review of each.

(21 Aug.): "The Progressive Depopulation in Civilized Nations." Here we find the low birth-rate and the number of social suicides according to the statistics of the European countries. This alarming condition, the author maintains, is due to the dissemination of anti-Christian teachings.——"Polemics on Modernism Apropos of Recent Writers." A review of some of the ablest writers of France and Italy against Modernism.——Continued Articles: "The Story of the Inquisition in France." ——"The Origin and Nature of Language."

España y America (15 Aug,): "Christian Labor and the Social Question," by P. Bruno Ibeas.——P. A. Blanco gives Mendel's law as to variability of species and of hybridation.——In "Theological Modernism and Traditional Theology" P. Santiago García defends the institution by Christ of Baptism and Confirmation against Loisy and Murri.——P. Juan M. López continues "The Apostle James and the City of Compostela."——"Travel Notes from China," continued, by P. Juvencio Hospital. ——P. E. Negrete reviews *Elois and Morlocks*, which he calls a "thesis novel; an apology for Catholic spiritual-

ism and supernaturalism, and an attack, in the name of science and of faith, upon false materialistic science." ——P. Diodoro V. Gonzalez replies to the attacks of D. Andrés upon the Augustinians.

Razon y Fe (Aug.): V. Minteguiaga, continuing "The Civil Power and Theatrical Immorality," reviews the various legislative acts against indecent plays and players.—— "The Dogma of the Redemption According to the Apostolic Fathers," says J. M. Bover, was substantially identical with the modern Catholic view, as we see from various texts and from their general interpretations. It differed utterly from those who deny the objective value of Christ's passion in reconciling man to God.——N. Noguer criticizes a French volume on *The Social Teaching of Jesus*.——"Spontaneous Generation Before Science and Philosophy" is completely discredited. The Fathers and scholastics who believed in this doctrine did so from incomplete investigation; Haeckel and his followers in order to disprove creation by God, according to E. Ugarte de Ercilla.——Zacarías García, in "The Pardon of Sins in the Primitive Church," explains penance as expounded in the "Shepherd" of Hermas.—— "Catholicism and Spanish Patriotism," by R. Ruiz Amado.——"The Holy See and the Book of Isaias," by L. Murillo, continued; this article discusses difficulties aroused by the biblical and cuneiform chronologies of the period 747–696 B. C.

Current Events.

France.

The statesmen and politicians of France have been taking a rest in preparation for the labors of the last session of the present Parliament. The duties of the Ministry have doubtless been important, but they have not been of a character to call for the attention of the public. The only exception is that the Minister of Public Works, M. Millerand, to whose care the Post Office is entrusted, has undertaken a reorganization of this department of the public service. It has been generally believed that, whatever changes France may have undergone in the form of government, the administrative offices remained unchanged and fairly efficient. It will be hard to entertain this belief much longer, in view of the faults which have been brought to light within the past few months. The state of the Navy was the occasion of the fall of M. Clemenceau. Now it is being recognized that the Post Office and its allied services stand in great need of reform. Things for some years past have been going from bad to worse. The various departments are badly organized, and in consequence frequent conflicts take place. For these scandalous deficiencies it has been impossible to fix the responsibility. A private enterprise, if conducted in the way in which the French Post Office has been, would have come to grief in six months. These defects the new head has been engaged in removing.

The Tsar's visit to Cherbourg, according to the statement of the French Foreign Minister, has not resulted in strengthening or consolidating the alliance between France and Russia, for that was not required. It has done more: it has made it perfectly clear to both parties that there is complete unity of views between the two Powers, and complete unity of effort and action, not only on the great lines of their international policy, but also in the most petty details, and even with regard to possible eventualities. Moreover, between the two peoples, M. Pichon declared, and not merely between the government, the visit had made it evident that there was a bond not only of a common interest, but of a genuine sentiment of

friendship. M. Hanotaux, once Foreign Minister and a close student of political events, declares that the one enduring and unchanging element in the two countries for the past fifteen years has been the consistent support given by both to the Dual Alliance. The reason for this is that the Alliance corresponds to the interests and aspirations of the two Powers, as events have shown, and that it is the greatest security for the maintenance of peace by maintaining the balance of power. As regards the future, if the Alliance maintains its character as a pacific instrument of equilibrium in Europe, it will remain invincible and indestructible.

The idea that crime could be restrained without capital punishment has been predominant in France for some years; but some awful deeds that have taken place have caused a revulsion of popular feeling. M. Briand, the new Prime Minister, was, a short time ago, so much opposed to the infliction of the death penalty that he ardently supported a Bill for the entire abolition of capital punishment. He has, however, yielded to the force of public opinion; the Bill will not be proceeded with; and, in a case which has recently occurred, he has not recommended the President to exercise his prerogative of pardon. As a consequence, for the first time in ten years, an execution has taken place in Paris. It is satisfactory to be able to note that there were no such horrible scenes as were witnessed a few months ago at executions in the provinces.

When the first strike of the Post Office officials took place M. Clemenceau's government, while brave in words, was weak in deeds. A second strike took place, to the success of which the government's firmness proved an obstacle. The new Minister of Public Works seems to have reverted to the former policy of yielding. He has reinstated a large number of the officials who had been dismissed from the service owing to their conduct in the strike last May. For this he has been criticized; direct encouragement has thereby been given, it is said, to insubordination. M. Millerand defends his course on the ground that those who have been reinstated were led astray, and that they had been recommended to mercy by their superior officers. The ring leaders, however, would not be reinstated, for that would truly be an approbation and justification of the strike. Yet the Minister admits that the strike was not without justification, for it seems that in France, as

well as in this country, there is such a thing as influence, and that this influence was used by members of Parliament, not for the public benefit, but for the private advantage of their own relatives, friends, and political supporters.

The clemency shown by the government to the strikers has not been confined to them. Political offenders and others who had been imprisoned for anti-militarist utterances, and for various other offences, have since been released by a decree of the Prime Minister. This clemency has gone so far as to embrace those who belong to the other extreme of political opinion in France. The young Royalists who were arrested for manifesting their feelings in a riotous manner, as well as M. Bietry, the reactionary leader of anti-Socialist Unions, and M. André Gaucher, who was being punished for insults offered to the judges by whom he was being tried, have had their terms of imprisonment curtailed.

What motive actuates the government in thus acting is hard to say. Anti-militarism, for example, is not a thing of the past. It is, in fact, spreading, as is shown by the fact that the number of those who refuse to serve their term in the army is growing. In 1906 there were 4,567 refractory recruits; in 1909 there were 11,782. In Paris the number has risen from 288 to 1,417. Manuals are distributed among the soldiers encouraging insubordination and desertion. The primary school teachers are, it is said, indoctrinated with a cosmopolitan humanitarianism, which is exceedingly admirable in theory, but which, it is to be feared, will not conduce—until the neighboring nations are at least equally well-disposed—to the safety of the country from external attack.

That a step towards better feeling between France and Germany has been taken is shown by an interesting ceremony which took place a short time ago at Mars-la-Tour, the scene of the celebrated charge, thirty-nine years ago, of the Prussian Regiment of Dragoon Guards in the battle of Gravelotte. A monument has been erected by the Germans in memory of the soldiers who fell on that occasion. At its inauguration French and Prussian soldiers took part, and speeches, expressive of mutual good-will and confidence, were made. On the other hand, the presence in France of large numbers of spies tends to alienate the two nations from each other.

In the event of war the Vice-President of the Army

Council would be the Commander-in-Chief of the French armies. General de Lacroix has, up to a few weeks ago, held this office, but has been obliged to retire on account of having arrived at the limit of age. Whatever may be said of the Navy, the Army is, if we may believe the testimony of this retiring officer, in a perfectly satisfactory condition. It outdistances, so he declared, all other nations in every respect. It has a marvelous gun which it knows how to use, and in all kinds of new inventions it keeps the lead. The French soldier, on account of his peculiar temperament, possesses an unquestionable superiority. The soul of the nation exerts so magnetizing an influence upon the Army, that there need be no longer any fear of the incompetency of a commander-in-chief. Such is the testimony of the late Commander-in-Chief.

Germany and France have one other thing in common—the financial year is, as usual, closing with a deficit. That of France is even larger than Germany's, being some forty millions of dollars, but will not require heroic efforts to provide for it. These deficits are due, it is said, to the subordination by the deputies of the general public good to the local requirements of their own constituants. The new Minister of Finance will, it is thought, increase the tobacco tax, and, for a consideration, give a state guarantee of the purity of the vines which are submitted for inspection.

Germany.

Very little that calls for mention has taken place in Germany. The German Emperor has made no speeches; the Reichstag has not been sitting; its members have not addressed their constituents, or, if so, have had nothing to say that has attracted public attention. Whether this is the quiet that precedes or follows a storm cannot be told. Naval and military reviews have been held, as is usual during the autumn. China has been the field of the chief manifestation of German activity; and this manifestation has not been so much in the diplomatic as in the financial world. If we may believe the accounts that have been given, German financiers have underbid those of the other nations, who are so anxious, according to their wont, to shower benefits upon the backward nations of the world. For the promotion of the building of railroads China is dependent upon other nations

for the supply of the necessary funds. The terms on which this supply was to be given were made much more acceptable to China by the German financiers than by those of England and France. But, although these terms were more acceptable, they were not in reality for China's best interests. On this account the United States stepped in and claimed to have the right, for China's good, to have a share in the transaction. When even our financiers are so disinterested it speaks well for our progress. The German people, however, have reason to wish that the managers of the home finances should perform their office in such a way as to prevent the ever-recurring deficits. The deficit of the last financial year amounted to thirty millions, and the other various needs of the Empire will require a loan of some seventy millions of dollars; this is irrespective of future deficits and new demands.

In other respects Germany has a right to congratulate herself. Her wealth during the last fifteen years has increased by fifty-nine per cent. The wages of the working men have risen. The standard of life has been raised all round. Food has improved; clothes have improved. Germany has become a rich country without the lowest grades of poverty that exist elsewhere. Such is the report of the British Consul-General at Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

The chief political interest of the immediate future is in the new Chancellor of the Empire and as to the way in which he will deal with the various parties in the Reichstag; to which of them he will look for the necessary support. The outcome of the crisis which led to the fall of Prince Bülow was the restoration of the Catholic Centre to its long-held position of control and predominance. This was accomplished by co-operation with the Conservatives. The *bloc* was completely defeated. The Conservatives, however, declare that their co-operation with the Centre was only temporary. Further formulations and combinations will, therefore, be necessary, and it will be interesting to see what they will be.

Austria-Hungary.

The good relations which had existed for many years between Austria-Hungary and Great Britain, or at least between the governing circles of the two countries, were interrupted in consequence of the attitude assumed

by the British government towards the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The press of Vienna could find nothing too bad to say about England and the English. English money, whatever might be said about other people's, was certainly the root of all evil. When, therefore, it was announced that King Edward was going for the "cure" to a bath in Bohemia, and was not to visit the Emperor, the conclusion was reached by many that the alienation was to be, if not permanent, at least indefinite in duration.

This appears, however, to have been a rash inference. For there took place between the two monarchs an interchange of courtesies which showed, so far as they were concerned, that no ill-feeling continued to exist, and the intercourse between the King and prominent Austrians and Hungarians have brought about, it is said, a better understanding of the whole question than was before attainable. There seems, therefore, reason to look forward to a resumption of the cordial relations which formerly existed. The expectation of this is strengthened by the announcement made by a paper in Vienna, which possesses the confidence of the Foreign Office, that the whole of the facts connected with the annexation have never been published. When this is done, it will be seen that Austria's action was not really so culpable as it appeared. Austria's hand was forced by the latest addition to the ranks of European Kings. That there was an appearance of culpability is thus admitted; that it will be shown that there was no real culpability will, we hope, be satisfactorily proved.

It is seldom that changes so great as those which have taken place in the Near East have been made, except as the result of prolonged warfare. The restoration of the Turkish Constitution; the proclamation of Bulgarian independence; the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina; the withdrawal of the international contingents from Crete; the breach of the Austro-Russian understanding of 1897; mark the close of the period that began with the Berlin Treaty. Any one of these events, almost, might have given rise to armed conflicts and, in all probability, would have done so, had it not been for the strong desire for peace by which the controllers of the destinies of the present generation are animated—a desire of which The Hague Conference is but one expression.

To the Emperor-King Francis Joseph, pre-eminently, the

happy outcome of the recent entanglement is due, and many of the various races within his dominions have been taking the opportunity presented by his seventy-ninth birthday to show to him their gratitude. Upon Baron von Aehrenthal has been conferred the title of Count, a title which is to be transmitted to his descendants. In the hope that he was not as black as he has been painted, and with the knowledge that he suffered himself to be guided by his sovereign, we may acquiesce in this honor being conferred upon him.

Turkey.

It is too soon to form any very trustworthy estimate of the course of events in Turkey. On the whole, however, the prospect seems good for the definite establishment of a constitutional form of government. The new Sultan, after having been practically for a life-time a prisoner, does not find the wholesome bonds which every constitution imposes so galling as he would have done had he once ruled as an autocrat. He seems to have realized also that the maintenance of his power depends upon its acceptance by the people; and he has been making efforts to ingratiate himself in their good will—a thing which, so far as we are aware, has not been done by any of his predecessors in recent times. They were content to rule by violence, espionage, and murderous repression. Mahomed V. has been paying a visit to Brusa, a city associated with many of the great deeds of his ancestors, and in which some of the greatest of those ancestors are buried. From all the surrounding districts swarms of peasants crowded to see him; and they welcomed him with every mark of popular enthusiasm. That a Sultan should seek, and his subjects willingly give, such marks of mutual appreciation is an unlooked-for sign of the progress of good government.

Another sign is the fact that the Turkish Parliament has been working assiduously and regularly. There have been no scenes or sensational incidents. All the members of the ministry of Hilmi Pasha still remain in office, with the one exception of the Minister of Public Works, to whose place an Armenian has succeeded. Experts from other states have been called in to take charge of various departments and to bring into order the chaos which has been the result of the rule of Abdul Hamid. One other sign of constitutional rule

is the issue of a loan. The Cretan question, it is true, brought the country within measurable distance of war. The inhabitants of this island seem to be as willing to give trouble as they were in St. Paul's days. They have, to all intents and purposes, been made independent of Turkey, an independence safeguarded by the four Powers—France, Italy, Russia, and Great Britain. The flag of the Ottoman Empire is kept flying as the sole token of the suzerainty of the Sultan.

The Cretans, however, voted their annexation to Greece, and hoisted the Greek flag as a sign of the union. This excited popular feeling throughout Turkey. Meetings were held and the government was called upon to take action. The loss of Bulgaria and of Bosnia and Herzegovina was as much as the Turks were willing to bear. The government could do nothing less than listen to the voice of the people; and there is little doubt that it would have taken warlike measures, had not the four protecting Powers undertaken the task of bringing the Cretans to reason. To remonstrance the islanders were deaf. Marines had to be landed; and with due solemnity four sailors, representatives of each of the four Powers, proceeded to cut down the flag-staff on which flew the flag of Greece. Under the circumstances nothing else could have been done; but it is clear that a full settlement has not yet been made.

Greece.

The attitude of Greece towards those whose strongest desire was annexation did not at first give satisfaction to the Turks. There is reason to believe also that the Greek bands were on the point of renewing in Macedonia their old methods of rapine and massacre. The Turkish government, in consequence, made a very strong remonstrance to Greece, and required a categorical renunciation of any purpose of annexing Crete or of interfering in Macedonia. The four protecting Powers had to intervene to restrain the ardor of Turkey and to hold the Greeks within due bounds. Through their efforts a collision was avoided.

All those events have led to what has been almost a revolution in Greece. The army has long been standing in need of reforms, due to the incompetence of the officers at its head. These officers were Princes of the Royal House, who had been placed, simply because they were sons of the King, in posi-

tions for which they were unfit. In July last the ministry then in power had to resign because of the agitation of the soldiers. The ministry which followed, that of M. Ralli, failed to satisfy their demands. The Officers have formed a Military League for the redress of grievances. This League, at the head of some two thousand soldiers, assembled in force and made certain demands which M. Ralli refused to accept. Those demands included the removal from command of the Royal Princes and the appointment of competent officers. Apprehensions were felt that it was the intention of the League to dethrone the King; but this has been denied; nor does it seem probable that, so long as their wishes are complied with, things will be carried to this extreme. A new ministry has been formed which is willing to carry out the demands of the army; not, as its head says, because they are the demands of the army, but because he is himself convinced of the necessity for the reforms for which it is calling. Greece, therefore, is virtually under the control of the military. Bad as this is, it is perhaps better than the preceding state of things, in which two opposing, but equally corrupt, sets of politicians made their own profit out of the masses of the people.

Spain.

Order has been restored in Barcelona and throughout Catalonia. There has been great exaggeration as to the outrages which took place during the troubles. They were bad enough, indeed, but far less than reported. It seems impossible to say with certainty what were the real objects of the uprising. Whether it was to establish a Republic throughout Spain, or to separate Catalonia from the rest of the peninsula, or whether it was mere anarchy and the overthrow of all government that its promoters had in view, cannot yet be determined. The government, it is satisfactory to say, has not been rigorous in its methods of repression or in the amount of punishment which it has inflicted. Only one execution has taken place; but, as there are a thousand prisoners, perhaps the future will give us a new example of Spanish methods.

The war in Morocco is still going on. It has not, however, been prosecuted with great vigor, although it seems likely that it will not be brought to an end until a definite result has been secured. The soldiers have distinguished themselves by

their bravery. They are in fact, to quote the testimony of a Carlist deputy, who has been paying a visit to the scene of warfare, as brave as the Japanese. Throughout Spain great sympathy has been shown for the troops, and active measures have been taken for their relief and that of their families. Subscription lists have been opened; wealthy Spaniards have made donations; bakers have sent presents of bread; doctors have given their services free of charge; actors have offered to give performances; and, to crown all, four leading bullfighters have offered to fight, free of cost, any bulls that the breeders may give.

Morocco.

It would be a mistake to think that it is with Morocco that Spain is at war. Morocco is a mere congeries of a more or less united number of tribes. It is possible to be carrying on hostile operations with one or more of these tribes, and yet to be at peace with the Sultan. This is what has taken place in the present instance. It is with the Riffs, and perhaps one or more tribes friendly to them, that Spain has come into conflict. The Sultan perhaps would have been more ready to support his fellow-countrymen had he not had a nearer enemy with whom to contend. This was the long-standing Pretender, Bu Hamara. His career has, however, at last come to an end. The Sultan's victory has been complete, and he took the opportunity of showing the method in which an autocrat, not controlled by public opinion, triumphs over the conquered. Mulai Hafid himself made choice of the punishments. One was condemned to have his lower jaw shattered by the blow of a hammer; another to have his eyes put out; another still to have the palm of his hand slashed with a knife, sprinkled with salt and sewn up into a leather glove. Others were put to death, but by long-drawn-out ways. The Pretender himself was shut up in an iron cage, which was borne upon a camel's back; and he was carried in this way through the city, amid the jeers and taunts of the populace. So horrible were the methods adopted that the representatives of the Powers in the capital, at the command of the home authorities, made a vigorous protest to the Sultan. To their demands he has yielded, and has promised to bring his ways of government more into harmony with those of civilized countries.

Sweden.

The strike in Sweden has given proof that the possession or supposed possession of power by persons at the lower end of the social scale leads them to act at times in the same way as oftentimes kings and potentates in general have acted, although perhaps not in so manifestly cruel a way. The working men of Sweden, to the number of between two and three hundred thousand, made a deliberate attempt, for the redress of their grievance, to bring to a standstill the social and industrial life of the nation. Nor, in their endeavor to carry out this purpose, did they hesitate to break the most solemn and explicit promises. They were not, however, guilty of violence. This is attributed to the fact that the government closed all public houses and stopped almost completely the sale of intoxicating drink. The strike lasted four weeks; and although out of the 460,000 workmen in Sweden (not including agricultural laborers) 286,000 took part, yet it resulted in a failure. Neither the objects nor the methods of the strikers commanded public sympathy. A band of voluntary helpers was formed, called "The Public Security Brigade." Counts and barons, military and naval officers, professional and business men, engineers, clerks, students from the universities and technical schools, volunteered their services, and took a part in working trams and steamboats, transporting and unloading the necessities of life, such as coal and food. Their efforts, combined with the failure of the strikers to make their strike absolutely universal, brought about its failure.

WITH OUR READERS.

THE change in the title of this department, formerly called "The Columbian Reading Union," now "With Our Readers," is made with a view of widening its field. It will still endeavor, as in former years, to keep in touch with the Reading Circles of our country, and at the same time discuss in a brief way matters of general interest throughout the world.

STATISTICS of church property and church membership, reported to the Census Bureau in 1906, have just been made public. These statistics supply us with figures that are very interesting, and we quote those that will be of special interest to Catholics. The property of the Catholic Church—this includes only the buildings owned and used for worship, together with the value of their sites, furniture, organs, bells, etc.—was reported as being worth $292,638,787. The increase of value in Catholic Church property from 1890 to 1906 amounted to $174,515,441. The total amount of debt, as reported by the Catholic Church representatives, was 49,488,055. This equals 16.9 per cent of the total value of the property.

Another interesting and instructive point gained from this census is that in sixteen states of the Union the majority of church members belonged to the Catholic Church. These states and territories are: New Mexico; Rhode Island; Montana; Massachusetts; Nevada; Arizona; New York; New Hampshire; Louisiana; Connecticut; California; Vermont; Maine; New Jersey; Wisconsin; and Michigan. In two states, Wyoming and Colorado, the largest proportion, though not a majority of church members, belonged to the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church reported a total membership of 12,079,142. This is an increase over the total reported in 1890 of 5,837,434; or, in other words, of 93.5 per cent.

It is also of much interest to note that this is the first census that has given statistics of church membership according to sex. While in Protestant bodies there is a marked difference in the returns reported, 39.3 per cent for the males and 60.7 for the females, the Catholic Church reports a membership almost equally divided, 49.3 per cent male; 50.7 per cent female.

These figures are, on the whole, very comforting and encouraging to Catholics. They show that, numerically, Catholics are very strong. But they also bring at once to our mind the question

as to whether Catholics are at all proportionately true to their responsibilities—both with regard to themselves and their children; and also with regard to their obligation to present worthily the faith and to lead to the true Church the non-Catholics who are our fellow-countrymen. When one asks himself that question, and reviews his experience, short though it may be, the answer surely is that though much has been done and is being done, still, considering our numbers and our opportunities, we are strangely indifferent to many of our duties and our obligations. It is the first duty of a Catholic to be well educated in his faith, and many Catholics are not well educated. From the year's beginning to the year's end they never read a word about the Catholic faith, and have not read a word since they left Sunday-School. They hear but few, if any, sermons; and their faith, as a practical incentive in everyday life, finds little employment. The great treasuries of Catholic truth are to them a sealed book, and nothing, it seems, will rouse them from their lethargy.

It is the duty of a Catholic to interest himself personally, both by personal effort and by financial support; and if he cannot furnish the latter, he assuredly can give the former in works of Catholic charity, of Catholic education; of Catholic public action many Catholics know nothing, nor do they seek to know anything of these works. It is the duty of a Catholic, while he is a devoted parishioner, to realize also that he is a member of the Catholic Church—the Church of the world—that in every country the Church has her problems; that from her battles and her trials in one land we may learn much; that our very sympathy with her, and sympathy cannot be without knowledge, will lead us to love her the more. In our own land there is problem after problem that she has to meet and to answer. And she would have her children meet them intelligently and wisely. In truth, she can meet them only through her children. It is the duty of Catholics so to live, so to act, so to converse, that to their non-Catholic fellowmen they can always give a true and edifying impression of the Catholic Church. It is our duty to spread, in so far as we can, by word, by example, by book, Catholic truth among those who do not know it. What has been done, what our increase, our growth, our power can do, is the most inspiring call to be alive to what we can yet do. And the most efficacious means to increase our individual and corporate worth and power is Catholic literature. Without Catholic literature—and here we but repeat the words of our Holy Father—the cause of the Catholic Church will never progress. There must be a capable, intelligent presentation of the Catholic faith; reliable knowledge of Catholic needs, opportunities, and duties, in the field

of education, of public libraries, of public morality, of Catholic defence—in fields innumerable these are the things that are absolutely indispensable to a strong Catholic life and prosperity—not only in the individual but also in the corporate body. There is no reason why to-day the Catholic Church, through her written word, in her pronouncements, in her solutions of the problems that so vex humanity, should not be the leader—and the leader recognized by all—in the religious, moral, and social life of America.

To do its part in this work THE CATHOLIC WORLD has labored for forty-five years. In that time it has aimed at the highest, and it has never been willing to be "popular" in order to be the more successful. It asks the support of every Catholic throughout the country, and for the never-failing answer of kindly co-operation from thousands of American Catholics THE CATHOLIC WORLD is grateful. As the years go on, the possibilities of still higher achievement appeal to us. We would put THE CATHOLIC WORLD into every public library throughout the land; we would have it in every home, that it may be to thousands more the help and the joy that it is to thousands now. Its aim is to show that the Catholic Church, the Church of the ages, is still fresh with the vigorous life of youth. And every help, every evidence of co-operation which its readers give to it, will help it on its appointed mission—to promote the glory of our Church among her children and among those whom we hope will one day seek to be enrolled under the same title.

* * *

Rose Kavanagh and Her Verses, edited by Father Matthew Russell, of the *Irish Monthly*, has just been published by Gill & Son, of Dublin. The volume includes many appreciations of Miss Kavanagh's work by noted writers. The poems have received much well-merited praise. Miss Kavanagh was not a great poet, but she was a sweet singer, and her work is saturated with the love of her country—the land itself and its patriots.

* * *

In the Liverpool *Catholic Times* for September 10, the Rev. Charles Plater, S.J., writes of the need of concerted action in spreading the work of the Catholic press. The conclusions which he draws, while reached with direct reference to England, are not without point in this country. He says:

"This is a matter which requires to be taken to heart by the whole Catholic body. This work absolutely must not be left to the small number of Catholics who have hitherto supported it with courage and devotion in the face of apathy and cheap criticism. Only when the whole Catholic body gets the matter on its conscience

may we hope for the success which has attended Catholic action in Germany or Austria."

Taking up the work of the Catholic Reading Guild, he continues:

"The object of the Guild was, in general, to circulate Catholic newspapers; but particular attention was paid to the work of getting them introduced into public reading rooms. We see at once the importance of such a step. The newspaper room in our public libraries is becoming more and more frequented, and is, to a large extent, forming the opinions of the working classes. Here, no less than in the elementary schools, are our countrymen storing their minds with impressions, picking up their views of life, forming their opinions and ideals. The place is a school for adults. The result will infallibly be according to the kind of mental food that is being assimilated. And we have some power of determining its quality.

"How does the thing work out? Supply is, to a large extent, conditioned by demand. Repeated inquiries for a definite Catholic newspaper may often result in its being taken in at the expense of the institution in question. Here at once is an opportunity for valuable Catholic action involving very little trouble, and no expense. Let two or three well-known Catholic ratepayers at different times step into their public library and see whether Catholic newspapers are being supplied. If they are not, they may be asked for. The chances are that they will make their appearance. If not, the further question may be asked: 'Will you put Catholic newspapers in the reading room if they are supplied to you gratis?' The answer is generally in the affirmative, and the information is further volunteered that various non-Catholic religious newspapers (and sometimes anti-religious newspapers) are already being presented to the reading room."

The need for an awakening of our people to the absolute necessity of action along this line is just as urgent here as in Europe. Something has already been done to this end by the Knights of Columbus and the American Federation of Catholic Societies, but the work has yet to be taken hold of whole-heartedly by the Catholic people. How long will it be before Catholics realize the dire necessity?

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

An Outline History of the Roman Empire. By William Stearns Davis, Ph.D. Pp. ix -222. Price 63 cents net.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:

The White Prophet. By Hall Caine. Pp. 613. Price $1.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. IV.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

The Candle as a Symbol and Sacramental in the Catholic Church. By Rev. Henry Theiler, O.S.C. Pp. 93.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:

Big John Baldwin. By Wilson Vance. Pp. vi.-375.

R. F. FENNO & CO., New York:

With Christ in Palestine. Four Addresses by A. T. Schofield, M.D. Ill. Pp. 96. Price $1.25.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:

Christian Theology and Social Progress. By F. W. Bussell. Pp. 331.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Makers of Electricity. By Brother Potamian, F.S.C., and James J. Walsh, M.D. Pp. 404. Price $2 net.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, New York:

A History of Christianity in Japan. Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox Missions. By Otis Carey, D.D. Pp. 423. Price $2.50 net.

GINN & CO., Boston, Mass.:

English Literature. Its History and Its Significance for the Life of the English-Speaking World. By William J. Long, Ph.D. Pp. xv.-582.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:

The Life of Christ. Course of Lectures Combining the Principal Events in the Life of our Lord with the Catechism. By Mary Virginia Merrick. Pp. viii.-67. *Christ, the Church, and Man.* By Cardinal Capecelatro. Pp. 78. Price 55 cents net. *Sing Ye to the Lord.* By Robert Eaton. Pp 344. Price $1 net. *The Sunday Epistles.* By Dr. Benedict Sauter, O.S.B. Pp. 558. Price $4.50 net.

THE ROSARY PRESS, Somerset, Ohio:

Dominican Tertiaries' Guide. Compiled by Very Rev. C. H. McKenna, O.P. Pp. viii.-426.

GLASS & PRUDHOMME COMPANY, Portland, Oregon:

Gleanings of Fifty Years. The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary in the Northwest, 1859–1909. Pp. xvi.-230.

HARDWOOD RECORD, Chicago, Ill.:

Oak Flooring. By Henry H. Gibson. Pp. 38. Price 50 cents.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris, France:

L'Ignorance Actuelle en Matière Religieuse. Pp. 128. Price 60 *frs.*

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THE DISCOVERY OF THE POLE.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

EVERY one at all interested in geographical matters must feel well satisfied by the practical certainty now existing that the north pole has at last been reached, and every American must feel some pride that Americans have accomplished this. For whatever may be the real value of the work, it was a difficult one, and to accomplish anything difficult, in which others have so often failed, requires an amount of energy, endurance, and determination of which one may well be proud.

It is unfortunate, however, that so much incredulity has been shown as to the fact of the accomplishment. The rule has usually been observed, that when a man really competent for any scientific work says that he has achieved it, his statement is accepted. The principal reasons for this acceptance are: first, the confidence felt by scientific men in the truth and honor of others of that class; and, secondly, the fact that even if this confidence was not justified, an attempt at fraud would hardly pay, as it would be fairly certain to be detected, sooner or later, and the reputation of the one attempting it be permanently ruined.

The exception to this rule in the present case seems to have been mainly due to the second one who announced his success. His feelings in the matter are, of course, easily understood. It was one on which his heart had been set for

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many years; for which he had endured much more labor and hardship than the other or any one else; for which he had sacrificed, we may say, the best part of his life. It was certainly hard to have it believed, though it might be only for a time, that another had taken the laurels which he had confidently hoped to win. Nevertheless, the proper course for him to pursue was quite plain. He should have said to himself: "Either Dr. Cook has forestalled me, or he is a liar." He should have been satisfied that, if the latter were the case, it would be found out in time, and not assumed at once that it was the case. If he believed that he had proofs that it was, he should have waited till he was able or ready to produce them. To say—not to himself, but openly, and without giving such proofs—that a fellow-worker in science is a liar, especially when, for the second reason above mentioned, such a statement seems improbable, is really an insult; or, to say the very least, quite contrary to scientific etiquette.

But it may be imagined that Commander Peary might simply think that Dr. Cook was mistaken; that he thought he had been at the pole, when really he had not reached it.

This hypothesis may seem to save the situation; but it cannot be admitted. The pole is, we may say, the easiest spot on the earth to be sure of. It does not even require a graduated circle or a chronometer to assure one of it. If the sun circulates round the sky at the same altitude above the horizon, except for its daily change in what is called declination, which is given in the Almanac (and which is identical with altitude at the pole), the observer is sure that he is there.

That is to say, he is sure with all necessary precision. To be sure to the foot or yard, or even thirty yards, would require instruments of considerable size and accuracy, capable of measuring what is called a second of arc. If even a regular astronomical observatory were located at the pole, it would be a good while before its position could be determined so exactly.

And, indeed, even if it were ascertained that the instrument of the observatory were located exactly at the pole, it would not stay there. Or rather, the pole would not stay by the instrument.

What is the pole? It is the extremity of the axis round which the earth rotates. Now it has in recent years been dis-

covered, and really proved, that this axis shifts a little: "wobbles," as it were, round a mean point. This wobbling is all done in a space less than an acre. All we can safely predict about the pole, till we know the law of this wobbling better, is that it will keep somewhere within this acre. Of course we could mark out the acre with some accuracy, and know pretty well whereabouts the pole would be in it.

This wobbling of the pole—the word is not a very good one, but best describes the motion—of course makes the equator, and all the parallels and meridians wobble too, and produces a continual variation, within narrow limits except for longitudes near the pole, of the latitude and longitude of every point on the earth.

This shifting of the pole, of course, makes the true bearing, as navigators would say, of points near it quite uncertain; and even if it did not shift, the uncertainty of its precise position would make it impossible to tell if an object were, for instance, exactly north of the observer, when he is quite near the pole. If he could get it in line with the pole, of course, he would know it was exactly north; but how can he do that, when he doesn't know exactly where the pole is?

To all this difficulty, which would exist even if the north pole were on solid land, as the south pole probably is, is added the fact that, according to both of the explorers, the pole is on the open sea; open, that is to say, except for the ice, which, though pretty solid, is not solid to the bottom (as the sea is quite deep there), and therefore is constantly drifting.

But still, this does not prevent any one who succeeds, as we confidently believe both Dr. Cook and Commander Peary have succeeded, in getting practically to the pole, from knowing that it is within, say, a quarter of a mile. But, having put up a flag, to say the pole is just here to the dot, is, of course, absurd for three reasons: first, because the instruments are not good enough, and no instruments could be; secondly, because the flag, so put up, would drift away with the ice; thirdly, because even if the flag did not drift from the pole, the pole would wobble away from the flag.

So much, then, for the astronomical pole, the object of so much endeavor for centuries. Let us say a few words about another pole, which is really more important than the astronomical, and much more easily reached.

This is what is called the magnetic pole.

Every one knows that a compass needle points approximately north and south. Some imagine that it points exactly north and south, and wonder what it would do if it were at the north pole, where every direction is south, and there is no north.

But, in fact, at the north pole there is no trouble about the compass needle. The north end of it points (south of course, for every way is south), but in a perfectly definite direction, approximately toward a point north of Hudson's Bay, in about seventy degrees north latitude, which is known as the magnetic pole. At any rate, it is to be presumed that it would so point; we do not know whether either of the explorers has made careful observations on this matter.

What would the needle do at this magnetic pole itself? The north end would point vertically down, the south end up.

Indeed, even here in New York, a compass needle, if perfectly balanced, and freely suspended, say by a string, would point more down than in any horizontal direction. This downward pointing, measured in degrees, is called the dip of the needle. It may be anything, from zero up to ninety degrees. It is ninety at the north magnetic pole.

There is another, a south magnetic pole, lately located by Lieutenant Shackleton in the Antarctic regions; there the south end of the needle would point down, and the north end up. Of course, therefore, by whatever way one goes from the north magnetic pole to the south one, he would come to a point where neither end would point down or up. Evidently, then, there must be a line encircling the earth where this is the case; where a perfectly balanced needle would lie horizontal. This line is called the magnetic equator. And lines where the dip is the same are magnetic parallels.

Now does a needle always point to the magnetic pole as far as its horizontal pointing is concerned? No, evidently it could not point to both of them, unless they were at diametrically opposite points of the earth. But it points approximately to the one to which it is nearest. Sometimes it may happen to point exactly north or south. One could evidently trace a line approximately corresponding to the meridian of longitude of the north magnetic pole (about ninety-five degrees west from Greenwich) on which the compass needle would

point due north. This is what is called a line of no variation. Again, another line might be traced down from the magnetic pole, on which the variation would be, for instance, just ten degrees to the west. Lines like these are called magnetic meridians.

Of course sailors have to know approximately on what magnetic meridian they are; or, in other words, what is the variation of the compass from the true north, in order to know how to direct the course of their ships. The true north is what they need, not the magnetic north. But their charts give the variation of the compass approximately at all points of the earth.

The existence of the magnetic poles does not mean that there is a great loadstone hidden just at those spots, north and south. No; it means that the whole earth is an immense magnet, around which the lines of force are arranged in rather a complex way. The direction of the magnetic needle, in variation and dip, is the resultant of all the magnetic forces of the earth. We could not tell very accurately what it would be, except by experiment; but experiments have been made almost everywhere to suffice for practical purposes.

Still, a further knowledge of the subject would be of great value. And a careful examination, especially of the region near the magnetic pole, would apparently be of more real scientific use than the further exploration of the astronomical poles. Let us therefore hope, while giving due honor to the ability, energy, and endurance of the illustrious explorers who have reached the north pole, and of those who will reach the south one, that more attention will hereafter be paid to the magnetic ones. For one thing, the earth's magnetism is evidently produced to a great extent by action from the sun; and conditions of temperature and of weather generally, seem to be somewhat dependent on it. So the magnetic poles have not only a theoretical interest; their thorough investigation may have quite a practical bearing, not only to sailors and geographers, but to every intelligent person.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER V.

A MEETING.

AT first Stella Moore—let us give her her true name—was greatly averse to entering her rightful home under false pretences. She was for confronting her uncles boldly and demanding her inheritance at their hands; yet—the mother's arguments at last prevailed. Nesta did not want any one to be punished for the sin against her. She dreaded the noise and the scandal that would ensue if her husband's brothers were called on to give up their ill-gotten gains. She was afraid of them; afraid especially of Richard, whom she did not know to be dead.

Let Estelle enter the house of her uncles quietly and find out how the land lay. Perhaps Estelle, as a dependent even, might win her way where her mother had failed so signally. To the mother Estelle was irresistible. And—was there not the pointing finger of Providence in the advertisement in the *Post* which, at last, had unsealed the mother's lips?

"Very well then," Stella said at last. "I shall apply for the position. If I gain it—there will be hundreds of applicants—I shall perhaps believe that there is something more than chance. If I am rejected I shall go down to Valley, find out if that lawyer is yet alive who made Papa's will, tell him who I am, and ask him to take up my case. If he does not some one else will."

Of course the walls of Jericho would fall down before the first blast of the girl's trumpet!

With this compromise Nesta Moore was forced to be content. She saw the letter written and dispatched, the fateful letter. If no reply came then she would have to let Estelle go her own way. But the application was not going to fail. There was the pointing finger. They would not need to fight

for their rights, to bring the name perhaps into disrepute and disgrace, to open up old griefs and old hurts.

The third day after the letter had been dispatched the reply to it was lying in the letter box when Estelle got up to make her mother's morning cup of tea; that was something she had always insisted on doing, though there were mornings when it might have been grateful to lie longer a-bed.

She took up the envelope, a thick one with a crest, the address written in a spidery, jerky hand-writing. An expert might have pronounced the handwriting to be that of a person of ill-balanced mind, a neurotic and degenerate.

She opened it deliberately while her pulses went a bit faster. It was the parting of the ways. To be sure she would rather have entered her kingdom by the front door than by the back. But since she had been chosen out of many—she did not doubt now that she was chosen—it must be the right way after all. She was a cheerful, sensible girl, but she had her Celtic blood that believed in signs and omens.

The letter was short and to the point. Mr. Moore believed that Miss Mason would be a suitable person to fill the position she had applied for. Would it be possible to have an interview with Miss Mason? Mr. Moore would, of course, have pleasure in paying Miss Mason's expenses, and he should feel indebted to her for the consideration which spared a very busy man a run up to town.

While the kettle boiled Estelle consulted a time-table. There was an early train leaving Euston at ten o'clock. She did not let the grass grow under her feet. She had on her hat when she stood by her mother's bedside with the tea.

"Going out so early, darling?" said the mother.

"The answer to the letter has come. I am going down on approval."

She laid the letter with the address uppermost on her mother's tray and wondered at her sudden pallor. Poor little mother, had she been so afraid then?

"But—but—hadn't you better give him some warning? He might be away and the station—of course it has all grown since then—in my time the station was at Burbridge."

"There is one now at Valley. I am sure to find him at his business-place. If he is not there—there will be plenty of time—I can walk to Outwood. Five miles is nothing. I am

so sorry you must have your breakfast alone, dear. I shall leave everything ready."

"You will have your own breakfast?"

"I am just going to eat it. You'll take great care of yourself while I'm away? I can't get back till the afternoon; so I shall have some kind of a meal there. Look for me about five o'clock."

She flitted back to the little sitting-room and ate a hurried breakfast, after which she set out. It was a clouded, fresh morning, promising rain. As she walked along the dark and dingy streets she smelt the spring in them—an odor of wet violets from the flower-girls' baskets, the sharp scent of lily-of-the-valley, smote across her face as she went. She stopped by one of the baskets, bought a few sprays of lily-of-the-valley, and pinned them into the bosom of her dark green frock.

She was in good time. As she went slowly along the platform to her third-class carriage—it did not occur to her that she might be lavish for once, since the rich man was going to pay—she encountered a pair of eager eyes in a frank, boyish face. The owner of the eyes lifted his hat, made a movement as though to stop, and went on again. It was the dark-haired youth of the crossing, older, more matured, yet unmistakably he.

As for Estelle her heart had given a little leap. She bowed, smiled rather primly, and went on more rapidly to her carriage. She would always be frank and innocent, but she had been a working-girl in London, and she knew the things that were not to be thought of—and the first of them was to speak to a stranger. Of course this stranger was all right—a boy, said Estelle to herself, conscious that he was probably younger than she, and making an effort to feel very sedate and even elderly.

Yet she was in something of a flutter when she found a carriage and sat down in a corner facing a decent working-man and his wife, who had with them two small babies.

It was only when she was seated that she discovered to her vexation that she had lost her lilies-of-the-valley. She had barely time to miss them and grieve for them before the youth was at the door.

"Please forgive me," he said, as though he asked pardon for some offence. "You have dropped these."

He extended the flowers to her, and she took them, feeling indignant with herself because the color came to her cheek. The young man, too, wore a guilty air—as though she could have guessed at the abstraction of one or two of her flowers! When she had taken them he retired, nearly knocking off his hat as he did so by not stooping low enough. She noticed then that he was tall. As he walked up and down the platform waiting for the departure of the train he passed and repassed the carriage door. She drew herself further back into her corner and listened to the workingman and his wife discussing him. "One of them there toffs," the man called him; and the woman replied that he was "a bonny lad whoever owned him. And look at the fit of his clothes!" she added, a naïve remark which made Estelle smile in spite of herself.

After the train had started she could not help speculating as to whether he was going to Valley or not. Of course it was most unlikely, seeing that this was a main line train. And of course it could not possibly matter to her where he was going. She was not likely ever to see him again.

She remembered a counsel of the nuns to young girls that they should never look a strange man in the face in the street or a public place. It was one of the simplicities of the nuns which their island pupils had been wont to smile over. She was the least conscious of creatures and had been wont to regard frankly whatever came directly in her way. This new shyness troubled her. Why should she mind a mere boy like that? To be sure he had been kind at the crossing long ago; and he had been almost as shy as she was when he offered her the flowers. And it was a very, very strange thing that they should have met again.

The run down was a fast one. Estelle won the heart of the babies' mother by being sympathetic instead of disgusted when they cried, and being pleased when they smiled at her. The heart must be hard indeed that can resist the smile of a toothless baby; and Estelle's heart was a soft one. She heard a good deal of the family history, and listened to it with some inattention as the train roared through tunnels and rattled across bridges and raced along the levels. She seemed to be all polite attention while the good woman described the deaths of all her family from heart-disease, winding up by saying with startling suddenness: "I believe I've got it myself, too."

"Oh, I hope not," said Estelle, becoming aware that the train was drawing up at the platform of a big station. She looked out for the name and discovered it to be the place where she was to change for Valley.

She bade a hasty farewell to her humble friends and got out of the carriage. As she reached the platform her skirt almost brushed against her friend of the crossing. She had been calling him her friend in her own thoughts.

"Can I help you?" he asked, smiling his bright, deprecating smile. "If you are going on to Valley the train will start in a minute or two from the other platform across the bridge."

They had to make a scurry for it. It was impossible for her to keep him at a distance. They ran round side by side and caught the little loop line train. As they ran along the platform, some curious eyes watched them from the first-class carriages. Every one knew every one in those parts; and that Maurice Grantley should be traveling with a rather unfashionable-looking girl, of a striking appearance, whom no one had ever seen before, provoked interest. The Duchess of St. Germains was there with her maid—a dowdy-looking old lady now as to her garments, and not averse from using the Company's privileges of cheap fares on a Friday.

"Maurice! Maurice! come in here!" she called to the young gentleman as he passed by. But Maurice did not hear her. The fresh wind blew the imperious old voice away from him.

Leaning from her carriage-window the Duchess saw him hand the strange young lady into her carriage and then take his place in that next to hers.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MILLS.

It was raining when the train drew up at Valley station, which was more than a mile from the town. There were carriages for the smarter folk and the humbler ones gathered up their bundles and set out to walk.

Estelle was not at all displeased at the prospect of a walk. She had been reproaching herself with indiscretion in so far as regarded the strange young man. How well he had behaved

in not following her into the carriage! Well, he must not think—Estelle recalled some of the maxims which had grown up with her for the guidance of young girls when they took their walks abroad unprotected—that she had any desire to attract him. She did not suppose him at all the sort of person to think that. Still she had been indiscreet, running with him across the bridge, and laughing because the wind blew off her hat. She colored a little at the memory, for a strand of her hair had blown loose and had lain for a moment across his face.

Presently the Duchess' carriage passed her by, and she had a glimpse of her unknown friend leaning forward in the front seat, looking not altogether comfortable. He raised his hat to her as the fat horses trundled the carriage past her. There was a little cloud on the usual brightness of his face, which lifted somewhat as he caught sight of the girl.

"Ho! ho!" said the Duchess to herself. "My godson, Maurice, would rather be holding his umbrella over that person's flamboyant head than jogging along with his old godmother behind Jenkins and the bays. And I don't think the worse of him for it. I wouldn't give a straw for a youth without spirit. All the same my bounden duty to his father and mother is to take him under my protection. I won't let him go if I can help it either until I drop him at his own gates."

She said the last words half aloud as she had a habit of doing; her oddities grew with her age, and Maurice Grantley's face cleared with a sudden gleam of fun.

"You're not going to leave me at home," he said "for I'm going home with Mr. Moore. I saw him yesterday and promised I should go home with him to-night. I shall find him at the mills."

"You won't be going to look for young women with flaming red hair after I've set you down?" said the Duchess, in no wise dismayed by the discovery that she had been thinking aloud. Indeed she did it of late so often, and at such inopportune moments, that it took all the glamor of her strawberry-leaves to cover up her indiscretions.

"Don't be afraid. We were fellow-travelers, and I confess she interested me. But I should not think of following her or forcing myself upon her, if that is what you mean."

"Ah, good boy, good boy. One always knows you are

telling the truth, Maurice. I wish my grandson was like you. If it were he now I should be quite sure that he only waited for my back to be turned to do the thing I wanted him not to do. Yet his face of engaging innocence would deceive any one who knew him less well than I."

"He does no great harm," said Maurice Grantley, with a twinkle in his eye, which was evidently caused by some reminiscence of that scapegrace, the young Duke. However, her Grace took him somewhat of a round, which kept him longer on the way than he had bargained for.

Arrived at the mills he made his way to the little, low-browed office, full of dust and cobwebs, as it had been twenty years ago, where the owner of the great property sat at a wooden table in the last stage of disrepair. Everything in the room was in the same condition. Although it was bright outside, the sky showing wide stretches of gray-blue, as though the rain had washed it; although the western sky was piled high with snowy wool-packs and ice-floes, yet the brilliant light of the March day came dimly through the window-panes, coated with the dust and the cobwebs of years. It was an understood thing that whatever else in the mills should be furbished up, the master's room was to go untouched. He liked it so—as it had been when he and Dick and Jim had been together, and the mills a little concern doing a small, safe business.

Stephen Moore was leaning over the table as Maurice came in. He looked up at him with a nod and a queer, friendly smile, while the pen yet hovered over the paper.

"I shall not be ready for half-an-hour, lad," he said. "You won't mind waiting? Ah, by the way, this lady is going with us to Outwood. She proposes to look after Jim for me. He is lonely when I am away. Let me introduce you, Mr. Grantley, Miss Mason. She would like to see the mills. I was just going to call down through the tube for Seaver to show her over. Perhaps you will call him, Maurice."

He had known all the time she was there, Fiammetta, the girl with the flame-colored hair, who was so much in his thoughts. She was sitting in an obscure corner of the obscure room, but her hair and her eyes lit up for him the dingy room that held her. She put out her hand now and he took it. She looked at him with a bright, deprecating glance. "I am

in his way." The words were rather formed on her lips than spoken. She nodded with a bright humor at the bowed figure in the chair. Already Stephen Moore had forgotten them and was scribbling away.

"I will take Miss Mason over the mills, if she will allow me," young Grantley said.

"Ah, very well. Then Seaver needn't come. Seaver has plenty to do. Don't be in a hurry. Show her everything. There is plenty of time."

They went out quietly, closing the door behind them.

"*How* glad he is to get rid of us," Stella said, as they went out into the yard. There had been a shower and all the flags were shining in the sun. Little blades of grass were pushing their pale green heads through the interstices. A creeper growing over the oldest of the mill-buildings was breaking into delicate leafage.

"He is the head here. He won't let any one help him. There used to be three, you know. He does the work of the three as though he had to give an account. He works too hard for a rich man and one not over-strong."

"There used to be three?" Stella repeated. Her heart beat a little quicker. She would hear something of the father her mother adored; and of the things that had been happening since her mother had been buried in Shepherd's Buildings.

"Yes, there were three brothers. One was dead before my time. He was a glorious fellow, splendidly handsome. He had all the gifts and graces, while his brothers—there, I am gossiping like an old woman. They have been very good to me, this Mr. Moore, Stephen, and his brother, who died when I was a kid. I remember him quite well."

"The other brother—he interests me more," said Stella, in a voice that trembled a little, despite her efforts to control it.

"My mother could tell you about him. Though it is so long ago she can be eloquent over James Moore still. He was a very remarkable person. The Duchess of St. Germains, too, remembers him. He seems to have made impressions. There was a story—a rather painful one. But I will tell you later. I am sure the brothers were not to blame."

She looked at him with eyes darkly dilated, but said nothing. She meant to right her mother and herself, with as little wrong to others as might be. She had meant to hate Stephen

Moore at first sight; but somehow she did not. The bowed back of the man who carried a burden, the lined face, the shadowed eyes, moved her generous spirit. This was not one who enjoyed his ill-gotten gains.

They went up and down steep staircases, in and out rooms full of busy workers and whirring machinery, across other yards, shining wet in the March sun. Everywhere she brought a bright intelligence to what was told her. The foremen of the different departments came to explain things to her, and she listened with a hand behind her ear, the better to hear amid the whirring noises. The men seemed delighted to tell so eager a listener all they could. She had the gift of graciousness, standing so with her charming head inclined.

They were among the engines now in a hot, damp atmosphere, smelling abominably of machinery oil, an ill-lit pit, from which she seemed in no hurry to be gone.

"One would think the love of it was in your blood," Grantley said smiling.

She stepped back a pace or two as though he had startled her, and suddenly he shouted and caught her in his arms. She hardly knew what had happened. She heard his furious rating of those about him and their humble apologies.

He snatched her out of the place into the open air again. He was quite pale and trembling.

"What was it?" she asked.

"Come out here on the bleaching green and I will tell you," he said. "Good Heavens! to think of what might have happened!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD.

They passed through the last black archway, leaving the mills behind. The thunder of them yet shook in the air; and here it was peaceful with the wide stretches of green grass on which lay the webs bleaching in the sun. There was a path across the bleaching green leading straight to a little white house. Between the stunted willows there was the gleam of the river. Beyond it the cattle yet grazed on the pasture which James Moore had coveted for houses.

"There was a trap-door open," he said. "It was abominable negligence. If I had not been near enough to catch you, you—well, there is a ladder from the trap right down to the bottom of the buildings. Nothing could have saved you."

She shuddered a little.

"How fortunate you were standing so close to me," she said. "I thought the earth had opened. But—there mustn't, please, be any punishment. I heard what you said to them. I couldn't bear that I should bring trouble. They were all so kind."

"It was some one's business to see that the trap was shut," he said. "They grow abominably careless. If I had not been in time I should have killed the man who was responsible with my own hands."

She blushed at his agitation, a pleasurable blush.

"Please don't tell Mr. Moore about it," she said, putting a hand on his arm in the earnestness of her supplication. "I think I saw the man who was responsible. He looked frightened out of his wits. I am sure he will be careful for the future."

"He had better be," Grantley responded; and the girl felt she might leave it so.

"What a delightful, unexpected glimpse of country it is!" she said, "and so unexpected. The utilitarianism of the mills has spared much here."

"I have heard my mother say that if James Moore had lived the town would have spread all over those fields. He was the man of genius without whom all this"—he indicatad the great mills lying behind them—"would never have been. The brothers were great conservatives. They kept things as he had left them."

"And the cottage?" she asked.

"You shall see the cottage. It is Mr. Moore's bit of piety. It was their father's home before they began to get on in the world and built the Mill House. You must have passed the Mill House on your way in. James Moore lived there when my mother was a girl. She visited his wife there. It is kept going still and Mr. Moore sometimes sleeps there. I believe he is more at home there than at Outwood, and would be happier there if it were not for the boy."

He knocked at the brass knocker on the green door of the

cottage, which in its spick and span whiteness was more than ever like a doll's house. It was opened by a little, clean old woman, who invited them in with a pleased smile. Apparently Mr. Grantley was no stranger.

They went over the little house, all spotlessly clean as in the days when Aunt Betsy, with her own hands, washed and scrubbed and swept and polished. As they went, he told her of Aunt Betsy, of whom he had been a great pet in his childhood. They went out in the garden, where crocuses were up in the beds and primroses of many colors and daffodils and little, pale, dainty primulas.

"It is a wonderful garden in summer," he said. "I believe Richard Moore made it originally. He had a passion for flowers, as his brother has for birds. You shall hear the birds singing all over the house at Outwood. He gains the confidence even of the wild birds. The robins will feed from his hands in winter."

"Flowers and birds! They are very gentle tastes."

She was thinking of her mother's terror of the brothers, and their cruel treatment of her. What a strange thing human nature was, that Stephen Moore should love the birds and his brother, who according to her mother had been the arch-villain, should have been a lover of flowers!

He guessed at something of what was in her mind. "Wait till you see Mr. Moore with his boy!" he said. "You won't wonder then at the birds."

She seemed to have seen it all before, in a dream perhaps, or a dim memory of her childhood. That path winding round there led to a tower cut high in a yew hedge from which one saw across the fields. That other led to beehives, a shady corner where there was a warm smell of mignonette and box. As they went from room to room of the little house she had known what she would see. She had known that in this room was a much-spotted convex glass in a gilt frame, and in another a little gray house where a man and woman went in and out according to the weather. She had been frightened as a child by the picture of the prophet in needlework with terrible beady eyes. She had sat on the Berlin wool-work fender-stool long, long ago in that dimness of great distance, and had listened to the voices of her elders passing over her head. Why she believed she could have re-constructed any of the quaint, old-

fashioned rooms without entering them. She had not known that she remembered anything, but this return to the scenes of her childhood had troubled the fountains of memory.

"Miss Moore, whom every one called Aunt Betsy," the young man said, breaking into her brown study, "used to give me a great dainty long ago. It was bread strewn with brown sugar with a layer of cream on top."

She could have cried out that she remembered such dainties; but she recalled to herself in time that she must not.

"And that reminds me," he went on, "that Nanny, who looks after the cottage and keeps things just as Miss Moore left it, will expect you to drink a cup of tea and taste her home-made bread. It is an uncanny hour for tea; but perhaps you won't mind."

"I shall love it. I had very little breakfast this morning; and a journey always makes me hungry."

They sat down in the exquisitely clean little kitchen and had tea from old china-cups, with a pattern of shells and seaweed in sepia-color upon them. The cloth was shining white and much darned; the spoons of thin old silver. Stella rather wondered at the refinement, but concluded rightly that the things had belonged to the last occupant of the house.

She enjoyed her tea, with the new-laid eggs that accompanied it, and looked up to find the young man smiling at her.

"I didn't know young ladies ever were hungry," he said. "You've had my share and your own. Shall I ask for more bread and butter?"

"I am horribly greedy," she said, conscience-stricken, "but I was really hungry and the food was so tempting."

"We shall have to eat lunch at Outwood. I suppose we had better be joining Mr. Moore."

He looked at his watch.

Nearly one o'clock," he said, and lunch is at two. Do you think you can get up another appetite by that time?"

"I shall try to," she said demurely.

As they walked across the bleaching green she turned about to look at the little house. "What an abode of peace for somebody!" she said.

"Yes; isn't it? Such a jolly little place! And plenty of fish further up the river. By the way, it is waiting for a claimant. Miss Betsy Moore left it, just as it stands, with all

its appurtenances, to the widow of her nephew, James. No one has come forward, and I fear that poor woman must be dead long ago. She disappeared mysteriously. I must tell you about it one of these days."

How he spoke! As though they were going to have abundant opportunities of being together, he, Maurice Grantley—the grandson of the Earl of Mount-Eden—and she, who had been reared in genteel poverty at Shepherd's Buildings, King's Cross!

Once again she turned about to look at the little house which really and truly belonged to her mother. What a refuge it would be for that sad little woman, who was pining in a city slum for the freshness and greenness of the country! And now, when soon summer would be "a come-in'"—

A wild thought came to her that somehow, by some means, she must get her mother to the cottage. She did not quite see how yet; but she was not going to have her languishing and gasping through the summer at Shepherd's Buildings, while her one solace was away in the green country. She would neglect herself; perhaps she would even starve herself. Mrs. Mason had kept her money affairs a secret from her girl; but Stella had a painful feeling that money grew scarcer and scarcer. And the mother grew more shadowy. Somehow, some way, she must be brought to the delicious cottage. Besides, it was not fair to the love that had left it to her that she should not use it.

"Mr. Moore does not go much to the cottage?" she said.

"Never. He seems to have a dislike for it. He saw his aunt there before she died. He sees that it is kept in order; but I do not think now that he ever goes near it."

She was absorbed in her thoughts, and he, with the egoism of a boy, was impatient of whatever it was that excluded him.

Not once had Stella any misgiving that her plans might go wrong, that Stephen Moore might reject her as a companion for his son. She was too sure of the pointing finger that had shown her the way so far.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NEW CHARGE.

Stephen Moore was yet deep in his letter-writing.

"I thought you had only just gone," he said, addressing the last envelope.

We have been gone an hour and a half," Maurice Grantley said, consulting his watch.

"Ah, well, there is plenty to see in and about the mills. Is the carriage ready?"

"It is waiting."

During the drive young Grantley pointed out this and that object of interest to Miss Mason. Stephen Moore said very little. Now and again he turned and glanced from under his bushy eyebrows at the girl by his side. She returned his glance frankly and freely. She had come down prepared to hate him for his cruelty to her mother. She yet tried to keep alive the flame of her anger; but it burned low despite her efforts. The man looked as though he had suffered so much. And his glance at herself had been kindly.

When they arrived at the Manor, Maurice Grantley jumped out first and assisted her to alight. As they entered the house the luncheon-bell pealed. Some one was coming down the stairs in a carrying-chair borne by a couple of men—the boy whom all the world believed heir to all the Moore riches.

The father's face lit up as he saw him; its plainness was transformed with that light of love upon it.

"And how have you been to-day, my lad?" he said, going to meet the chair. "I have brought a lady to see you. This is my boy, Jim, Miss Mason."

The boy smiled at her and held out a thin hand. She felt a sudden rush of warmth flood her heart. The poor little chap! And how beautiful he was, despite his ill-health!

She followed behind his chair into the dining-room, and when he had been set down she found her place was at his right hand. The boy fascinated her. He looked so oddly, weirdly bright. He had fine, soft, golden hair like a child's. His skin was very fair, and the eyes under the too big forehead were a beautiful lambent gray. The upper part of his face had

an unchildlike wisdom; the lower part had the softness of childhood, although it was too thin for fortunate childhood.

He was by his father, who took the head of the table. Opposite him Maurice Grantley sat looking at him with intent affection. In fact Stella had a feeling that the delicate face with the odd spiritual brightness upon it was the centre which drew all their eyes.

"You haven't told me how you got on this morning."

"I went out for a while in my chair; but it came on to rain, and Thomas had on no coat, so I made him turn back."

"You think too much of other people, lad," said the father.

"Thomas would have been wet through," the boy answered gently. "He didn't want to turn back. He was very kind. He brought me into the wood to see the primroses. Afterwards I played with my models for quite a long time. Then I read *Treasure Island.* I never grow tired of reading it. You were so kind, Maurice, when you thought of that book for me. And, of course, I had Trust."

Hearing his name a little gray dog, whom Stella had not seen hitherto, came out from under the chair and stood up with his paws on his little master's knees.

"But, of course, I missed you, Father. I always do miss you. Nurse is very kind; but there are so many things she does not understand."

The boy had but a fitful appetite. Stella was touched by the father's solicitude and his attempts to coax him to eat. It was easy to see that he was the centre of love. Maurice Grantley came round from his place to win him to eat by a playful pretence of feeding him. Even the servants seemed anxious about him, and their official manner lost something of its woodenness when they brought the dishes to Master Jim.

The meal appeared like a banquet to Stella, and, despite her tea at the Mill, she thoroughly enjoyed it. Once, as she was taking a second portion, she looked up and found Stephen Moore smiling grim approval at her. She blushed and smiled and said something about the country air giving her an appetite.

"Ah, that's right," he said kindly, "that's right. Country air will soon blow the roses into your cheeks. Eat well, sleep well, drink plenty of milk. Now that the fine weather is coming Jim must be in the open air all day."

So it was settled in his mind as well as in hers.

At the end of the meal she accompanied Jim to his own bright, light room, where the windows were open over a balcony, and the room was full of books and pictures and games and engines of all sorts.

"You see he has the family genius," the father said fondly. "I am going to leave you to make friends. The carriage will be ready after tea to take you to the station. The 5:15 is one of our best trains to London—there is only one stop."

To Stella the afternoon was a delightful one. Outside the clouds had passed away and the air was springlike. The birds were singing in all the coppices and the lambs were bleating in the near pastures. Jim showed her all his treasures, explaining things to her with a gentle, patient carefulness which she found irresistibly sweet and touching. He had out of their boxes various little models of machinery he himself had constructed; and he took them all to pieces for her and put them together again, delighting in her interest.

"You see," he said, "it is a terrible disappointment to Father that I am not strong—that I can't take his place at the mills. And I love him so much that I feel his disappointment a great deal. So I think out things while he is away all day. It was only Maurice—and, of course, you—who brought him back to lunch to-day. I believe one day I shall make him a new machine, a wonderful invention, which will be just as good as though I had been strong and could help him in the mills. Don't you think it would?"

"I am quite sure it would," Stella said, taking the face between her hands and looking down into the spiritual eyes—"only, dear little lad, you must not work too much at your models and plans, for if you could only grow stronger your father would be better pleased than if you discovered the finest thing in the world. Supposing we put away the models and play games instead. And when you're tired I shall read to you."

Stella had played many games with children, but none she enjoyed more, although it was so quiet, than this with Jim. While they were yet playing, with soft little peals of merriment from the boy crossing the girl's joyous laughter, Stephen Moore came up the stairs. His face relaxed and brightened wonderfully as he heard the boy's laughter, a sound too little familiar.

"If she can make Jim laugh like that she is worth her weight in gold," he said to himself; and then he went in on what was quite a riotous scene for that quiet room. Why, Jim was quite flushed with the joyful excitement of the game. He felt a little pang of jealousy. He had never been young enough or happy enough to play with this boy.

The girl looked up at him with laughter yet in her eyes and on her lips. Her hair was puffed out in a cloudy halo. She was holding Trust, whose sad little face was done up in a night-cap, while his body was swathed about in a red bandana handkerchief.

"He makes a very good Wolf in Red Riding-Hood, doesn't he?" she said. "He will enjoy it ever so much better the next time."

"There will be a next time?" cried Jim in a sedate ecstacy. "Oh, Father, it has been so delightful!"

"Would you like Miss Mason to stay with you, boy?"

Jim's eyes answered more eloquently even than his words.

"Then she is going to be with you every day. Aren't you, Miss Mason? By the way, the tea is coming up here. You don't think you would like to stay now? You could telegraph and have your things sent on. Could you?"

"I'm afraid not," said Stella, getting up from the floor where she had been sitting, and shaking herself out like a bird that preens its plumage in the sun. "I must go back to Mother and tell her. But—there really need not be any delay. I can come back—to-morrow, in the afternoon. Will that do, Jim?"

"Sensible girl!" said Stephen Moore approvingly; "not one in a hundred could have come under a week."

While she sat pouring out tea, Jim's face looking satisfaction at her, she seemed to have known it all before—the shape of the room, the octagon window, the fire sparkling in the grate. But there was no pale child with wistful eyes gazing at her, strangely happy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CATHOLICISM AND AUTHORSHIP.

BY AGNES REPPLIER.

A RIPPLE has been stirred in the quiet current of the Catholic press by a paper, equally indignant and ironical, written by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, and published in *St. John's Quarterly*. It bears the somewhat derisive title, "The Young Catholic Writer: What Shall He Do?" and embodies an animated protest against the torpidity of Catholic publishers, and the indifference of Catholic readers. The purpose of this protest—so its author avows—is to save the young writer from that bitterness of spirit which follows the shock of disillusionment; and the plain advice it gives is to leave the world of Catholic letters and of Catholic thought severely alone.

> "If you will let, as none will do,
> Another's heartbreak serve for two,"

then, says Father Smith, cherish no dreams on the subject of the Catholic press, and waste no time in trying to give those dreams vitality.

The starting point of this strange argument is a letter purporting to come from a real young Catholic writer, who gives Father Smith the benefit of his depressing experience, which experience is passed over in turn to the readers of *St. John's Quarterly*. The young writer, with the diffuseness common to youth, explains at length that he desires to devote his energies to the service of his Church, but is given no encouragement to do so. In the secular publishing world he can find plenty of work, "with a good chance for fame, honor, and money"; but the Catholic press will have none of him. He is willing to bear his share of the burden, to stand "in the humblest place with Brownson and Hecker and McMaster and Sadlier"—"But I am not permitted to do anything. No one will so much as accept my manuscripts. There is no demand from the 18,000,000 Catholics in this country for even

the reading matter which is forced upon them. What am I to do?"

To most of us this final query seems superfluous. If the Catholic publishers decline to accept the young man's manuscripts, he is not only absolved from all allegiance to them, but he has no option in the matter. He may, if he can, earn "fame, honor, and money" (three valuable assets) as a secular writer. He may become a broker, or a real estate agent, or a manufacturer of fancy soaps. It is obvious that he cannot stand as a pillar of the Catholic press on rejected manuscripts, so his case may be considered closed.

We assume, therefore, that when Father Smith proceeds to analyze the difficulties which confront the "young Catholic writer," he uses the term in its general sense, and is no longer occupying himself with his disillusioned correspondent. Even the more fortunate aspirant, to whom the lists are not altogether closed, has, in Father Smith's opinion, no real chance either for self-support or for renown. The six Catholic magazines and quarterlies, the five reputable Catholic publishing firms, offer no legitimate field for work. Of the publishers, indeed, he darkly hints that

> the less said about their methods, their dealings with authors, their ability to reach the Catholic public, the better for all parties. . . . On business principles, no publisher should enjoy the privilege of conducting a business which pays an author less than the porter who packs the books for delivery, or have the right to demand new books from capable writers when he cannot pay the market price for them. He is running his business at the expense of the writers who accept his terms.

Had Father Smith said "moral grounds" instead of "business principles," his argument would have been irrefutable. Business is, and has always been, a mere question of supply and demand. It has nothing to do with the humanities, nothing to do with the individual, save as a contributor to the wealth of nations. The publisher has, indeed, no right to "demand" books on any terms from anybody; but he has, "on business principles," a right to accept books on the best terms he can make, though he would undoubtedly add to his own dignity and moral worth by greater liberality. It may even be that

he would find such liberality a paying basis. As much may be said of secular publishers. We know to what splendid heights Murray rose by what seems to us a course of prodigal generosity. And do we not also know secular firms who have —to use the bitter old phrase—"drunk their wine out of the skulls of authors"—richer wine and deeper draughts than were ever quaffed by the most parsimonious of Catholic publishers?

After passing in review a list of Catholic writers whose devotion to their Church was rewarded by poverty and neglect, Father Smith proceeds to offer his remedy for the evil. His counsel is two-fold. First—and this is reasonable—the young Catholic author must enter the secular arena, and write for the multitude. Second—and this is eminently unreasonable—he must conceal his faith until his fame be won.

> Publishers and their readers of manuscripts [asserts Father Smith] have a feeling against writers known to be Catholic, and it takes but a trifle often to decide against a meritorious book. Critics also have the same prejudice. Secular editors refuse recognition to Catholic writers almost by instinct. The young writer must keep the fact of his faith in the background until he has won his place in public favor. His books must be as indifferent in tone as if an indifferentist wrote them. He must avoid all Catholic gatherings, associations, and movements. His voice should never be heard in protest against French persecution, army vandalism in the Philippines, neglect of the Catholic Indians, and similar matters.

Here is cynicism walking hand in hand with simplicity. Does Father Smith really believe that the big, indifferent, easy-going world is concerning itself for one moment with the religious convictions of a young literary aspirant; or that editors, who are striving to keep their public instructed and amused, can afford to be side-tracked by theology? The average editor is not looking out for Episcopalian, or Unitarian, or free-thinking contributors. What he wants is timely and readable matter, and very little of it can he get. Let a good short story be written by a Muggletonian (I am told that members of this interesting sect still survive in remote corners of England), or a good article on migratory birds by an esoteric Buddhist, the editor does not care. He thanks heaven for his

luck in getting that story or that paper, and publishes it forthwith, oblivious to creeds and customs.

If a book be designed solely for Catholic readers, if it be controversial in its tone, or treat of matters which concern Catholics and Catholics only, we can hardly expect the secular press and the secular public to welcome it with enthusiasm, unless it be a great literary masterpiece. The *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* has never languished for readers. But that a Catholic setting can be made acceptable in fiction has been amply proven by the success of Mr. Henry Harland's three last stories, *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*, *The Lady Paramount*, and *My Friend Prospero*. The atmosphere of Catholicism, revealed with such triumphant gayety and grace in these books, charmed the wide world of English readers, because it harmonizes with the narratives, because it feeds the currents of thought and of emotion as naturally as the church of Thrums feeds the life currents of that chilly town. Father Smith makes no mention of Mr. Harland's stories, though he draws a sharp contrast between the popularity among Catholics of Mr. Marion Crawford's secular novels, and our neglect of such distinctively Catholic writers as Dr. Brownson, Father Hecker, and Mr. John Gilmary Shea, "who devoted their entire time and talent to the faith." But the novelist commands a wider public than the toiling scholar—be his faith what it may—can ever hope to reach. Mr. Crawford has doubtless been read by thousands of Catholics who have never opened one of Dr. Brownson's books; he has also been read by thousands of Protestants to whom the studious, painstaking, and rabidly anti-Catholic histories of Mr. Henry Charles Lea are wholly and happily unknown. The preference of the average reader for what Dr. Johnson amiably called "light and sparkling compositions" has little or nothing to do with theology.

As for the Catholic novelists cited by Father Smith as languishing under undue neglect, they have for the most part won that modest tribute of success which their art warranted. It is hardly fair to range alongside of Mr. Crawford such writers as "Mrs. Sadlier, the genial story-teller, Mrs. Dorsey of a similar fame, Mary Agnes Tincker, our cleverest novelist, and a host of others, who could have won fame and even fortune in the secular field, and who got nothing for their fidelity to their own standard." To compare Mr. Crawford's career with

the careers of Mrs. Sadlier, Mrs. Dorsey, and Miss Tincker would seem to indicate some possible comparison of their work, and this cannot be made. Mr. Crawford's art has its visible limitations, and the necessity for unceasing exertion drove him with painful speed along his chosen path, marring, as speed always mars, both depth of thought and delicacy of construction. (One remembers the lamentable history of the man who, having been ill six weeks with typhoid fever, complained that he had never afterwards been able to "catch up" with Marion Crawford's novels.) But, nevertheless, Mr. Crawford was a past master of his craft. He knew the world and the men who live in it. His range of sympathies was singularly wide. And if the telling of a tale became for him a task of perilous ease, he told it to the end—if we except one or two lapses into melodrama—with the restraint and refinement of a man whose standard of taste was high. Some of his stories, like *Marzio's Crucifix* and *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance*, are eminently artistic. Others, like *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario*, are valuable and interesting studies of social conditions which the author perfectly understood. Even the magnitude of his work, the fact that in twenty-seven years he wrote forty novels, besides such admirable historic studies as *Ave Roma Immortalis* and *The Rulers of the South*, tended to solidify his reputation. An isolated book, even if it be a tolerably good book, is quickly forgotten by the world; but each succeeding volume renews its predecessor's life, and the author of a fair-sized library must be truly bad to be consigned to a speedy oblivion. We cannot in justice place by Mr. Crawford's side any of the novelists mentioned by Father Smith as suffering for the cause they upheld. There are unhappily other hindrances to fame and fortune besides loyal devotion to one's faith.

It is granted, even by Father Smith, that there are a few Catholic writers who have felt no need to conceal their convictions from the world. He instances Rev. Patrick Augustine Sheehan, Rev. William Francis Barry, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, Miss Mary Catherine Crowley, and M. René Bazin, as authors who have found their public in defiance of Catholic apathy and of Protestant intolerance. To this list may be added Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, Miss Grace King, Miss Imogen Guiney, and Lucas Malet (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison), whose *Far Horizon* portrays

with exquisite art that distinction of mind and character which is an inheritance of Catholic tradition and of Latin civilization. I have read many stories of conversion (all the fiction in our convent library had for its motive the turning of the soul to grace), but I can remember nothing that equals in depth and delicacy the description of Dominic Iglesias casting off the bondage of London, the terror of loneliness and old age, "using freedom to abjure freedom," and, like a tired child, returning humbly and gladly to the shelter of his ancestral faith.

With a deliberate irony, which overleaps its mark, Father Smith cautions the Catholic writer who has "secured his publishers and public," and "whose name is mentioned honorably among the lesser lights," to conceal his faith with more care than ever, lest it blight his literary reputation.

> His religion must become a deeper secret from the general public, and particularly from the ladies and gentlemen who hold the position of reader to a publisher or a magazine. It should, above all, be kept from the Catholic press, with its woeful habit of sounding the praises of Catholic writers and other eminences in the secular field, although every blast gravely imperils future reputation and income. With ordinary care he will escape evil consequences; for, in his beginnings, his co-religionists will not think him worth notice, and in his middle career they will think his success improbable; when his meridian arrives, their discovery of him will not matter, except to themselves, for the general public will not believe their claim to fellowship with such intelligence and success.

At the risk of being profoundly egotistical, I venture to offer my own experience as a refutation of this casuistry; and I do so because I am a plain example of a "lesser light," whose publisher and public are assured—a small public, be it said, such as befits the modest nature of the illumination. In the first place, far from being repulsed at the outset by Catholic magazines, as was Father Smith's unfortunate correspondent, I met with encouragement and a helping hand. The first cheque for fifty dollars that I ever received (and a lordly sum it seemed) came from THE CATHOLIC WORLD for a story which I am now inclined to think was not worth the money. The first criticism I ever wrote was an essay on Mr. Ruskin

(how many years has it been since essays on Ruskin had a market?) which was undertaken by the advice of Father Hecker, and was also published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Father Hecker told me that my stories were mechanical, and gave no indication of being transcripts from life. "I fancy," he said, "that you know more about books than you do about life, that you are more of a reader than an observer. What author do you read the most?"

I told him "Ruskin"; an answer which nine out of ten studious girls would have given at that date.

"Then," said he, "write me something about Ruskin, and make it brief."

That essay turned my feet into the path which I have trodden laboriously ever since. The imperious necessities of life have driven me, in common with other workers, to seek the best market I could find for my wares. I have never aspired to be a bulwark of any cause, have never felt myself needed in any field. I have been a mere laborer in the trenches, with no nobler motive underlying my daily toil than the desire to be self-supporting in a clean and reputable fashion. But I have *never* in all these years found it necessary to ignore, much less conceal, my faith. I could not if I would. When faith is the most vital thing in life, when it is the source of our widest sympathies and of our deepest feelings, when we owe to it whatever distinction of mind and harmony of soul we possess, we cannot push it *intentionally* out of sight without growing flat and dry through insincerity. Nor have I ever been able to trace any failure on my part to an editor's distaste for my creed. When I have failed, it was because my work was bad—a common cause of collapse, which the author for the most part discredits. Nor have I ever been asked by editor or publisher to omit, to alter, or to modify a single sentence, because that sentence proclaimed my religious beliefs. It is not too much to say that I have found my creed to be a matter of as supreme indifference to the rest of the world as it is a matter of supreme importance to me. Moreover, the one book which I have written which has a Catholic background—a book designed for my own people, and which I thought would be acceptable only to those who, having shared my experiences, would also share my pleasure in recalling them—has been read with perfect good humor by a secular

public. It is impossible for me to believe that anybody cares what catechism I studied when I was a child, or what Church I go to now.

One more point of Father Smith's argument remains to be considered. He hopes and believes that the Catholic writer who, intimidated by the "sensitiveness" of secular publishers, the "quiet hostility" of the secular public, conceals his creed until his reputation be secured, will nevertheless "keep alive the spirit of the faith," so that, when the right time comes, he will step forward and give it expression, he will be a leader of the Catholic press, when Catholics have a press to lead. Whether years of feigned indifference can be trusted to preserve a noble spark of enthusiasm, whether an excess of caution can give birth to courage and generosity, are points upon which one feels a reasonable doubt. There are historic instances which prove that an overmastering purpose may be nourished and strengthened by concealment. Scanderbeg, with a duplicity so profound that it disarmed suspicion, lived from childhood in the court of Amurath the Second, hiding his passionate hopes and passionate hatred until the moment came when he could throw aside his masque, avenge his wrongs, and regain freedom and sovereignty. But the fire that burned in that proud heart could scarcely be ignited in the heart of a young novelist, striving for nothing higher than popularity. The Maranos, who hoodwinked for centuries the watchful eye of Spain, escaped the Inquisition, and kept alive through generation after generation the faith of Judaism, have never been highly esteemed by their more scrupulous brethren. Nor is it on record that they ever struck one good and open blow for their cause. Cowardice, born of long secrecy, disarmed them.

Father Smith closes his argument with an apt quotation from Disraeli. "The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes." But readiness depends as much on will as on capacity, as much on character as on cleverness. Disraeli was the prince of opportunists; but opportunism is not the noblest force in life, nor is it the lesson of all others which Americans need most to learn. Rather let us repeat with Cardinal Newman: "The truest expedience is to answer right out when you are asked; the wisest economy is to have no management; the best prudence is not to be a coward."

THE DARWIN CENTENARY.

BY G. WADDINGTON, S.J.

ON Tuesday, June 22, delegates from almost all the universities of the world assembled at Cambridge, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin and the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the *Origin of Species*. The celebrations were accompanied by the usual festivities, addresses, and conferring of degrees, and were brought to a close by the delivery of the Rede lecture by Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., on "Darwin as a Geologist." This last is of especial interest, as it was to geology that Darwin owed the first foundations of his views on the origin of species.

The spirit of the celebrations is typified in two books, both published in connection with the centenary. If *The Foundations of the Origin of Species*, a copy of which was presented to each of the delegates, stands for the beginnings of Darwinism, its later development is not inaptly represented by *Darwin and Modern Science*, a collection of essays contributed by eminent biologists of the day. Whilst these essays are all a tribute to the memory of Darwin, the personal views of the authors have led to the exposition of every important form of Darwinism now advocated.

The present time is most favorable for a calm and dispassionate consideration of Darwin's work. Fifty years ago, when the theory of the origin of species by Natural Selection was given to the world, the heat of controversy aroused by it was too great to allow of a calm consideration of the hypothesis and its consequences; now, after half a century of observation and experiment, biologists are beginning to recognize that what Darwin propounded in 1859 was but the commencement of a great work to come.

The life of Charles Darwin affords an example of one whose career and greatness turned upon a single decision apparently of little moment. We refer to his acceptance of the post of Naturalist on H. M. S. *Beagle* for the voyage of circumnaviga-

tion. He entered on this voyage, in December of 1831, with the object of filling in the time between the taking of his degree and his entry upon his future career, that of a clergyman. When he returned, all thought of a vocation to the service of the Church had vanished, and he settled down to the study of Natural History as his life's work. In 1840 he wrote to Captain Fitzroy: "I have nothing to wish for, excepting stronger health to go on with the subjects to which I have joyfully determined to devote my life."*

That the voyage was not only the turning-point of his life's work, but also the cause of his first thoughts about transformism, is shown by an entry in his pocket-book for the year 1857: "In July opened first note-book on Transmutation of Species. Had been greatly struck from about the month of previous March by the character of South American fossils, and species on Galapagos Archipelago. These facts (especially latter) origin of all my views."†

It is significant of the wonderful patience which characterized Darwin's work, that his earliest publication on the origin of species was not produced until 1858, twenty years after he had begun to collect materials for the work. The gradual development of his views on the great question is well described in the first volume of the *Life and Letters*. In 1858, in collaboration with Wallace, Darwin read the epoch-making essay before the Linnean Society—"On the tendency of species to form varieties"; and in the following year appeared the *Origin of Species*. It is impossible in the present article to give a detailed account of Darwin's theory: a brief summary of his main principles will suffice for the purpose of comparison with the present state of the Darwinian hypothesis.

Darwin is not, as is often erroneously imagined, the discoverer or inventor of the doctrine of evolution. Evolution, in one form or another, was a subject of speculation among philosophers of the time of Aristotle and long before. Darwin's claim to distinction is that he put forward with a considerable show of evidence certain definite agencies by which he maintained the vast multitude of existing species may have been evolved from a few, or, perhaps, a single primitive form. The two main factors on which he relied were Natural Selection and Sexual Selection. He did not lay much stress on direct

* *Life and Letters*. Vol. I., p. 272. † *Ibid.*, p. 276.

proof of transmutation of species: his position was in the main that, assuming the truth of the doctrine many phenomena in biology, that had hitherto greatly puzzled naturalists, were thereby satisfactorily explained. Working on this assumption he strove to show by what agencies transmutation was effected. The idea of Natural Selection came to him during a perusal of Malthus' work on population. Just as a gardener or breeder, in striving to obtain a particular strain of plants or animals, rigorously selects those most nearly approaching his ideal, casting aside those individuals which show no advance towards the desired type, so, he argued, nature, acting on a vast scale and through endless ages, has gradually, by the elimination of the unfit and the selection of the fittest, produced the numberless species that exist at the present day. It is to be noted that in support of his hypothesis Darwin was compelled to make two important additional assumptions: first, that there is in plants an unexplained tendency to vary; and, secondly, that it is possible for favorable variations to be transmitted from generation to generation by heredity.

In 1871 Darwin published his *Descent of Man*. He had not apparently intended at first definitely and explicitly to extend his views to the case of man. In his preface he writes: "During many years I collected notes on the origin or descent of man, without any intention of publishing on the subject, but rather with the determination not to publish, as I thought that I should thus only add to the prejudices against my views." In this volume Darwin brought into greater prominence the second of his two main factors concerned in transformism: namely, the principle of sexual selection, thereby reluctantly separating himself from Alfred Wallace, who denied its importance.

On February 26, 1867, he wrote to Wallace: "The reason of my being so much interested about sexual selection is, that I have almost resolved to publish a little essay on the origin of mankind, and I still strongly think (though I fail to convince you, and this to me, is the heaviest blow possible) that sexual selection has been the main agent in forming the races of man."*

In the same letter he referred to the possibility of submitting this principle to the test of experiment: "I wish I had

* *Ibid.* Vol. III., p. 95.

strength and time to make some of the experiments suggested by you, but I thought butterflies would not pair in confinement." It is much to be regretted that Darwin did not attempt to carry out some such experiments. Such experiments as have been performed on these lines since Darwin's time, *v. g.*, by Mayer and Tegetmaier, show conclusively that the principle of sexual selection, as stated by Darwin, requires considerable modification.*

The last of Darwin's works which we will mention was published in 1872 under the title of *The Expression of the Emotions*. This work he had originally intended to incorporate in his *Descent of Man*, but as the bulk of the latter increased, he thought it better to keep his views on the origin of the emotions for a separate volume.

Darwin's views, then, on the question of transmutation of species may be summarized thus: He held that existing species are due to evolution from earlier forms, or even from a single form, under the influence of natural and sexual selection; that this evolution had been very gradual, being brought about by the accumulation of minute favorable differences accentuated by the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence, and perpetuated by means of heredity. He did not confine himself rigidly to these two main factors, but left room for the play of other factors. He was, for instance, to a certain extent, Lamarckian, in that he admitted as minor factors use and disuse of organs in response to the needs of the environment.

When we come to consider modern views concerning organic evolution, we are bewildered by the complications that have gathered round the problem raised by Darwin fifty years ago. Biological science has made great strides since Darwin's time, and each advance has raised new issues and rendered the problem more complex. As a result of this we find at the present day quite a number of schools, all proclaiming the triumph of Darwinism, but differing fundamentally from each other in their interpretation of that doctrine. This divergency, however, has, as a matter of fact, considerably damaged some of the most important features of the original doctrine.

Thus to Weismann, notwithstanding his unhesitating faith in evolution, is due the main part of the demolition of the theory—we had almost said the myth—of the inheritance of

* Vide *Experimental Zoölogy*, by T. H. Morgan, London, 1907, ch. xxix.

acquired characters. Darwin held that somatic variation could be transmitted, *i. e.*, that effects produced by external conditions on the body-cells of plants or animals could be passed on to the next generation. But, according to Weismann, such inheritance is impossible; only those changes that are directly produced in the germ can be transmitted. Thus Weismann struck the first blow at Darwin's theory of transformism, in so far as it involved Lamarckian principles, and brought about a complete revolution in the generally accepted views as to the transmission of acquired characters.

The next great modification of Darwin's position came from a different direction. It was brought about by the discovery of mutations by Hugo de Vries. In his attitude towards Darwin he naturally takes up the line indicated to him by his own discoveries. Thus, whilst acknowledging the existence of minute individual variations, or fluctuations, he denies their importance in the scheme of evolution as compared with the sudden, and, generally speaking, more violent variations which he has called mutations. Mutations, he holds, are the real basis of species building. He says in his essay on variation:

> Fluctuations constitute one type; they are never absent and follow the law of chance, but they do not afford material from which to build new species. Mutations, on the other hand, only happen to occur from time to time. They do not necessarily produce greater changes than fluctuations, but such as may become, or rather are from their very nature, constant.*

In the same essay de Vries insists on the importance of progessive mutability as a factor in the building of species. Thus he writes:

> Mutating variability occurs along three main lines. Either a character may disappear, or, as we now say, become latent; or a latent character may reappear, reproducing thereby a character which was once prominent in more or less remote ancestors. The third and most interesting case is that of the production of quite new characters which never existed in the ancestors. Upon this progressive mutability the main development of the animal and vegetable kingdom evidently depends.†

* *Darwin and Modern Science*, Cambridge, 1909, p. 73. † *Ibid.*, p. 75.

Darwin's theory was fundamentally opposed to this doctrine of discontinuous variations, believing, as he did, that any sudden variation in plants or animals would be completely swamped by unfavorable crosses. Mendel's discoveries in heredity have taught us that the swamping effects of intercrossing are by no means inevitable. The truth of this may, perhaps, be best illustrated by reference to two cases of Mendelian inheritance occurring in mankind. Take, for example, the cases of congenital cataract and of brachydactylism (a peculiar shortening of the fingers and toes) in man; the chances are extremely strong against the intermarriage of two persons affected by one of these peculiarities, yet both congenital cataract and brachydactylism reappear constantly in successive generations. A glance at the genealogies of families in which these maladies occur shows approximately an equal proportion between the affected and non-affected. Thus not only are these characters not swamped by constant crossing, but they completely hold their own.

Again Darwin, in order to provide a satisfactory basis for his views on heredity, enunciated his theory of Pangenesis. Briefly stated it assumed that inheritance was brought about by the migration of innumerable particles or gemmules, from the body-cells to the germ-cells. These ultra-microscopic gemmules, the theory supposed, form the physical basis of heredity, in that they are derived from every part of the organism, and bear the stamp of the organ from which they have proceeded. By the aggregation of these gemmules to the germ-cells, Darwin argued, their transmission to the next generation is affected. Such a view, had it been able to stand the test of time, would have explained away many difficulties in heredity, but it failed to survive the severe test of increased knowledge of cell-structure, combined with Weismann's work on acquired characters. The consideration of advances made in cellular biology during recent years leads us to a more direct treatment of modern methods of research on organic evolution.

But a greater departure still is the change from Darwin's method. Darwin's plan of attacking the problem of descent was very different from that pursued to-day. He was a naturalist who concerned himself primarily with the more obvious characters of plants and animals, and relied mainly on the ob-

servation of the phenomena which present themselves in nature. It is, then, remarkable that, unfamiliar as Darwin was with the intimate structure of animal and vegetable tissues, he was able, on purely theoretical grounds, to enunciate his provisional hypothesis of pangenesis, an hypothesis which, though it has been abandoned in its original form, foreshadowed the future combination of cellular biology and work on organic evolution. In 1838 Schlieden and Schwann had enunciated their cell-theory, but progress in this branch of biology was very slow, and was, moreover, worked out on lines quite independent of the problem of descent. Only in comparatively recent times has the study of the cell and the problem of descent been brought into line. As Professor Wilson writes:

> And yet the historian of latter-day biology cannot fail to be struck with the fact that these two great generalizations (the cell-theory and organic evolution), nearly related as they are, have been developed along widely different lines of research, and have only within a very recent period met upon a common ground. The theory of evolution originally grew out of the study of natural history, and it took definite shape long before the ultimate structure of living bodies was in any degree comprehended. . . . Only within a few years, indeed, has the ground been cleared for that close alliance between students of organic evolution and students of the cell, which forms so striking a feature of latter-day biology and is exerting so great an influence on the direction of research. It has, therefore, only recently become possible adequately to formulate the great problems of development and heredity in the terms of cellular biology—indeed, we can, as yet, do little more than so formulate them.*

Two other branches of modern research in biological science demand notice in any attempt to indicate the present attitude towards the problem of descent. During the ten years following upon 1860, when Darwin's views were raising fierce opposition in half the world of biologists and arousing the enthusiasm of the remainder, Gregor Mendel, in the obscurity of the Augustinian monastery at Brünn, was carrying out a series of experiments which were destined to revolutionize the whole

* *The Cell in Development and Inheritance*, by E. B. Wilson, New York and London, 1906, pp. 1 and 2.

of modern work on heredity. The results of his patient and careful researches on experimental hybridization were completely lost to the world for thirty years, and not until 1900 were his papers unearthed from their obscurity, and the significance of his work appreciated. During the last nine years Mendel's discoveries have been the starting point for all experimental work on heredity. It is true that Mendelism has not yet produced decisive evidence on the question of development, but it has, at least, provided a method, which gives promise of great fruit in the future. As Bateson remarks:

> No one can survey the work of recent years without perceiving that evolutionary orthodoxy developed too fast, and that a great deal has got to come down; but this satisfaction at least remains, that in the experimental methods which Mendel inaugurated, we have means of reaching certainty in regard to the physiology of Heredity and Variation upon which a more lasting structure may be built.*

Lastly the astonishing results obtained in recent years in the field of experimental zoölogy call for notice. Thus the accurate and careful experiments on artificial fertilization, carried out by American zoölogists, by Loeb, Davenport, Morgan; the researches of Driesch on the artificial production of twin embryos, and kindred experiments; the attempts by these and others to fathom the intricacies of restitution processes—all this has resulted in a wealth of valuable material which must be carefully sifted and satisfactorily interpreted before its bearing on the question of development can be adequately stated. The interpretation of these results is confessedly the least satisfactory part of modern work on organic evolution; indeed, instead of the advance upon Darwin's position, that half a century might have been expected to bring, the first biologists of the day recognize that we must practically go back to the beginning. Much of the superstructure that has been raised upon Darwin's theories will, as Bateson asserts, have to come down, and biologists will have to be content, for the present at least, to work tentatively according to the more accurate method of biological experimentation, in which

* *Darwin and Modern Science*, p. 101. See also *Mendel's Principles of Heredity*, by W. Bateson. Cambridge, 1909.

Abbot Mendel was the great pioneer, trusting that their work will receive in the future a satisfactory interpretation.

Meanwhile speculations concerning the supposed ancestry of present-day species (for which Haeckel has invented the term *phylogeny*), which have formed so large a part of dogmatic Darwinism in the past, tend more and more to be left in abeyance. In this respect Darwin himself, in his earlier works, at any rate, gave a good example of the attitude to be taken up. As Driesch writes:

> Darwin, for instance, gave the greatest latitude to the nature of the variations which form the battle ground of the struggle for existence and natural selection; and he made great allowances for other causal combinations also, which may come into account besides the indirect factors of transformism. He was Lamarckian to a very far-reaching extent. And he had no definite opinion about the origin and the most intimate nature of life in general. These may seem to be defects, but really are advantages of his theory. He left open the question which he could not answer. . . .*

So little that is exact is known about phylogeny, that it would seem a waste of time and energy to speculate upon it, so long as fields of useful and decisive work lie open for investigation. Phylogeny, in the present state of biological science, can offer nothing, as Liebmann complained, but a "gallery of ancestors" with, as yet, no sound and rational principles underlying it. It is true that Darwin in his *Descent of Man* attempted the construction of a genealogy of man, but far from allowing this as an excuse for present speculation, we incline rather to see in it one of the indications, which occur more frequently in Darwin's later works, of lapses from truly scientific method, and excursions into a philosophy that tended more and more to become fanciful. The cautious statements of eminent biologists of to-day serve to confirm the conviction that there is an abyss between a limited and scientific theory of transformism and the dogmatic assertion of universal evolution. As for the fantastic genealogical trees elab-

* *The Science and Philosophy of the Organism*, by H. Driesch. London, 1909. Vol. I. p. 260.

orated by Haeckel and other extreme phylogenists, we may best answer them with the scathing irony of such a first-rate authority as Professor Driesch:

> But it is quite another thing with phylogeny on the larger scale. Far more eloquent than any amount of polemics is the fact that vertebrates, for instance, have already been "proved" to be descended from, firstly, the Amphioxus; secondly, the annelids; the *Sagitta* type of worms; fourthly, from spiders; fifthly, from *Limulus*, a group of crayfishes; and sixthly, from echinoderm larvæ. *

In this condition of biological knowledge, it is best perhaps to recognize that we are but at the beginning of what may be called exact knowledge in the field of organic evolution, and to be content steadily to carry out the work that lies to hand, avoiding the fantastic speculations that have marred not a little the work done in the past. Meanwhile the conclusion we would draw from the history of Darwinism during the past fifty years is the value of sobriety, caution, and patience in all speculation. Science slowly but surely weeds out false theories whilst it preserves and confirms whatever elements of truth they may contain.

* *Ibid.* Vol. I., p. 257.

A BIT OF OLD PATCHWORK.

BY H. W. G. HYRST.

NORTH HAM is noted for oysters, a coal-harbor, and the trousers worn by its fishermen; and of these latter a tale is told.

When by dint of much casting of anchor on public-house benches, the seat of a smacksman's shore-going nether gear has become cobweb-like, and the knees thereof shapeless and leaky, the honest fellow devotes an idle hour to rendering them sea-worthy. Over the stern goes a square of sail-cloth, twelve by twelve, sewn as only a seaman *can* sew, and the garment is ready to defy the elements; for high sea-boots cover a multitude of ankle-snatches and knee-rents. But constant work aboard a smack soon necessitates more stitching of new cloth on to old raiment; and, in course of time, every inch of the fabric, from hip to knee, has been beautified by a new patch; and the more numerous the patches and the more variegated their hues, the greater is the pride of their possessor.

Old Tom Keame, skipper and owner of the *Polly*—a sixteen-ton cutter that dredged in winter and trawled in summer—had just such a pair. The younger men chaffed him irreverently about them, while facetious Cockney visitors would urge him to name a price for the curiosities. To these the genial old fellow's reply was invariable: "'Alf a suvren, Mister."

Proclaim a price for your wares often enough, and some day you may be taken at your word. One afternoon, as Tom and his crew stumped up the shingle, two men, well dressed and redolent of London, after staring in speechless wonderment at the old man, exchanged a wink and a gurgle of laughter. Then one of the twain, stout, clean-shaven, and fishy as to the eyes, murmured: "By gum! the very thing!"

The other, black-moustached and Hebraic, nodded.

"'Alf a dollar'll square that lot," he said; and both followed the four smacksmen to the shed where they were about to stow their oars, boots, and oil-skins.

"Mornin' gents," said Tom, pausing in the doorway. "Warnt a boat, do ye? There's my old mate—"

The stout man's expression had become grave; funereal, even. "No, my friend; we want to buy your trousers—*these!*"

The rest of the crew broke into a laugh; but a real shade of irritation clouded Tom's brow; the joke was becoming stale and boresome.

"Now who's bin puttin' of ye up to this 'ere caper?" he demanded.

The man rattled some money in his pockets.

"We mean business, my dear sir. What'll you take for them? They'll be exhibited, and your name'll go down to prosperity"—no doubt he meant something else—"as the original wearer of the most original pants in the world."

"Tryin' to take a rise, aint ye?" growled Tom. "'Alf a suvren's my proice—Moind 'self"—and he dragged off a wet sea-boot with such vigor that he nearly capsized him of the black moustache.

"My golly!" ejaculated the stout man. Now that the boot was off, the trouser leg revealed itself in all its full beauty; the patches came no lower than the knee; below was the original substance, enhancing unspeakably the glory of the garment.

"Five bob!" snapped the dark man, with auction-room-like brevity.

"You take yer five bobs som'er's else," replied Tom; while his burly, six-foot son cried:

"I say, old brother; you an' your mate better sheer off; we don't want no old-clothes men round 'ere."

The dark man was not pleased at being hailed under such colors. "I don't want none of *your* sauce," he snarled. "If yer think I can't buy up the lot of yer"—he threw some small silver and a half-sovereign on to a cask-head. "There's yer 'alf-quid—an' a drop over. Now, quit talkin' an' we'll take what we bargained for."

Young Keame made a step forward that hinted at something over and above what was bargained for, but his father stopped him.

"Now, stow that, Sonny. The gents are as good as their word; though, gentlemen, I *must* say I thought you was a-skylarkin'. Well, you got 'old o' somethin' good there." He slapped his thigh. "All up 'ere is as thick as a board; take

a middlin' lot o' sea-water to go through. When moight ye warnt 'em, gents?"

"Now, of course"; said the stout man with a grin.

"Fair's fair," said the old salt. "Son, go you acrost 'ome an' fetch the pair what I wear o' *h*evenin's."

"Fact is," continued the more civil stranger, when the lad had departed on his errand, "we come from the British Museum, and are making a collection of curios. That old clay you're smoking, now; take a tanner for it? It's well colored."

Tom wiped the pipe on his guernsey sleeve.

"Sir, I will not, excuse me. If you loike t' accept of it, it's yourn. Come to that"—he fingered the gold and glanced at the half-crown's worth of silver—"you've spoke us fair enough, an' stood a drink to all 'ands"—he pointed to the silver—"so I make bold to ask you to take back this 'ere"—he held out the half-sovereign—"I ain't so sharp drove as all that; and ye're koindly welcome to the old brigs, if so be they're any sarvice to ye."

The old seaman's dignified manner was lost on the two Cockneys; clearly they considered him an old fool. The one with the black moustache, still very much out of temper, shook his head.

"You keep it," he said ungraciously. "*You* don't earn money so easy every day." The fisher lad now appearing with another garment, the purchasers strolled on to the shingle, and in a couple of minutes the coveted trousers were handed out, neatly wrapped in newspaper and rope-yarn.

"This 'ere Museum you talk of, now," said Tom, emerging in decent blue serge and carpet slippers. "Moight that be anywheres nigh the docks?"

The dark man turned away impatiently; but his more suave companion paused to say: "You can walk there from Holborn Viaduct Station in twenty minutes. There's going to be an exhibition of nautical costumes there, and your old bags'll about fetch the house—get first prize, I mean. Bye-bye."

"'Ear that, Sonny?" said the delighted old fellow. "Now, you take an' see that there ex'bition next March." The boy grinned sceptically.

"I should bu'st o' laughin' if I see that there old patched gear o' yourn stuck up there." Sonny was in the Naval Reserve, and went to Poplar every spring for his month's drill.

"Well; you moind an' *goo*," said the father impressively.

A few weeks later, there was a day's excursion from North Ham to London, and Tom and Sonny were among the passengers. While trawling near the —— Sands, the *Polly* had made a record haul of soles, and Tom, already the wealthiest man in the fleet, was the richer by about fifty pounds, a good part of which he felt justified in devoting to a day's holiday-making. Sonny was not the only unbeliever as to the future greatness of his father's trousers; though when Tom asked the sceptics to assign any other reason for his being paid so large a sum for his old patchwork, they were at a loss how to answer. Now, at least, was a chance of proving who was right, for Tom was determined to make a pilgrimage to the Museum while he was in London.

London, to seamen, means the docks; not five per cent of them have ever set foot west of London Bridge. But neither Tom nor Sonny meant to display their ignorance before the crowd of North Ham shopkeepers that surged on the platform at Holborn. When the coast was clear they strolled out of the station; and then Tom called a halt, while he took his bearings with the aid of a pocket-compass.

"West is where all the grand folks live," he muttered. "We'll shape a westerly course, Son; we can ask about this 'ere Museum when we git a bit furder on"; and, with backs arched and hands in breeches-pockets, they lurched along Holborn.

"Look; look!" cried Sonny, after a while. "British Museum Station!" Both charged across the road at risk of limb and life, and in the booking-office found a kindly newsboy who put them on the right tack for Great Russell Street.

"Now for the old pants," chuckled Sonny. "'Ow much to pay, Sergeant?"

"Straight through, my man; nothink to pay," said the policeman, preening his feathers at the temporary promotion conferred on him by the country lad. They followed the direction indicated and saw many things that were strange and wonderful, but positively nothing that had any bearing on seamen's trousers; and the most civil inquiries led only to bewildered stares or uproarious mirth; till, foot-sore, hungry, and irritated, they left the building.

Dinner and a pipe of tobacco reanimated them, and they

set off on an omnibus tour. But even after visiting the Zoo, Madame Tussaud's, and Earl's Court, Tom and Sonny had not succeeded in accomplishing the British holiday-maker's chief aim and real purpose—the getting through a certain sum of money in a given time. At seven o'clock each still had five pounds in his pocket.

Chance and a motor-omnibus had now set them down outside a music-hall, whose face was resplendent with bright-colored representations of the gifted beings who were to perform within. One depicted a man walking a tight-rope; a second, a highly educated horse; a third, a pair of boxers. By the main entrance was a much larger poster, and, at sight of it, the fishermen cried out in astonishment; for there, red-nosed, clay-piped, guernseyed and sou'-westered, was pictured the stout man; and there, uneclipsed by sea-boots, were the patched trousers!

"'E was a-makin' sport of us, a'ter all," gasped Sonny at length.

Tom looked lingeringly at the poster and finally broke into a hearty laugh.

"We must ha' bin stoopid jakes," he said. Obviously, if Tom was disappointed at all, it was on the pleasurable side. It was only a bit o' fun; the "gents" had paid up like good "uns"; and at least he would now have the laugh on unbelieving North Hamites who had derided the notion of his property's figuring in public. Here was as much fame for the venerable garment as if it had found a home among mummies, manuscripts, and marbles. He continued: "We'll goo an' 'ave a front seat at this 'ere fit-out, if it costs us a suvren a-piece."

Just then Tom, to his amazement, heard himself called by name, and, looking round, saw a fireman who was employed at the theatre, and who had sailed before the mast on the American whaler, of which old Keame had been fourth mate. To him the fishermen explained the position; and, after a brief colloquy between the fireman and the ticket-clerk, and the interchange of some money, two seats in the front row of stalls were procured, and the fireman was made happy with the gift of a five-shilling piece for old-times' sake.

And now behold the two seamen cozily ensconced within a few yards of the footlights—cigar in one hand and glass in the other—gaping, laughing, nudging one another, gasping out exclamations of astonishment, or admiration, or delight, and

storing up enough mental notes to furnish a dozen Saturday nights' tap room conferences at the "Pig's Head," North Ham. "Turn" succeeded "turn"; a stout lady in fancy garb was followed by a thin man in a dress-suit many sizes too large for him; then came an eccentric individual who played a piano with his toes; and, when he and his instrument had vanished, there was a sound of slopping, pit-a-pat footfalls. The audience burst into a hurricane of cat-calling, clapping, and cheering—and the stout man came on the stage, trousers and all!

If any relic of disappointment had remained in the minds of the two seamen, it was dispelled by the artist's comic face and slap-dash, confidential manner; and both roared at the grotesque imitation of their rolling sea-gait till the tears came and the other occupants of the stalls wondered. The comedian began with some glib patter to the effect that he was a fisherman; and this with the first verse of his song, roused a good deal of benevolent contempt for his ignorance in the minds of Tom and Sonny; for it was evident that he confused their pet abomination, the long-shore boatman who hocussed excursionists in summer and laid bricks in winter, with the genuine deep-sea trawler.

But at the second installment of patter, old Tom's face lengthened and his brow clouded. The actor's expression and manner were becoming more and more suggestive, and his words more frankly obscene. Perhaps old Keame had some strange notions of right and wrong; perhaps he had never been inside a church since his wedding-day; perhaps his language, when his tackle was fouled or his wind stolen by another smack, was such as may not be printed here; but within him was a child-like purity of thought and of life that was something more than mere conventional respect for decency. And now, as he looked round him and observed that the audience was half composed of women, and as he reflected that he might have brought his own little Bessie to such a place in ignorance, the blood mounted to his dear old head, and he sat clenching and unclenching his fists, longing to put a stopper on remarks that were as foul as they were idiotic and pointless.

The patter rippled on; the Cockney audience shrieked with pleasure. Sonny's weather-tanned face had become very grave; he was used to hearing a spade called a spade, but not to dabbling with that spade in a cess-pool. He was stealing a

sidelong glance at his father, to see how the old man appreciated the artist's wit, when suddenly Tom rose to his feet. In a few seconds—only a sailor could tell how—he had cleared the orchestra, cleared the footlights and wires, and was on the stage, grasping the singer by the back of the neck.

"You dirty varmint!" he yelled; and a hearty kick followed the epithet. Then another kick. "You beastly, wretched feller!"—kick number three. "You ballad-singin' vagabon'! ain't you ashamed o' yourself?" Here followed a fourth reminder with his boot-toe.

"Come back!" cried Sonny in alarm. "You'll git yerself locked up."

For the first few moments the audience cheered hysterically, imagining this to be a preconcerted part of the performance. But the singer's sudden pallor under his paint, his futile struggles to escape the muscular grip that detained him, and the hurried advent of the manager and a couple of scene-shifters, soon gave another aspect to the case; and a buzz of excited voices arose, some commending, some condemning.

"You'd better get him away before he finds himself in trouble," said a stern-faced, elderly man who sat next to Sonny. At the same moment the manager—none other than the stout man's black-moustached friend—made a grab at Tom and called on his subordinates to do likewise. This was enough for Sonny. Brushing aside a couple of bandsmen, who tried to stop him, he sprang like a cat on to the stage, and, with the merest touch of his hand, sent the manager reeling into the wings.

"None o' that, old skipper," he said threateningly; "one to one's fair play."

The shifters, at sight of the young giant who stood between them and Tom, edged away, muttering something about its being a police job. The sound of men's shouts and women's screams in the auditorium was swelling to a whirlwind; but old Tom quelled it with a quarter-deck yell for silence.

"Ain't there no fathers 'ere?" he roared, dragging his victim towards the footlights. "Would you loike your darters to listen to sich devil's talk as his'n? Now, then, you foul-mouthed monkey! I'm a-goin' to give you your 'alf-suvren back, an'—"

Tom got no farther, for he suddenly found himself cut off from the spectators by the fall of the curtain; and, on turning,

saw a crescent of actors, shifters, and policemen closing in on him, while four men, who looked like plain-clothes constables, were trying to hold Sonny still.

"Lock 'em up; lock 'em both up!" said the manager jerkily, as two policemen rescued the singer by main force.

"Just one moment, please," said a clear voice that smacked of authority; and the stern-looking, elderly man who had spoken to Sonny in the stalls, came on the stage from behind, under the guidance of an attendant. Two of the policemen saluted; then glanced at one another with elevated eyebrows.

"You are the manager, I think?"

The black-moustached one bowed.

"Here is my card. If you take my advice, you will let these men go."

The manager waxed uncomfortable; the name on the card was that of a celebrated criminal counsel; and, worse still, a member of a Parliamentary commission then inquiring into the conduct of music-halls.

"If you press the charge, I shall be pleased to undertake their defence, and"—the stranger smiled grimly.

"'Ave it yer own way," said the manager sullenly. "'Ere, one of yer show 'em out, an' good riddance to 'em."

"'Alf a moment, sir, excuse me," said Tom, turning to the barrister—"'Ere, 'ere's the 'alf-suvren as you give me for them trousers; now take 'em off—Excuse me, sir, I don't goo away from 'ere without my old gear. I never did any but a honest day's work in 'em. 'E 'ad 'em off'n me under false pertences; an' for sich as *'im* to stand up an' play the tomfool in my clothes—patches or no—"

The lawyer turned on the comedian and said drily: "Hadn't you better take back your half-sovereign?"

The next evening there was an intolerable stench of burnt rag in the fishing-quarter of North Ham, traceable to a fire in Tom Keame's back yard, whereon smouldered the patched trousers.

"I left 'em fit for any honest man to wear," said Tom, as he solemnly officiated at the burnt sacrifice. "But not even a self respectin' tramp'd put 'em on a'ter 'e'd wore 'em—So-long, old brigs!"

TEN PERSONAL STUDIES.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

"ALL that Mr. Wilfrid Ward touches turns to gold." These words of the *Guardian*, in its review of *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, occurred to my mind after a first perusal of Mr. Ward's latest book, *Ten Personal Studies*.*

The distinguished persons of whom it treats vary one from the other in character, intellect, and mode of regarding life, quite as much as they themselves differ from the ordinary run of men. A list that includes a Supreme Pontiff, three cardinals, three literary politicians, a simple priest, a Cambridge professor, and three editors, can scarcely err on the score of sameness. For many writers, indeed, such a variety of appreciation might be an embarrassment. To analyze the peculiar mental characteristics of men so aloof from each other as Leo XIII. and Sidgwick, as Wiseman and Lytton, as Newman and Balfour, and to succeed in delineating those characteristics in a measure so ample that it is difficult to decide which study is the most fascinating, is an achievement which happily illustrates the praise which I have quoted from the *Guardian*, and invests Mr. Ward with one more title to the high place among writers and thinkers of the day which he has long and justly held.

The volume opens with a thoughtful study of a phase in Mr. Balfour's career. It was while he was Prime Minister that his Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain, propounded what a few years earlier would have been scouted by all parties alike as an economic heresy, namely, that the Free Trade of Cobden and Bright was, under England's changed conditions at least, a mistake. Nor did Mr. Chamberlain throw out this theory in any tentative or hesitating way, but as if it were a matured and working scheme. The world, not unnaturally, looked to the Prime Minister for an expression either of denunciation or agreement. Mr. Balfour, however, committed himself to neither. The world in consequence held him up to ridicule as a *roi fainéant*, and

* *Ten Personal Studies*. By Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1908.

as one who was adopting a policy that was "impossible" and "humiliating."

Mr. Ward, on the contrary, contends that Mr. Balfour's attitude, unenviable as it was, was inevitable. As head of the Government it would have been wrong for him to adopt as a recognized policy a theory which was avowedly crude and undefined. At the same time the idea was not *a priori*, absurd or impossible, and, with the changed conditions of our Colonial relations, it certainly contained valuable matter for examination and discussion. But, as Mr. Ward reminds us, "the world loves to be addressed in tones loud and positive," and even so little sensational a paper as the *Spectator* declared that "whatever else may happen, Mr. Balfour's day as a great British statesman is over. No turn in the political kaleidoscope can restore to him the confidence of the country."

Yet Mr. Ward shows how Mr. Balfour, having often justified his wisdom and his leadership, justified both again by the exercise of those very remarkable qualities which characterize him. Many leaders, perhaps most, would have resigned in circumstances so discouraging as those which Mr. Balfour had to face, but in so doing they would have disintegrated their party and wrecked several first-class measures which were on the eve of becoming law. "It may well be," says our author, "that the future historian will have to record in the story a fresh instance in which one man has, at a moment of extreme difficulty, restored the fortunes of the republic by a policy of delay. *Cunctando restituit rem.*"

In this place I have but touched in barest outline this very able study of one phase in Mr. Balfour's career. The full details, brought out with a wealth of coloring and illustrated with the happiest analogies, must be sought for in Mr. Ward's book.

The chapter dealing with three notable editors will be read with special interest. Of these, John Thaddeus Delane belonged to a type which is now extinct. The *Times* during the period of his rule occupied a position which is now held by no newspaper, and his power as its editor was of a kind that we can scarcely realize in our altered conditions. The causes of this change are manifold. They have been contributed to, no doubt, by the vast multiplication, during the last twenty-five years, of newspapers, many of them of reduced price, as well

as by the growth of influential magazines. Certain it is that the empire of the *Times* has gradually yielded to successful competitors. No longer is Printing-House Square the only or even the foremost purveyor of news. No longer can "those hands that write in secret" pull down Administrations or entice a Government into war. Scarcely even, in these days of displaced sovereignty, can the once powerful *Jupiter* before which Ministers trembled, induce a foolish and superannuated judge to doff his ermine.

It is not uncommon for men to attribute the lowered prestige of the *Times* to the fiasco of the Parnell case. This may, no doubt, have been a factor in its downfall; but to my mind the loss of power wielded by one paper costing three-pence as opposed to a dozen which may be bought for one-third or one-sixth of that price is attributable to the lowered franchise. The country is no longer governed by the aristocracy and the clubs to which the *Times* penetrates, but by the readers of penny and halfpenny papers who have for the last quarter of a century at least possessed the power of upsetting governments and dictating policies.

Forty years ago the *Times* was great and Delane was worthy of his paper. To its interests he gave his life—not that he was in the highest sense a literary man, but he was in many respects a very strong man. He was a fearless rider and a first-rate boxer. To these physical qualities was joined a mind vigorous, alert, active. His decisions were prompt, but they were also profound. He thoroughly understood how to deal with men of different characters. He was firm and independent, yet considerate towards other people. Besides all this he stuck to his work with the regularity of a machine. Society was pleasant to him and he was welcome in the most exclusive houses, and yet he never allowed his invitations to encroach upon the hours that were sacred to his work. Half-past ten at night found him invariably in his room at the *Times* office, and he never left it until four in the morning. "He took breakfast when others took lunch," writes his friend Mr. Brodrick, "and was busily engaged with interviews and correspondence during all the earlier part of the afternoon, and perhaps, during emergencies, up to dinner time." Two of his intimate friends were Lord Palmerston and Lord Aberdeen; but this did not prevent Delane opposing them in the *Times* when he

thought their policy wrong; whereas he vigorously supported Sir Robert Peel whom, personally, he scarcely knew.

One instance must be given of Delane's astuteness in obtaining exclusive tidings. "The *Times* prided itself on always being the first to announce any important news. Of bold and shrewd ventures made with this object, Delane's announcement of Lord Northbrook's appointment as Viceroy of India in 1872 is a good instance—on the strength only of Northbrook's having asked his doctor (a friend of Delane's) if a warm climate would suit his daughter's health. The appointment—though of course antecedently probable—was a perfect secret, and was, indeed, only accepted after the doctor' favorable reply. The divination of the *Times* completely amazed Northbrook." *

The essay on Richard Holt Hutton is even more attractive than that on Delane, and it was clearly a work of love for its author to write it. Few public men have been more loved than he—if, indeed, the term public man can be applied to one who wrote anonymously and was scarcely known by sight to one in ten of his readers. His influence was extraordinarily great; not, like Delane's, in the political world, though even there it was considerable, but in the sphere of morals. Mr. Ward compares his influence to that of a great teacher of philosophy in a university and to that of a great preacher in his pulpit. It never occurred to Hutton to consider what was the popular view of a question. With absolute sincerity, and sometimes with a certain pleasing ruggedness which recalled his own features, he would put forward his view—based invariably upon motives of principle, and appealing always to the loftiest ideals. His sense of duty carried him to the practice of personal holiness, and this fact appeared with an unconscious grace in his writings, week by week. Not that there was, as a rule, any direct mention of religion, or the remotest ostentation of superiority, but his evident rectitude gained him respect even from those who differed most profoundly from his views of literature, politics, or social problems.

United to an enthusiastic acceptance of the doctrines of the Divinity and Atonement of Christ, was a difficulty in believing in the Sacramental system as it is held by Catholics. For the Catholic Church itself he had a deep reverence and even affection. During the last ten years of his life he attended Mass,

* *Ibid.*, page 56.

Sunday after Sunday, at the church near his house at Twickenham, and among his friends he numbered such men as Cardinal Manning, Father Dalgairns, William George Ward, and many other leaders of the Catholic Church in England. Besides this, his acquaintance with men of widely divergent views and his high personal character, gave him a position which was absolutely unique. His friends, "however otherwise divided, . . . were united in regarding him not only as what he was often called—a great teacher—but as one who, in practical sympathy with the distressed, personal holiness, and unswerving devotion to duty, had in him something of the saint.*

There can be no doubt that the *Spectator*, under Hutton's editorship, bore a great part in diminishing anti-Catholic prejudice. Even the great editor's well-known admiration for Charles Kingsley did not prevent his writing enthusiastically in praise of the *Apologia;* and I am inclined to agree with Mr. Ward when he remarks that Newman might never "have completely emerged from the cloud which stood between him and the English public, after the events of 1845, had it not been for the outspoken and independent admiration of the *Spectator*."

Another notable editor, Sir James Knowles, introduced a new and original feature into the world of ephemeral literature. He made himself the Keeper of the Ring in which champions of every school of thought did battle for their own side. The *Nineteenth Century*, established in 1877, was the neutral ground whereon every one who could pen a readable essay on an interesting subject was welcome. Knowles would hear a fellow-guest at a dinner-party declaim against some article that had appeared in his magazine. Far from being annoyed, he would be delighted. "Write an answer for next month," he would say, and so the game went on merrily on all subjects—social, political, and religious. When the French persecution was in its earlier stages, Knowles one day found Mr. Wilfrid Ward at the Athenæum Club, and asked him if he could supply him with an article on the situation at a fortnight's notice. Mr. Ward objected that this would entail a visit to Paris and a dislocation of other plans; but Knowles put the matter on so generous a footing that all difficulties were overcome. The appearance of the Pope's Encyclical on Modernism was the signal for a visit from Knowles at Archbishop's House to ask for

* *Ibid.*, page 67.

an article giving the most authentic Catholic interpretation of the document. What a glaring contrast to the ignorant unfairness to which English Catholics had long been subjected!

Very attractive is Mr. Ward's sketch of Father Ignatius Ryder, who succeeded Newman as Superior of the Birmingham Oratory. His was a character of unique beauty, his intellect was refined and his ideals lofty, while his poetical abilities were quite exceptionally great. Never did I meet any man more kind in his judgments of others, or more ingenious in finding out the gold in their natures and distinguishing it from the alloy. Indeed a larger-minded man never breathed. It became an interesting study with his friends to see what excuse or explanation he would find for some wrong-doer. I well remember the case of a man whose sufferings were so terrible that they wrung from him—Catholic as he was—murmurs and even outcries of impatience, which betokened anything rather than resignation to the will of God. "Do not be too much distressed," said Father Ryder to a near relation of the sufferer, "God knows how to make allowance for the acuteness of his pains. He understands that a man may be quite willing to undergo death without being in love with his executioner." The metaphor, if incomplete, was certainly ingenious and not devoid of consolation.

His gift of metaphor, indeed, was extraordinary; and, being very frequently founded upon some poetical thought, it gave his conversation a peculiar richness and charm. There were times when he almost seemed to think in parable, and his metaphors were equally striking whether they were deep and poetical or witty and humorous. Indeed the extraordinary readiness with which he would see some parallel to a passing event was sometimes almost embarrassing, especially when practical business was in hand. But this power, like every one of his gifts, he used not only for the glory of God but for the benefit of his neighbor.

Father Ryder was a poet to the backbone, and had his time not been taken up with his priestly duties and his polemical writings, he could not have failed to win lasting fame as one of England's leading poets. He did indeed publish, in 1882, a volume of poems, many of which rank with the most exquisite in the language. Mr. Ward gives us a few welcome specimens, but these only quicken one's regret that

this priceless volume should have been allowed to go out of print. A metaphor of his, uttered many years ago, has dwelt in my memory on account of its completeness and beauty. His youngest sister, to whom he was deeply attached, died suddenly in India, in 1877. Her letters, written in the vigor of health and youth, kept dropping in by the mails which the cruel brevity of the telegraph had long outstripped. "These letters," remarked Father Ignatius sadly, "are like the light from some beautiful star which is long ago extinct."

He was at one time chaplain of the Birmingham gaol, and many a curious anecdote he had to tell of his experiences in that capacity. One of these related to a house-painter who occasionally gave way to drink. Over and over again had Father Ryder exhorted him to give up the habit, but each period of abstinence would be followed by a fresh fall. One day Father Ryder received a hasty summons to the prison, and there in the infirmary he found the poor man lying grievously injured. The prison authorities had employed him to paint the railing at the top of a wall, the job needed a clear head, which was exactly what he had not at the moment. He fell off the ladder and was shockingly injured by being impaled on some iron spikes. In his agony the man kept continually repeating the words: "He was bound to do it, Father, He was bound to do it." At first Father Ryder thought he was delirious, but presently he understood the meaning of the strange words. "You told me, Father, not to drink, and I would not listen. Then God had to punish me like this. Yes, Father, He was bound to do it." Father Ryder would add, as he told the story, "I feel, if I am not more faithful to God, He will have to throw *me* upon iron spikes!"

A little incident connected with his chaplaincy of the Birmingham Workhouse, which he told me himself, is too beautiful to be omitted. He had as usual visited all the wards of the infirmary in which there were any Catholic patients, and he was on the point of leaving, when one of the nurses told him that in the children's ward was a little Catholic boy who was suffering from a tumor in the cheek. He was only six years old and had not received any instruction about the Sacraments. Father Ryder, therefore, intended, on that occasion, only to say a few kind words and give him a blessing. "Would you like to go to heaven," he asked, after a short

conversation. "Yes, Father"; replied the little fellow, "but I had rather get well and go to school!" Father Ryder had with him a relic of St. Philip Neri. With this he very gently touched the wound which had perforated the cheek and left the teeth visible. At the same time he pronounced a blessing.

A few days later he again visited the Workhouse. To his surprise the nurse asked him what he had done to the little boy. Father Ryder related all that had passed. "Well," said the nurse, "it is very strange. Soon after you left I visited the child and found him sleeping peacefully for the first time since he came here, and the doctor says that the wound is healing quite nicely, and that he is entirely out of danger." Father Ryder told me that he had not even thought of asking for any miracle. He had merely wished to give the boy St. Philip's blessing.

It is as a controversialist that Father Ryder is best known, and his name will be immortalized in Catholic literature by his admirable brochure called *Catholic Controversy*. The notorious clergyman, Dr. Littledale, had, in 1882, published a small, easily carried book entitled, *Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome*. In it he had collected together and printed every possible accusation he could lay his hand to against the Church of God. These accusations and calumnies he had huddled, without any particular method or order, into a neat volume, and this was sold for a shilling under the auspices of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

It is easy to imagine the difficulty of compressing into a volume of similar size, and at an equally low price, a complete and telling answer to each and every one of Littledale's calumnies. A fool can ask questions in a few words, and in a few words an unscrupulous man can level charges, which a wise and honorable man can neither reply to nor refute in many words. It may safely be said that no other writer, in so narrow a compass, could have triumphantly disposed of Littledale and have pulverized his falsehoods in the crisp, neat, and telling way in which Father Ignatius achieved that feat. His mode of treatment, too, was charmingly light in hand. While absolutely making mince-meat of his opponent, he all the while did so with the thrust of the rapier not with the clumsy blows of the bludgeon; and his crushing refutations were constantly enlivened by keen sallies of irony and humor. In one passage

of grave rebuke Father Ryder writes: "If Dr. Littledale is an honest man, has he no friends to tell him that he is not doing himself justice?"

That *Catholic Controversy* was regarded as a formidable opponent by the Ritualist party was exemplified by a little personal experience of my own. Some years ago I was the guest of a Ritualist lady, the wife of a clergyman. In the drawing-room, one day, I picked up Littledale's book. "Ah! read that," exclaimed my hostess, with a tone of triumph. "You'll learn something if you do." "Yes"; I replied, "I'll read it willingly, if you will promise to read Father Ryder's answer to it." "Indeed I won't," replied the lady, "I will not allow it in the house!" From her own point of view she was wise, seeing that Father Ryder's book has been the means of effecting many conversions. One of the most noted of these was the case of a gentleman who occupied a distinguished position in the medical profession in Birmingham. Some one had given him Littledale's book, and shortly afterwards he came across Father Ryder's reply. As he compared the volumes, he said to himself: "One or other of these writers must be a confounded liar!" He then set to work to find out which it was. Happily he had access to an excellent library; and this and his clear head very soon showed him which of the two deserved the opprobrious epithet. In due course he was received into the Church and is now one of our most prominent men.

But long before the Littledale controversy, Father Ryder had made his name in the world of theological literature. In 1867 and the years that preceded and followed it, Catholic opinion was much divided on certain questions. The very extreme views of William George Ward and his masterly essays in the *Dublin Review*, had made him the leader and champion of what was known as the Ultramontane school. Ryder published a pamphlet on *Idealism in Theology*, which caused much sensation at the time. In those days Dr. Ward's side was the popular one, and by many outside the Birmingham diocese Father Ignatius Ryder was looked upon as hardly orthodox. This was how Newman himself was regarded in some quarters, and many thought that the pamphlet was really his work. So far, however, was this from being the case, that when Father Ignatius asked his advice on certain points, Newman refused to give it, saying that such matters were not in his line. The

result was that Ryder had to take a journey in mid-winter to Adare, in County Limerick, to consult Father Flanagan, who had formerly been an Oratorian, and with whom he had read theology. Newman contented himself with simply approving the line that Ryder took. A book, or rather a pamphlet, was published about this time by Father Knox, of the London Oratory, on Infallibility, which was considered to be a correction of the "minimising doctrines of Newman's school." For this the author received the Doctor's Cap, *honoris causa.* Time, however, has its revenges, for under Leo XIII. Newman was made a Cardinal, and Father Ignatius Ryder, who succeeded him as Superior in 1890, was made a Doctor of Divinity specially on account of the soundness of his doctrines.

A few years after the controversy with Ward, the unhappy Ffoulkes, who had joined the Catholic Church and returned to Anglicanism, wrote a pamphlet, in which he attacked both Newman and Manning. Ryder replied in a critique, which established his reputation not only for ability but for orthodoxy, for this time he was defending Manning as well as Newman. So delighted was Ward with this pamphlet that with his habitually chivalrous impetuosity, he wrote to Father Ignatius, offering to hand over to him everything that concerned Patristic teaching in the *Dublin Review.* This offer, much as he appreciated it, Father Ryder did not see his way to accept. It is pleasant to know that, during what seemed a bitter controversy, there was also between Ward and Ryder a private interchange of letters of a cordial and friendly character, and Ryder was amazed to find the real W. G. Ward, "as shown in his letters, so unlike the embodiment of relentless logic and dogmatic positiveness which his theological articles had made him appear." In a letter to Ward he wrote: "You must allow me to thank you publicly for what the public does not know —the chivalrous good humor of your private letters to one who was publicly your foe."

And even before the close of the controversy, we find Ryder writing playfully to Ward on the expense of publishing theological pamphlets: "I wonder whether a rejoinder in verse would sell, entitled, we will say: 'Ward's Reformation in Six Cantos;* or, Pighius Redivivus!'" And when Ward communicated his intention of giving a very brief summary of the con-

* This refers to a once well-known book, Ward's *Cantos on the Reformation.*

troversy at its close, Ryder writes, under date May 17, 1868: "It relieves me to hear that your summary will be so short. As to its probable effect on me, I can only say that I hope we shall be able to swallow and be swallowed after our kind good-humoredly, like the excellent little fishes in Ethel's 'Book of Angels.'"

Father Ryder's feelings on succeeding Newman as Superior of the Oratory, were playfully expressed in a letter to his brother, Sir George Lisle Ryder: "I feel," he wrote, "like a rat which has climbed up into the master's arm-chair." Writing to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, he says: "My troubles are mainly as yet in anticipation. At present I am sensible of a mild gratification at having been so far thought well of, abstracting altogether from the consideration of my deserts. I have hitherto been a more or less somnolent inside passenger, and a coachman's seat seems very strange to me. I need all the prayers my friends can spare."

Needless to say Mr. Wilfrid Ward is a keen admirer of Father Ryder, whose guest he frequently was at the Oratory. It was during one of these visits, and when Ryder was listening to his guest's singing, that he was taken ill with his first stroke of paralysis.

It had been his prayer that he might die before age and illness had clouded his mind or impaired his faculties. But God willed otherwise, and his closing years were full of pathos to his friends and of suffering to himself. For six years, indeed, his life was a slow martyrdom, sweetened only by the supernatural help of religion and by the affectionate care of his brother Oratorians. On the 7th of October, 1907, the end came.

It is clearly impossible, in the limits of a single article, to convey a just and adequate idea of a volume so full of interesting matter as that of Mr. Ward. The Essays on Professor Sidgwick, the late Lord Lytton, and Grant Duff, would by themselves need at least one article for their full analysis. With regard to those dealing with Pope Leo XIII., "the Genius of Cardinal Wiseman," and with Cardinals Newman and Manning, I hope to be able to treat them in a future article. Of Wiseman, Mr. Ward, as his biographer, has a special right to speak. The paper in this volume was originally delivered as an address at Ushaw College on the occasion of the Centenary Celebration, in July, 1908.

ON CATHOLIC WRITERS AND THEIR HANDICAPS.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

N the July number of *St. John's Quarterly* (Syracuse, New York), there was an able, animated, rather bitter article by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. Such a strong, melancholy indictment of the Catholic public in our country, and their editors and publishers, coming as it does from one of our most thoughtful pens, challenges attention, and plays upon a great many memories, present problems, and forecasts. For much of what is said in those thorough-going pages about "the appalling indifference of the Catholic crowd," and "the helplessness of the Catholic press," is lamentably true. Much else is largely fallacious. Right protests against existing conditions are based on false premisses. And the generalizations are hasty: the prisoners of war are shot, as it were, in platoons.

The article is entitled: "The Young Catholic Writer." It hinges upon an inquiry supposed to be raised by a young man of excellent dispositions, and of no mercenary spirit. He is quite willing, in Lacordaire's apostolic phrase, to "crucify himself to his pen." But in that world of Catholic interests which he longs to serve, he finds, quickly and convincingly, that he is not wanted. In plain, forth-right speech, not woven altogether of exaggerations, Father Talbot Smith gives us the exegesis of his imaginary correspondent:

> In taking up the art of literary expression, and in giving form to his Catholic emotions and speculations, the young man took it for granted that the Catholic millions in the United States own a press equal to their needs, their numbers, and their importance. He had enough acquaintance with the secular press to know its extent and character. Probably he knew that no human engine has ever served error so well as the printed word, and naturally he supposed that truth would employ it as effectively; therefore, he looked for a battalion of capable weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, perhaps a few dailies, too, and half a hundred

> publishers, all overworked in supplying the demands of 18,000,000 Catholics in the American world. What did he find? Numerous Catholic publications of little consequence; a few eminent magazines; small demand for contributed articles; little or no pay for the same; publishers not many, trying to get books for next to nothing, oftenest for nothing; the writers of the past unknown to fame; the writers of the present without honor or emolument; and among the Catholic millions, high and low, clergy and laity, intellectual and simple, a grand indifference to the Catholic press at home and abroad.

The tacit assumption here is that we Catholics in the United States ought to be, but are not, an intellectual and a zealous body; also that we ought to have, but have not, co-ordination, close-knit clannishness, and a sort of racial faculty for "marchin' forrard in order." Some patience seems called for, even when our alleged eighteen millions are shaved down, for practical purposes, to ten. Of these, many are hard-worked, or foreign, or uninstructed, or isolated from their co-religionists; few are leisurely enough, educated enough, earnest-minded enough, to read anything but the news of the day. The comparatively small class with opportunities and dollars is less, not more, Catholic than the poor. The American Catholic, like the vast bulk of his Protestant compatriots, is in a chronic tearing hurry. People read, if they read at all, only light magazines and vapid novels: and he—well, he is people! He fails to read Catholic books, not because these are Catholic, but because they are likely to stir up serious thoughts, and are by that token a bore. We are all external, superficial, in this brilliant semi-civilization of ours: we fight shy of solid religious literature, not as Catholics but as Americans. Our general line of action in such matters pinches most our own ecclesiastical body, securing oblique and unlovely results. Contemporary domestic promise is exiled, or perishes in the seed; inspirations turn trite and dwindle; and our entire output in the arts (with some very notable exceptions) continues quite imperturbably sixth-rate.

Father Talbot Smith gives us not only hard knocks, but generous reproaches. We, and our neighbors too, thanks to us, are accused of culpable forgetfulness of divers men and women of real worth who have unselfishly labored in the home harvest-fields. But here again his inferences seem to go astray

a bit. George Miles is not less known than he ought to be because he was a Catholic, but because he was a scholarly minor poet: the multitude, even when blessed with the true faith, do not browse on poetry, unless, like Mr. Kipling's, it has plenty of catnip in it. Dr. Gilmary Shea is somewhat overlooked not because he was a Catholic, but because he was an historian; and in no generation is history, except history of great romance, like Froude's or Lamartine's, much run after. Dr. Brownson's star looks dim along the modern horizon not because he was a Catholic, but because he wrote on the deepest subjects which can, but do not, engage the mind of lazy man. Moreover, unlike Coleridge or Pascal, he has no fullness of literary charm, no essence of a master style to embalm and preserve his thoughts for the ages. Father Talbot Smith laments that these good Catholics, dedicated exponents of Catholic themes, are dead and ignored; and he notes that other good Catholics, conspicuously knights-at-large, and by no means always flaunting the denominational badge, are popular, and own a bank-account. He cites Mr. Max Pemberton and our late much-lamented Mr. F. Marion Crawford. Did these gentlemen owe their vogue to some convenient suppression of their Catholic ideals? Far from it: they owe their vogue to the simple but nutritious fact that they wrote fiction. Surely Father Talbot Smith knows that fiction only is what the illiberal general public now wants and pays for? And the plain truth is that it does often read and relish Catholic novelists with a style. It has unaccountably passed over Miss Tincker: but her day will come. It has smiled, to the tune of many editions, for instance, on M. René Bazin, and on Mr. Henry Harland before, and notably since, his death. These craftsmen, open exponents of the ancient faith, are immensely interesting to the world and his wife. Allow that Bazin and Harland are read by more Protestants than Catholics. Is that to be deplored? It all comes to the same desired issue in the end: the diffusion of appetite for things Catholic. Fiction the medium, Catholic authors in the secular field the agents, bring about gradually that mood in which the Boston cabman of Mr. Matthew Arnold's admiration shall sit at his stand reading Newman instead of Herbert Spencer.

Writers, Jew or Gentile, possess, not infrequently, a very great fund of natural reserve. Their business is expression,

with thinking as the sub-structure of expression; they must learn to express themselves clearly, however difficult that game may be to some individuals. A true Catholic's thoughts go far, and of necessity "step grandly out into the infinite," as others need not do. Notably is this true of Catholic poets and literary artists. But a genius like Coventry Patmore, permeated by mystical theology, cannot (nor can Francis Thompson after him) talk like a popular prayer book, in expletives and endearments, of holy things. A Catholic literary beginner, unless he is so fortunate as to have inherited a promiscuous Celtic or Latin fluency, is seldom ready at twenty, nor always ready at thirty, to speak out from his deepest heart. Until he is ready, he will try his hand as any one else might do, and with spontaneous ease and blamelessness, on *nihil ad rem:* he will put forth idyls of October, or perhaps little treatises on the diaphragm of bats. Almost in exact proportion to his genius, or lack of it, will be this instinctive by-play. Meanwhile, if his inward ripening progresses, the time will come when he may dare write down some adoring thought, and even print his words where sympathetic eyes may fall upon them. He has been long and largely silent about religion, as he is silent about all very intimate and personal things.

To veil one's faith from natural shyness of the spirit is one thing; and to hide it from policy is quite another. Yet to hide it from policy is exactly what Father Talbot Smith recommends, in a remarkable passage, to his Young Writer. (One seems to catch all along and between the lines of this singular plea the accent of that worthy economist about to be convicted of larceny in the Paris courts: "*Mais il faut vivre!*" and twined with it, the Judge's charming, cold-blooded answer: "*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.*" Thus, after due consideration, and with no lack of honorable intent, Father Talbot Smith offers his advice.

> Let the young Catholic writer . . . enter the secular arena, write for the multitude, win a place and an income, and use both later on for the cause which lies next his heart. It is regrettable that in adopting this tactic religion must for the time be laid aside. Publishers and their readers of manuscripts have a feeling against writers known to be Catholic, and it takes but a trifle often to decide against a meritorious book. Critics also have the same prejudice. Secular editors

refuse recognition to Catholic writers almost by instinct. The young writer must keep the fact of his faith in the background until he has won his place in public favor. His books must be as indifferent in tone as if an indifferentist wrote them. He must avoid all Catholic gatherings, associations, and movements. His voice should never be heard in protest against French persecution, army vandalism in the Philippines, neglect of the Catholic Indians, and similar matters.

This self-suppression may seem cowardly as well as distasteful. But is it not made necessary by the conditions? The young writer must write, get an audience, hold a publisher, increase in power, influence, and usefulness, if he is to be a writer at all. In the Catholic household he can get none of these things. There is but a shadow of a Catholic press, which does not require his services; the Catholic publishers can do nothing for him, because they have slight relationships with the Catholic body; the grand majority of Catholic readers will not read his books; *but they will read them when the secular world has recognized his work and paid for it.** . . . Catholic authors are not bound to write books for people who do not read them. Let our young writer conceal his faith for a time from publishers and public, shut off all expression of it in his books, and win his place as a "nothingarian." This may sound like irony. That does not hinder it from being the soundest sense. It is the conditions that are ironical, ridiculous, since they force a capable writer to empty his faith from his writings in order to get the regard of the very people who profess that faith. But anything is possible in our conditions, and the ridiculous seems to be the grass of some American conditions. . . . The young Catholic writer to whom this advice is being given would know how to use his opportunity when it came. Secure of his public, who care nothing about the faith of the man who pleases them, indifferent to the hostility of publishers' readers, sure of the critics because his publisher advertises largely, strong in friends among the journalists and clubs, at home and abroad, he would be at last free to express, like Huysmans, the inmost emotions of a religious nature, and to send out Catholic books of artistic worth. He could appear before Catholic colleges and societies, in the parlors of the Catholic élite, and lecture on the proper topics; he might even gather together the obscure writers of the Catholic scribbling, editing, and printing circle, honor them with the right hand of fellowship, de-

* Italics in original text.

scribe his method and his experience, and call to them the attention of the bishops, clergy, and laity who have not the honor of their acquaintance. His name might help to build up the Catholic Press. He could afford to write for charity, and could send out a syndicate letter at intervals to be printed in all the Catholic journals. He would have the entrée into all the leading Catholic publications at the usual rates, and his name would help their subscription list. On all Catholic questions of moment he would be consulted by the secular press, which always looks to the stars for direction in educating the people.

What acrobatic ethics are these, of de-Catholicizing and re-Catholicizing? Many are the occasions, in magazines and elsewhere, when it would be absurd for a Catholic to parade his creed. But pass as a "nothingarian" he cannot. We live in a day of feverish moral wakefulness: every cult and quasi-cult on earth has its voluble recruits and flapping guidons, overheard and overseen at odd moments in the most unexpected places. Amid this scrimmage of the raw, the untried, the partial, the ignorant, the fantastic, there is always room for that ancient watchword, and that unmistakable oriflamme, of "JHESU MARIA!" and if it be not forthcoming, everybody knows by instinct the man who ought to utter or to carry it. Fifty years ago the most genteel of sects was non-sectarianism; but non-sectarianism, in this psychic twentieth century, is "noe Religion for a Gentilman." We have learned not only to live and let live, but even to like idiosyncracies and contrarieties. The thing which this cynical planet now respects most and enjoys most, is the individual with a label. Few humanists could better the morality of Mr. Gilbert's operatic stave:

"Whatever you are, be that;
Whatever you say, say true!
Straightforwardly act:
In fact,
Be nobody else but you!"

But if the Young Writer wishes, like the poor puppy on the long weary journey taken all by himself in the baggage-car, to eat his label, and to become a citizen at large, traveling towards

no known destination, he is going to have a hard time of it. His wits, which should be employed on their proper work at his desk, will be terribly taxed with divers metaphysical problems. For instance, "he must avoid all Catholic gatherings": this is singularly pleasant advice to most scribblers, who have preferred ere now to herd alone, and to develop the most cruel spite against confraternity picnics. Unfortunately, Sunday Mass itself is a "Catholic gathering," and quite often a hot, ill-ventilated, crowded, inelegant one! It is obvious that Father Talbot Smith does not intend any deduction from his words such as might be drawn in this instance. But think of the quandary in the mind of a very literal literary lamb! In fact, the business bristles with practical difficulties. How is one, for the time being, to seem a little less Catholic without being so? Where letter and spirit are absolutely inblended, who can safely negotiate that brief duration and small subtraction? Who can feel sure that his integrity has not been touched thereby to the quick? There is a beautiful new plastic material with a misleading name: marble cement. In working it, coloring and moulding are virtually one process; it takes its hue throughout before it hardens, and cannot take it at all afterwards, as other surfaces do. To attempt to modify the red or the green of a marble cement bas-relief is therefore to ruin it, and miss your object as well. There are some analogies here for the baptized children of the Great Mother. To minimize, without some reason of duty or charity, the manifestation of one's religion shows, no doubt, an accommodating spirit, but, much more surely, it shows sheer helpless ill-breeding. To conceal one's religion of malice prepense, and try to look blank over it, like Laban's daughter sitting on the images in the tent, is, at best, dismally silly. Let the Young Writer, if he be not open to deeper arguments, ponder on the uninteresting nature of his manœuvres.

Our literary production, such as it is, does deserve a far better market, as our Bishops are always saying. But one's thoughts go leaping past that desirability, to some final Utopia where Catholics might bear themselves so ably and uncompromisingly and perseveringly in the cosmic world of letters, that special publishers, or a special press, except for our little ones, need hardly exist. To leaven the American mass is, after all, their ideal: it will scarcely get done by means of too much

tribal seclusion. That has never been the policy of "imperial thinkers." So far, so good. The trouble with Father Talbot Smith's selfish explorer is that he will profit absolutely nothing either those among whom he sojourns, nor those to whom, in time, he chooses to return. He has been so busy in making a living, that, in the words of a noble publicist now dead, he has missed making a life. Suppose the dramatic attitude recommended has been quite successfully struck for a year, or for a number of years, and that the Young Writer has triumphantly passed for what he is not. What then? For so merry a dance on the village green, is there in truth no ghostly piper to pay? no smirch and wryness and decay fastened upon character by deliberate insincerity? Is mental obliquity so easily redeemed? does the spring, the resiliency of human nature, remain so unimpaired after compression and disuse, that the youth who washed his hands of his holiest associations, and became a sorry separatist for a consideration, is free to arise at forty as a sudden tower of strength to the Catholicism of his country? I trow not. The worst of making a god of "Getting On" is that it is such a desperately tanglefoot business. Snarled up with it once is to stick in it for good; and, ten to one, there shall be no other gods before you for evermore, than that grinning idol which you once set up as a temporary makeshift. Convenience, expediency, is well enough in the application of principles, but it is the very devil in the place of principle. Consciences have a sorry trick of becoming atrophied. When it seems agreeable to avow one's suppressed convictions, the power to do so effectively is clean gone. Spiritual death has somehow intervened. The Young Writer's one little trick will have been the end of soundness in his moral nature, and it will infallibly be the end of soundness in his art. Says Ruskin in his earnest way: "No right style was ever founded save out of a sincere heart." It is a vexatious fact, and a long-established one, that conduct and craftsmanship will insist on meddling so with each other!

Father Talbot Smith is not blind to the possible consequences and corollaries of his followed-out counsel. He even queries the likelihood of a full recovery of influence after the course of secrecy pursued, but fortifies himself and the Young Writer by citing the well-known instances of M. Bourget and

M. Coppée, men who won their spurs as agnostics or latitudinarians, and afterwards stood forth efficiently as confessed Catholics, most helpful to the brow-beaten Church of contemporary France. Unluckily, this deduction, too, has nothing to stand on. MM. Bourget and Coppée were indeed born of Catholic parents, but they fell away almost in infancy from any and every Christian practice, and sloughed off all that as so much hindrance, discomfort, bother, foolishness, and what not: so that throughout their literary careers they are not to be considered as victorious jailers of the faith that was in them, but as settled pagans, expressing only their unhampered art. Later, the grace of God found them both, as it has found so many notable French wits of our generation. Poet and novelist both responded promptly and loyally, and turned away from their admired toys, from "those gay things that are not Thine." The public which had sustained them in earlier vanities saw them pledge their practical services to the cause of Christ's Kingdom. There is no duplicity of any kind in their story, nor in Huysmans', no wilful lying low and pre-arranged popping up again, such as may seem feasible to dreaming neophytes who might be influenced by this article in *St. John's Quarterly*.

The moment for the Young Writer's despair of succeeding as a Catholic is singularly ill-chosen. In the English-speaking world his prospects (those precious prospects!) should be singularly bright. The tone of our lesser American Catholic publications is coming up visibly; and with the tone, let us hope, the pay. The new reviews and other cognate enterprises and foundations are of the best. Secular magazines, notably those published in England, are more hospitable than ever before to our scholars and apologists. Most significant of all, those non-Catholics who are pleased to occupy themselves with the direct or indirect defence of Catholic ideals, are everywhere bought and read. Dr. Gairdner is waging a mighty war, not against but for us, all along the historical horizons of the Reformation; Mr. Lang, in the grace of his skirmishing surmise and cutting insight, is emphatically our ally; Mr. Chesterton is engagingly presenting the Church to the world as the most romantically endearing of its paradoxes; Mr. Mallock (as nakedly logical a genius as his long-dead uncle, Newman's beloved Hurrell Froude), is taking care of our cause

in the teeth of socialism and other fallacies; and the Rev. Spencer Jones is putting in the best eirenic work of its kind ever planned by any man speaking our tongue, in building up what the Holy Father calls "a union of minds in truth, and of hearts in charity." Truly, Catholicism is being well-received, as we say!

The sober truth is, that there will be very soon, at this rate, such a public, such a press, that the Young Writer may reasonably fear that he cannot keep pace with them. What they will infallibly require of him is quality, quality, and yet again quality. Let that neglected genius, with his little provincial grievances, tighten his string and heighten his spring-board. He is needed, he is looked for, he will be crowned and feasted; but his running high jump must first be a record-breaker. Perhaps there are in our country too many Young Writers for the rather unliterary situation. Some weeding might be desirable. Writing is something more than a pastime or even a profession: it is a terribly responsible vocation, and should have its dissuasive or corroborative noviciates, slow, severe, with endless fasts, vigils, and penances, and confession of faults in chapter. Much failure due to hopeless mediocrity has been looked upon, in parochial circles, as martyrdom imposed upon budding talent plus virtue. Many are our would-be celebrities, many the boastings which have buzzed around them. Fewer pens, and better, would perhaps cheer things along. It is not we Catholics of vast America who are manning the yards nor driving the engines of our own great new venture, the Encyclopedia. We cannot blink the fact that we have hardly any trained craftsmen in prose, or verse, and not many learned specialists. Our highlands have no peaks: but, wait! We are only at the end of our glacial period: the peaks are already grumbling and rising.

The remedy for our too low intellectual status in this country lies in our own hands. One obvious way of inoculating the acknowledged sluggishness of our unawakened multitudes is even now quietly being tried in several high quarters, and is bound to have immense results. It is to amalgamate as closely as circumstances will permit, amalgamate organically and commercially, with those brethren of ours over sea whose language and laws we share: the Catholics of Great Britain. Doubtless it may require some humility on our part to perceive and admit how un-

conscionably far ahead of us they are, all along the line. Very desirable for ourselves would it be to acquire such standards, such traditions, such leaderships, such general ethical intelligence. They also have another asset worth all these. No American priest or layman who has ever lived with them, known them at home, will gainsay it that they can teach us something of simplicity and loyalty; of fearless thoroughness in the practice of our common religion, and passionate enthusiasm for it. They write as they do because they live as they do. Their progress is greater than ours, because they are a more spiritual society. When will our men, especially our young men of the Universities and the professions, generate among our eighteen millions aforesaid a Catholic spirit equal to theirs in England? We shall hear no more in that day of subterfuges recommended to the Young Writer and imagined as sadly necessary.

Meanwhile, if Catholics, now and here, in the secular world, are indeed "shut off from the ordinary privileges," and if the cold shoulder is habitually given to professedly Catholic books in the great reviews, the reform of such conditions, again, depends solely upon ourselves. Consider: what should *The Nation*, for instance, do with some little new Life of Saint Aloysius, save sputter and eye it darkly? The reviews of the United States are not conspicuously religious-minded, since their average reader is not so. And even where they are religious-minded, let it be confessed that we Papists are horned fish to handle. Some of us exact that everybody must not only respect, but read, our "little language," and accept as a commonplace of modern life our very arcana. Why should some nice, comfortable, mundane clientèle be expected to swallow off-hand the disturbing, ruthless supernaturalism, or the dogmatic caviare of Catholicism. Such a demand is nothing short of potential tyranny. "Let the Young Catholic Writer enter the secular arena," by all means. Let him, in Crashaw's phrase, "strike for the pure intelligential prey," and see to what heights, professing to be just what he is, he can rise. Let him make of himself the strongest bridge he can, to connect his own castellated lands with the smoky cities beyond Jordan. In the day when a cultivated reviewer, who is also a genuine Catholic, comes as by right to the editorial synods of *The Nation*, and when the Catholic public subscribe in their

thousands for that best of our national weeklies—in that day even the pious new Life of Saint Aloysius will get its dues. If it, being a worthy piece of hagiology, would lack those dues now, is that because *The Nation* is a hog? Surely not: is it not obvious that the book would be wholly irrelevant in that atmosphere? Great books, as we know, have a rude fashion of forcing their way everywhere. Middle-class books, the overwhelming majority, must run their chances; and if the ethos of these be also distinctively Catholic, they must not, in fairness, look for such a welcome as they might get if ours were a country Catholic from shore to shore. What we want from our writers is a harvest of great books: productions so lofty and masterful that there can be no debate about their reception. As no one of us has yet produced a really great book, it is, perhaps, too soon to complain of the cold world's chilling blight. Moreover, we cannot, in any case, sweat quite as hard as others do, to please the cold world aforesaid: for, after all, we do play, as Father Talbot Smith more than once indicates, a handicapped game. So long as we are a Peculiar People, stick-in-the-muds, irreconcilables, symbolists, with weird codes and signals and awkward souls to save, who shall blame extremists among our creedless neighbors that they prefer us when we have doffed our war-bonnets, and look "nothingarian"? The Young Writer must quite accept, as part of his future campaign, the ultimate and essential estrangement between the faith and the world. "For if ye had been of this world, the world would love its own." We all know Who said that.

CATHOLICISM IN THE CRUCIBLE

BY ALÆXANDER MERCIER, O.P.

IN taking up again the objections* urged against the Church, we find that: "Professor Browne teaches that the deepest source of religious error has been the false naturalism and the false supernaturalism which have led to looking for God only in manifestations outside of the order of natural law."

I am not very far from agreeing with the learned professor on this point. But I say that the Catholic Church never incurred the blame expressed in the sentence just quoted from him. She acknowledges two ways of looking for God; the order of the natural law, that leads to the God of nature, and the order of the manifestations outside and above the natural law, that leads to the God of the supernatural. The God of nature and the God of the supernatural is one and the same God; but the Catholic Church believes that God—after creating the universe and especially man, after impressing upon the natural being of the latter some image of His perfection—wished to unite Himself to man, and to fit man for a divine and infinite happiness; this is what we call the supernatural. Thus the Creator, the God of nature, has become also the God of the supernatural.

For the very reason that the Catholic Church warns us against false naturalism and false supernaturalism, that is, against a confusion of the two orders, she teaches that the God of the supernatural must be looked for, and can be found only in manifestations outside of the order of natural law. Admitting the supernatural either as a fact or as an hypothesis, this teaching must follow as a necessary conclusion. It involves the belief in the interference by God, in the world, in human affairs, which is one of the most fundamental beliefs of Christianity.

Yet we are told that "there is probably not an eminent

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October.

philosopher in America who believes that an external God ever interfered in human and natural affairs. All the teachings of Christianity in this respect are repudiated as belittling man and making him the puppet and dependent of an irresponsible Deity."

The appeal to philosophers rather than to history shows the real reason of this disbelief in God's positive interference in the world. The facts are not even investigated. The facts are denied *a priori;* they are neither examined nor discussed. Catholic teaching recognizes that the laws of nature are supreme in their own sphere; that they rule cosmic phenomena. God is their first cause, the underlying principle that keeps everything in existence and motion. But His action is not discernible from the operations of nature. In this way we fully agree with the professors who, throughout the United States, teach that God is never absent.

But if we suppose that to human affairs God wishes to add, to graft, a new, a divine order of things; such action will require a new interference on His part in the world which will be different from His Omnipresence and universal action as Creator. The Catholic Church believes that God established such a divine order of things among men, and that God did so, not to belittle man and make him the puppet and dependent of an irresponsible Deity, but to raise him gratuitously to a real divine destiny. Because of this most gratuitous munificence of God, it belongs to no man to define anything "regarding the activity of God in certain places and at certain times." It is a matter of fact, which ought to be investigated with fairness and sincerity like other historic problems.

On the other hand, if this activity of God recorded by the sacred books is supernatural and miraculous, we wonder how its comparative scarcity, its limitation to places and times, may be objected to, by men who are so strongly opposed to any and all things miraculous. For, who does not see that if God wished to establish the supernatural order on earth, in such a way as to alter the natural order to the least extent, He had to select certain places and times for such supernatural activity? It was sufficient for the Divine purpose that the record of these miraculous facts should be transmitted, like other historical facts, to the knowledge of mankind in all places and at all times.

The selection of a definite place and time when the supernatural would make its appearance, depended entirely upon the free-will of God. Yet there is nothing contradictory to the dogmas of faith in admitting that the preference was given by God to places and epochs which were naturally best adapted to this purpose; for instance, the most central in space and time, etc. It was an old thesis that the history of the ancient world had been supernaturally prearranged by the special action of God so as duly to prepare the world for the divine Advent. This view is still held by some strong-minded and renowned scholars. Yet, in the Catholic Church, it is not considered at all as a dogma of faith. The opposite view may also be held—that God, after allowing the destinies of nations to follow the natural course of things, selected for the manifestation of the "mystery which had been hid from ages and from generations" (Col. i. 26) the most appropriate time in history. Nor is it a dogma of our faith that God supernaturally interfered in the rise and fall of ancient cities and empires. The words of the Holy Scripture remain true from the point of view of Catholic orthodoxy, if, on the one hand, God is the first cause of the natural laws, so that their results are ultimately traceable to Him; and if, on the other hand, He had the power and liberty of interfering to avert changes, calamities, catastrophes, such as marked the history of nations. The statement, therefore, of Professor W. H. Lough cannot be proved, "that no ancient cities owed their fall, as sacred records tell, to an abandonment of God's tutelary care."

We know that, in the language of the Holy Scriptures, many facts and events are attributed to the divine Providence, simply because God, being able to prevent them miraculously and supernaturally, did not think it good to do so. Professor Lough could not adduce any proof (for the case he alluded to) against the belief that, but for their lack of "pious inhabitants," Sodom and Gomorrah would have been supernaturally saved by God from the devastating fire and brimstone, from the effects of the volcanic eruption, which, according to the natural laws, were to destroy the doomed cities. This is again a matter of fact, which can be known only by divine revelation, the affirmation or negation of which is beyond the range of any human science.

Catholic teaching, well understood, never implied the belief "that the Deity can be turned from His purpose by prayer." But it does teach that, since God came down to man, God would have man pray to Him, converse with Him.

God at times wills that the events which were to happen according to the natural course of things, according to the rules of His general Providence, should yield place to others which will happen by His supernatural interference. In this there is no turning of the Deity from His purpose. It is but the necessary subordination of one order to the other, of the natural to the supernatural. The prayer which obtains and brings about such facts was foreseen and prepared from all eternity, as one of the necessary causes of what was to happen in time.

To sum up, in accordance with Catholic teaching, an event may be, and is, attributed to God's positive and supernatural interference in two ways: either directly, because God acted outside the laws of nature; or indirectly, because God refused, stopped, suspended His supernatural intervention, leaving to their free course the natural laws and agencies. We wish to employ this distinction, in answering the criticism of some of the teachers in the colleges against the doctrine of the Church concerning evil. "The teaching of the most advanced philosophers is that the Church's proclaiming that suffering is sent into the world to satisfy divine purposes and to chasten and to purify the souls of men is monstrous." In the meaning aimed at by this particular professor, this statement is not a dogma of the Catholic faith. Faith teaches that God raised man to a state which excluded, by virtue of a special, supernatural favor, all natural evils and sufferings, and that this state having been forfeited, mankind became the prey of all the evils and sufferings to which it is liable from the laws of nature. Such teaching means that God denied to man, because of man's unwillingness, those supernatural gifts which would have averted these evils; and the evils being thus permitted, or not prevented, are made serviceable to divine purposes, to the chastening and purifying of human souls. There is nothing monstrous in this doctrine.

Among the sacred things which have been conspicuously assailed by some of these college professors, are the Ten Commandments. "The professors deny the authority of Sinai in the matter of morals." Professor Giddings does not believe in

"a miraculously obtained moral code." "It is deemed far more valuable to a student to believe that the laws of the moral world are not handed down from the dead past, but that they perpetually unfold in the life and consciousness of the race."

The Catholic Church does not trace the moral law to Sinai. She is most positive in asserting the existence of a natural, moral law which "unfolds in the life and consciousness of the human race." This law ruled mankind many centuries before Sinai. The Ten Commandments, according to Catholic theology, are the most obvious dictates of the natural law, which were endorsed and promulgated by Jehovah when He concluded a covenant with Israel.

All dictates of the natural law have become clauses of the new and universal covenant, by which God has made Himself the Father, the Friend, the last end, and the happiness of man. Man must observe the moral law of his nature; this is the first step in the attainment of the high destiny to which he is called. In order to be raised to a participation in God's life and beatitude, man must, first of all, be without blame, as far as in him lies. Hence the laws of nature in the moral order have become divine and supernatural laws. Yet they do not owe to the supernatural either their existence or their intrinsic and essential value. They would exist, even if God had never spoken, nor revealed Himself to mankind. But because they have been supernaturally promulgated and endorsed by God, they possess an additional divine value.

I hardly need to insist on the evident fact that such raising of human morals to a divine value does not imperil nor lessen their natural value. Thus, even from his own point of view, Professor Edward A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, has no need to fear from the Catholic dogma about morals and morality the inconvenience he points out that, "albeit beliefs are associated with many of the means of control, a type of restraint, when it gets inextricably entangled with a particular cosmology or theology, when it rests squarely upon some dogma, such as the Last Judgment, or the Divine Fatherhood, or the Unseen Friend, must be regarded askance, however transcendant its services. Either the dogma collapses, and with it the restraint built upon it, leaving the last state of the man worse than the first, or else the dogma, obstinately

protected, becomes a stumbling-block to enlightenment, a barrier to progress, a shelter to superstition, and an offense to that intellectual honesty and sincerity which is one of the most precious impulses of man. Moral incentives should be anchored to lasting granite, such as human nature or the immutable conditions of associations, not to masses of dogma which the first thaw-wind of doubt will melt."

The thought of the eminent professor is rather complex, yet I shall use some of his expressions to show that, according to Catholic doctrine, natural morals are in no way entangled either with a particular cosmogony, or with any revealed dogma. It is the raising of human ethics to a supernatural and divine dignity and importance that is inextricably entangled with the fundamental dogma of God's union with man. This dogma gives additional incentives for doing good and avoiding evil, but it leaves intact the ones which are "anchored on human nature, or the immutable conditions of association." These professors are at full liberty to assert the latter, and to lay stress on them. The Catholic theologians will follow and back their endeavor, as they preceded it long before there were any non-Catholic universities and collegemen; for it is noteworthy, that centuries ago the most renowned among Catholic theologians used to compose treatises on ethics in the form of commentaries on Aristotle's work, in which no mention occurs of the revealed dogmas.

The scope of the Christian religion is the divine life begun in a sort of embryonic state on earth to evolve hereafter and become eternal life and infinite happiness. The living up to the moral law is one of the requisites for preserving this divine life, but it is not the only one. I need hardly mention the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity. None of these seems to be questioned except faith, and the object of faith is looked upon as useless dogma. Yet in the hypothesis of the supernatural fact, which we have so many times formulated, faith is far from being an idle and useless thing; it is an intrinsic necessity. For how will man play his part in this free association of mutual love, between God and himself, if he does not know that the possibility of such a love exists? Or, to use almost the very words of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the man who strives to come near to God, to please Him, who seeks Him,

must needs know that there is such a God, Who is pleased by being thus sought, and Who welcomes the seeker.

This is the supernatural fact in its most general formula. Now this fact, its existence, its extent, form, conditions, etc., can only be known by divine revelation and held by divine faith. The dreaming of a religion without dogmas, and faith, is the ignoring of one of the main essentials of any religion at all. The object of religion is not only the worship of the Supreme Being: it is also the sanctification of man. The Catholic Church believes that the supernatural life, the life of grace, which is imparted to the human soul, and gives that soul the power to share in the operations of the life of God in Himself (obscurely on earth, but with clear vision hereafter), is a real life, as real as the natural life of the body, and that it is imparted and increased by a positive action of God.

It is this part of religion that necessarily implies rites and ceremonies and Sacraments. None of the rites and ceremonies with which the Catholic Church professes to be intrusted by Christ is a mere act of worship.

The Catholic Church believes and teaches that the chief intent of Christianity is the infusing into human souls of a life real and divine. This is wrought by God's invisible action, and yet it requires acceptance and co-operation on the part of man. Hence the necessity of some signs agreed upon, exchanged between God and man, by which God notifies man that He is imparting to him the supernatural life, and man expresses his acceptance, his longing for, the divine gift, the divine sonship, and the alliance of mutual love which is offered to him by his God. Now, unless we suppose an infinite multiplication of miracles, there is no other practical way of meeting that necessity, but the permanent institution by God of some rites, with the promise of communicating His divine life every time they will be duly performed; and the voluntary use of which, by man, will mean his free acceptance of this divine life. Thus the multitudes of people the professors are speaking of, may, without regarding God as "a stickler for etiquette," believe that some external rite or ceremony is a necessary condition for salvation, and that only certain persons may perform the rite or the ceremony. If salvation means birth, a rebirth into a real and divine life, and personal ac-

ceptance of this upon the part of the individual; morever, if religion on earth is to be at all a social and public fact, then all the whole ritual and all the ceremonial practices of the Catholic Church follow as a logical consequence.

I think that the foregoing explanations sufficiently fulfill our purpose. It was not our intent to answer all the statements attributed to the college professors which conflict with the Catholic faith; many of these statements are absolutely gratuitous, or do not amount to more than merely personal opinions. Those were selected which seemed to afford some foundation to the accusations brought against the Church of being "one of the leading obstacles in the way of man's spiritual unfolding."

To put Catholicism in its true light, we have defended it systematically and carefully on its own ground—the supernatural ground. I know that the supernatural is denied more often than any other truth to-day. But why? The supernatural is a contingent fact, which can only be known, like other contingent facts, by experimental verification. Catholic teaching speaks of many supernatural phenomena, which prove the presence of the really divine among men. The attitude of those who refuse to accept it is a contemptuous *a priorism*, the flat denial of the possibility of such phenomena, the refusal to verify, or discuss even their possible existence.

Yet, would any one who admitted the existence of a personal God endowed with intelligence, free-will, doubt that this God can and may come down to man, and raise man to Himself?

The most fundamental divergence of view between the Catholic dogma concerning the supernatural order, its possibility and its actual existence, and the opposite theories suggested by these critics, is reducible to a divergence regarding the very idea of God. Christianity takes as the very foundation of its creed, the belief in God Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth: that is to say, First Cause, First Maker of the visible or invisible creation; distinct from His work, in some way opposite to it, as the active is opposite to the passive, the cause to the effect; the belief in a God Who is a personal God, possessing His own individuality, intelligent and free, altogether different from the individuality of any creature.

These critics, on the contrary, conceive God as identical with the world, especially with mankind. They teach that "God is the soul of man." They mean the natural soul, of course. "The constant, vital, eternal soul of the race."

The way which leads to the pronouncement of such wild, chaotic notions is the denial of the first principles of human reason; of those principles which are, were, and will be universally admitted, and appealed to in the practical life; which never failed to be confirmed by experience, the disregard of which, on the ground of practice and life, would mean destruction and suicide.

Let the professors, if they will, in speculative mood, doubt these principles; fancifully build upon this denial philosophic systems, and apply them recklessly to even the most sacred and the most vital concerns of life. But I wonder if their conscience, their professional sense of duty, absolve them when they take advantage of their high standing, of their influence, and, without weighing the result, offer mere empty hypotheses to the young men and women entrusted to their care. Will their conscience absolve them when they rob their pupils of the best gifts of time and eternity, and lead their hearers away from the divine destiny and happiness for which we were all created?

(THE END.)

THE INTELLECTUAL CLAIMS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., F.R.S.

ANY great structure, natural or artificial—a great mountain or a great cathedral—can be looked at from a number of different standpoints, and the greater and the more wonderful the object is, the greater the number of points from which it can be viewed.

Now, even the most bigoted of our opponents will hardly deny that, whatever else it may be, the Catholic Church is a great, a significant, an unescapable fact—one of the greatest facts that history has ever known.

Nor would it be easy to exhaust the number of points of view from which it is possible to contemplate that great and significant institution, the Catholic Church.

For instance, to many of us, and especially to those who have arrived at or passed the middle age, the Church stands prominently out as a consoler and helper in times of trouble. Few, indeed, have reached the *mezzo del cammin di nostra vita* without having experienced the need of that help and sympathy which the Church is so well able to extend in the hour of stress and tribulation. Those who were near and dear to us are called away; friends become estranged; children disappoint; the Church is ready to pour balm into the wounds of the spirit. Misfortune and ill-health dog the footsteps; the Church is there to point to a better world, where God will wipe the tears from every eye. She is there, too, to promise that when we also are called to pass *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem*, she will unceasingly pray to God for us that He may give us the entry to that place of refreshment, light, and peace for which every tired spirit longs.

From this point of view, few of us Catholics advance any very great distance along the pathway of life without finding

abundant reason for crying out: "Thank God for our Holy Faith."

The universality of our Church is another feature which must often have been pressed home to those who have journeyed outside their own country. It is, of course, the *Catholic* Church, but this cannot fully be appreciated until one has visited other lands, where, though a stranger, one has found oneself always at home in the nearest Catholic Church. I think I may be permitted to give a remarkable instance of this Catholicity, which impressed itself very greatly upon my mind no later than the summer just past. It was my lot to make a journey with a party of over one hundred individuals, all representing different denominations. A wit once remarked that England was the possessor of one hundred different religions, though of only one sauce. The number of religions has more than doubled since he wrote, and perhaps the number of sauces may have also. At any rate it was not possible for our party to include members of all the varied faiths, of which a list may be found in Whittaker's Almanac. But we had ministers and laymen of most of the important denominations, and amongst them were a Catholic Bishop, some priests, and two laymen.

We returned from our journeyings on one of the magnificent vessels of the Nord Deutscher Lloyd Company, and it was also carrying somewhere about two hundred and fifty Polish emigrants to America.

It was impossible to look at them without thinking of the multitudes of our own Catholic Irish men and women who annually leave our shores for that new land beyond the Atlantic. Like most of our own emigrants these Poles were Catholics, and as they spoke no tongue but their own, it was wholly impossible to speak to them or to preach to them or to communicate with them in any way. One of the priests of our party offered Mass on the Sunday morning for these poor Poles, and no one who was present could doubt that they fully understood and most fervently assisted in what was being done, for their devotion and the manner in which they followed the Mass were the edification and the admiration not merely of the Catholics but also of the numerous Protestants who were present at the celebration. In fact, in the course of the afternoon, a distinguished Protestant minister, who had been pres-

ent at the Mass, remarked to me: "We had a grand example of the universality of your Church this morning, and we have been saying to one another that no others but you could have done anything in the way of affording any religious help to those poor Poles." Our Church is everywhere in the world, and what is a great deal more it is everywhere the same, and is available for all its children, however different their colors or tongues or opinions. And so the wanderer and the cosmopolite may also join in the pæan of praise and cry: "Thank God for our Holy Faith."

Again, if we keep our eyes open and observe what is to be seen in our churches, as far as I know all the world over, and compare it with what is to be seen in the churches of other denominations, we can scarcely help being impressed with the fact that our Church is, in a very special—even unique—manner, the Church of the poor and the ignorant; for the poor, there is no manner of doubt of that, *we* have always with us.

When one considers this feature, one must take into account the fact that a true religion would naturally be one which would meet the needs and suit the capacities of the poor, the ignorant, the simple, since such persons form the majority of the inhabitants of the civilized—to say nothing of the uncivilized—world.

The poor, who find in the Church the one streak of gold in an otherwise rather drab-colored world, will certainly join their voices with those who cry: "Thank God for our Holy Faith!"

But because our religion is one which is suited to the simple needs of the poor and the ignorant, because it is capable of being comprehended by them in all its essentials, and of being their guide and mainstay during life, it is, therefore, sometimes assumed, and even proclaimed, that it is only a religion fit for the poor and for the ignorant, and quite unworthy of the serious consideration, even for a passing moment, of really intelligent and educated persons.

Such is the verdict, and that not merely of that most objectionable of creatures, the "superior person," but of many others who have been contented to take their information at second-hand—as, unfortunately, so many do—and have never troubled to examine the real facts of the case for themselves.

One has even heard our Holy Faith derided as a "a servants' religion," and that, too, by people whose intellectual attainments were not up to the level of those of a child in the seventh standard.

I need not say that I am not going to waste my readers' time by refuting absurdities of this sort, uttered, as I think I shall be able to show, by those who have exceedingly little knowledge of the subject with which they are pretending to deal. But I do want to emphasize one thing. Perhaps it may not be a very popular thing to say, but the popular things are not always the most necessary or useful. And it certainly, in my opinion at least, wants saying. I mean that we Catholics—lay Catholics, of course, for I am not going to attempt the popular *rôle* of critic of the clergy—even decently well-educated lay Catholics, do not know anything worth speaking of concerning the intellectual treasure of which the Church has been the mother and the keeper. In fact, I entertain a kind of suspicion that some of us have an uneasy sort of feeling that, perhaps these foolish and ignorant critics are right, and the Church has fewer claims on the intellect than she has upon the heart. We forget, or perhaps we have never known, that the Church has been the mother, and in very many cases the fondly loved mother, of more great writers and of more discoverers in all branches of discovery than have all the other religions of the world put together. I have not here the space to justify this statement, as I might do, but I refer my readers to the works of Dr. James J. Walsh, who has devoted himself to the elucidation of this point; works which should be in every Catholic library in the world.

We Catholics are, so it seems to me, rather too ready to take our religion, as we do the sun and the moon, and the wind on the heath, and other pleasant and obvious things, as a matter of course, and to bestow but little time or interest upon the very remarkable intellectual splendors which it is ready and able to lavish upon us if we will but ask for them.

Amongst the persons and subjects of whom Catholics are often very ignorant are those much-abused worthies, the "schoolmen," or scholastic philosophers, the butts and *opprobria* of generation after generation of sciolists, now passed or passing away. I remember when I was a boy that one used to read

and to be told that the schoolmen spent their time in discussing such problems as that of the number of angels who could dance upon the point of a needle. Moreover, it was said that people were so misguided as to maintain them, in what is sometimes pictured as a state of bloated luxury, as a reward for pursuing these and other like questions. Now, I confess that, in my ignorance, I am not able to say whether any schoolman ever did discuss the question alluded to above Those who belittle it are, however, themselves the ignoramuses, since, far from being merely a ridiculous terpsichorean enigma, it is underlain by a philosophical problem of great interest and profundity. What I do want to point out is that even if this and other like problems were discussed, and they may have been; and even if they were ridiculous, which I wholly dispute; they formed but a very small percentage of the important points which came under the consideration of the so-called schoolmen, and constituted the bulk of the enormous number of volumes which they gave to the world. And in this connection I would like to draw a little parallel.

I suppose that most persons will have heard of such a thing as the Fourth Dimension; probably there are many of my readers who understand that matter far more fully, and could explain it far more clearly, than the very unmathematically-minded individual who writes this. But as I must essay the task, in order to make my point, I must first remind you that we ourselves are cognizant of three, and only of three, dimensions of space. But with that cognizance, it is at least possible for us to conceive of beings living in what has been called Flatland, who would be only cognizant of two dimensions of space. Let us imagine that any one of us was placed inside a low closed ring—let us say a flat india-rubber ring—together with a Flatlander, who knew nothing of such a dimension as height. To occupy the time, which might hang rather heavy on our hands in company with a person of such mental limitations, we might occupy ourselves by alternatively jumping out of the ambit of the ring and jumping in again. What would be the result? Every time that we jumped we should disappear from the cognizance of our Flatlander to reappear again as we reached the surface of the land within or without the ring. In other words, we should appear and disappear like some uncanny kind of ghost, and, no doubt, our companion

would be exceedingly uneasy in his mind as to the kind of thing with which he had been brought into contact. With a very slight effort of the imagination we can make this rough and admittedly, in some respects, inaccurate picture for ourselves; but it is a little more difficult to conceive what would happen if there were a Fourth Dimension. A person of Fourth-Dimensional capacities would be just as stupefying to us as we should be to the Flatlander. We could astonish our Two-Dimensional friend by turning the flat rubber band inside out, which he could not do for want of the Third Dimension. But the Fourth-Dimensional person could equally astonish us by turning a tennis-ball inside out without making any hole in its wall, or, indeed, without making any solution of continuity in its surface.

"But," you may ask, perhaps rubbing your eyes a bit, "is there any such thing as a Fourth Dimension in which such wonderful things can happen?" To which I can only reply that no one may say that there is not, nor, most certainly, may any one say that there is. All that one may say is that such a thing has never been called into account for any physical fact by any physicist. Nevertheless there is, so I am told, quite a considerable mathematical literature about this Fourth Dimension. "What," you will ask, "a serious mathematical literature about a thing which may not exist; a thing which is certainly not capable of being apprehended by any of our senses?" Unquestionably there is. I applied to a friend, who is as kind as he is learned, and as learned as he is kind, and he not only informs me of this, but he adds: "What the mathematician does on the subject is, I think, this. He takes symbols, subject to certain laws of combination, transposition, and so on. Then he deduces the logical consequences. The geometrical interpretation is not, I think, a logical consequence, only a conceivable interpretation, and from analogy. You put your symbols into the mathematical machine—I suppose the mind—you turn the handle, and certain arrangements of the symbols emerge. These symbols need not relate to anything existing outside the mind, and so it is possible to mathematicize about things not appreciable by the senses, unless you say that the symbols are the things reasoned about."

And now I think I can almost hear some sapient person remarking to his better-informed friend: "Just look at those

silly mathematicians! spending their time in abstruse calculations about a condition of affairs which may not exist anywhere, and which, in any case, is wholly inappreciable by our present senses!"

To which I can imagine the instructed friend making reply: "Foolish and ignorant person! is it possible that you are unaware that it is to mathematicians we owe tables of logarithms, of strains and stresses, optical treatises, nautical almanacs, and a host of other matters, without which our race would scarcely have emerged from a condition of barbarism?"

And to the derider of the schoolmen my remark is: *Mutato nomine de te fabula narratur!*

Let any such derider be shut up for the working parts of a week in a cell—I would allow him a quite comfortable cell—with a volume of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa* and a Latin dictionary.

If he has sufficient knowledge to use the latter, and sufficient brains to comprehend the former—I admit that both of these are large assumptions—he will emerge from that cell, at the end of his retreat, a very much wiser, and not necessarily in any way a sadder, man.

I do not propose that we should now resolve ourselves into classes for the study of Thomistic philosophy, nor, if I were bold enough to do so, should I venture to propose myself as an instructor. But there are a few points which I want to bring out in illustration of my main thesis. That thesis is that the writers and philosophers of our Church were not the contemptible triflers that some ignoramuses would have us believe them; but that, on the contrary, they were—many of them—singularly clear-sighted and far-sighted. Further, that, when one considers the very rudimentary, not to say chaotic, state of science in their days, even compared with its still far from orderly or complete condition at this moment, it is simply amazing how nearly they approached to the theories which scientific men of to-day are coming to believe—theories, too, of the absolute falsity of which the predecessors of the present generation of scientific men were equally well assured.

The centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin has this year been celebrated with all due solemnity in the University of Cambridge, in which he was a student. I do not intend to dwell at length upon the theories with which his name is as-

sociated. But, in face of the fact to which I have just alluded, I cannot pass by the matter without a word respecting his theory, or at least that one of them which is supposed to be best known, and which is certainly most discussed.

I say advisedly "supposed," for, as a matter of fact, if one inquires from most persons as to what Darwin really taught, one may expect to be told that his idea was that men were descended from monkeys. As a *résumé* of Darwin's views this reply is nearly as satisfying and as accurate as the definition of the French Academy of a crab as a red fish which walks backwards, as to which Cuvier said that it was correct but for the fact that the crab was not red, that it was not a fish, and that it did not walk backwards.

At any rate, the main thesis with which the name of Darwin is connected in the minds of most people, is that of evolution or transformism, or whatever one may chose to call it. As a matter of fact, Darwin never claimed to have inaugurated this idea, nor has any instructed person ever made that claim for him.

What Darwin really did, *inter alia*, was to give to the world a theory as to certain agencies, the chief of which he named Natural Selection, which, in his opinion, were capable of effecting and explaining the evolution which he postulated.

As to these views I say nothing, but as to the thesis of Transformism or of Derivative Creation, as a Christian writer would prefer to call it, that view was put forward long before Darwin's time, and was commented on by St. Augustine, by St. Thomas Aquinas, by Cornelius à Lapide, and by Suarez.

In connection with the centenary to which I have just alluded, the University of Cambridge has published a handsome volume in the nature of what the Germans call a *Festschrifft*, in which there is an article on Darwin's predecessors. Many other persons who wrote about Transformism are quoted, but not a word is said about the numerous Catholic writers who dealt with this question—a rather surprising piece of omission in such a book, and from such a source. However, the facts remain as I have stated them, and, whether right or wrong—for that is not germane to my present argument—the theory, now so much discussed by biologists who think that evolution presents us with the best explanation of the facts of animated

nature, is the same theory, in its essential features, which Catholic philosophers have been discussing for centuries.

I pass from this point to two others, which, though I have dealt with both of them elsewhere, seem to me to be of sufficient interest to warrant consideration, in view of their bearing upon the proposition which I am engaged in bringing to your notice.

For the sake of argument, I will assume that there is at least one of my readers who is unfamiliar with the more elementary teachings of the scholastic philosophy, and I will ask the others, to whom these matters are commonplaces, to bear with me whilst I clear up matters, as well as I can, for this one poor, uninstructed soul.

Well then, my uninstructed friend, you must know that the scholastic teaching as to all material objects is that each consists of two constituents, both substantial, not accidental, principles; that is to say, both essential constituents, without which the object could not be what it is.

One of these constituent factors is called the Matter, and is passive and recipient. The other is called the Form, and is active and determining. Hence, as Aristotle taught, the material element is the same in everything, that is, there is a *materia prima*, or ultimate substratum. And the specific differences are due to the differences in the active co-efficient. In other words, the material element in gold and in lead is the same, it is the form which differs and makes gold, gold; and lead, lead.

Now, if I have made this sufficiently clear, I can turn to the application of the matter in question. Not merely the scholastic teachers, but also the chemists, or as they were then called, alchemists, held these views, and the latter continued to hold them long after the Scholastic Philosophy had lost its grip in England at least.

In fact it was an Irishman, Robert Boyle, who is oddly enough described on his tomb as "The Father of Chemistry and the Brother of the Earl of Cork," who, in 1681, first attempted to show, in his work *The Skyptical Chymist*, that there was no such thing as a "simple perfect essence," but that there were some considerable number—later generations made it up to seventy or eighty—of substances all utterly and *ab origine* different from one another. From this time on-

wards, until our own immediate day, the scholastic view has been discredited and the schoolmen themselves held in the same scorn as the poor alchemists who occupied their time in trying to find out the "philosopher's stone," which meant the method by which lead or other base metal could be transmuted into gold. Obviously, if there was only one *materia prima* common to all substances, it might be possible to alter one substance into another, whilst if the accepted "elementary" chemical substances were all originally, and, as we might say, irrevocably different, the task was one which none but the insane would attempt. And yet! if some of our modern men of science are to be believed, their predecessors, from Boyle to our own times, have been all wrong, and the scholastics, not to speak of the poor forgotten alchemists, have been much closer to the truth, at least in their main thesis.

Here again it would not be possible, within the limits of our space, to enter upon the task of giving the evidence upon which this statement is based.

Suffice it to say that chemists and physicists seem now to be agreed that from Uranium—a so-called element—may be formed Actinium, and from that again Radium—both of these also belonging to the category of so-called elements—and, most amazing of all, from Radium may be formed Lead, one of the earliest known of all the so-called elements. Moreover, they conclude that the same thing is true of the other so-called elements, and that none of these are elements, in the old meaning of that word, but that all are expressions of one fundamental matter; that none of them are fixed, but that, in the words of Heraclitus, everything is in a state of flux.

A recent authority, exulting over these discoveries, exclaims: "We have made a great step in advance on the view that matter is made up of chemical atoms fundamentally distinct and eternally isolated." A great advance! yes, no doubt; but upon what? Upon the view held during the past two centuries, but backwards in the direction of the views of those which preceded them. It is true that the view of the scholastics was based upon purely philosophical considerations, and not on those experiments and observations upon which science is now able to base her conclusions; but that only makes it the more remarkable that the scholastics in their conclusions

should have got so very near to what science to-day tells us is the actual condition of affairs.

But there is something further to be stated on this point. What is this *materia prima* of which the chemists of to-day talk—though some of them prefer to call it protyle, I suppose because that is new Greek instead of old Latin—what is this material element? Naturally on this point there is much uncertainty and difference of opinion. This, however, may be said, that the corpuscles of which the prime matter is said to be made up, may be thought of as being each about one eight-hundredth part of the mass of a hydrogen atom; that they are associated, each of them, with a unit of negative electricity; and that, from one aspect, we may regard them as disembodied charges of electricity.

Perhaps it may not be too much to say that we may look upon each of these corpuscles as made up of a moving unit of negative electricity, together with the ether which is bound up with it, and upon a collection of such corpuscles, surrounded and balanced by a sphere of positive electricity, as an atom.

But, if that is the case, what makes the difference between any two substances, say lead and gold? It seems that the arrangement, the organization of the corpuscles in the atom or perhaps the kinks or vortices which they produce in the ether around them, this or something like this it is which makes the difference between lead and gold; between any one object and any other object of an inanimate character.

Similar Ether Corpuscles or Electrons, or what you will, and varied Arrangement; Common Protyle and Diversified Organization; Matter and Form: after all, do not these notions approximate towards each other? Is there not, to say the least, a singular affinity, a highly suggestive likeness between the root-ideas of the medieval thinkers and the final explanatory concepts of the most recent science?

Again, without venturing to say how far the modern views are right or wrong, for I have no claim or intention of posing as a critic of such matters, it is quite clear to the ordinary observer that the position which has always been held by the scholastic philosophy is much nearer to that of the modern physicist than it is to that of the two previous centuries of scientific workers, so many of whom looked down upon the scholastics as mere ponderous trifiers unworthy of the considera-

tion of serious persons. And, again I ask you whether it is not a little remarkable that Aristotle and the philosophers who followed him should have arrived at a conclusion so closely resembling the last word so far uttered by science on the subject?

I pass to one last instance, that of the nature of life or of living matter. Here, again, for the sake of my uninstructed friend, who is really in the way of getting quite a lot of information, I will venture to explain that the scholastic view of life is based upon the definition that it is *activitas quâ ens seipsum movet*—the activity by which a being moves itself; motion, be it observed, being taken to mean not merely alteration in shape or position, but to include all forms of change, not excepting intellectual cognition.

Further, as Father Maher puts it, "the principle of life in the lower animals was held by the schoolmen to be an example of a simple principle which is nevertheless not spiritual, since it is altogether dependent on the organism, or, as they said, *completely immersed* in the body. St. Thomas accordingly speaks of the *corporeal souls* of brutes."

In a word, then, what differentiates living from non-living matter is the existence in and with the former of a simple principle which makes it what it is, which dominates the non-living part and gives it its peculiar habit and constitution.

Now all this was mysticism and rubbish to the mid-Victorian materialistic men of science, and still is to the belated wanderers of that period who, with a conservatism strenuous and enduring, still cling to explanations which have been abandoned by many other biologists and seem in a fair way to be rapidly becoming obsolete. That view was that all living processes could be explained in terms of chemistry and physics and that nothing existed in living things which did not belong to the domains of those sciences.

Since my book on this subject was published, there have appeared the monumental lectures of Professor Driesch on the "Science and Philosophy of the Organism." Professor Driesch is not, I believe, of our faith, and he certainly holds no brief for the schoolmen, for he only once mentions them, and then merely incidentally, in the course of his two large volumes. But he is one of the most distinguished biologists in the world, and he has won his distinction chiefly in con-

nection with his studies on the nature and structure of protoplasm, a substance which we may certainly look upon, as Huxley did, as "the physical basis of life." Yet Driesch's view of life is practically identical with that of the schoolmen. His terminology, as I will point out in a moment, is different, but when one analyzes the exact significance of his statements their close resemblance to the views of the older Catholic philosophers and their followers of to-day is as obvious as it is remarkable.

But Professor Driesch is by no means singular in this view. He is only one example, though a most distinguished one, of a number of biologists, especially in Germany and the United States, who have abandoned the purely materialistic or chemico-physical explanation of life, which may be said to have very largely held the field up to some quarter of a century ago, and have returned to the conception of life so long and so persistently held by Catholic philosophers.

Here, again, I have to ask my readers to observe that if modern biologists have now arrived at the conclusions which have been always held by the schoolmen, it is a little hard to see how the latter can have been the very inept persons some would have us believe.

Once or twice in the course of this article I have had occasion to allude to the changes which have been made in terminology, changes sometimes avowedly, sometimes tacitly, effected for the very purpose of escaping from the phraseology of the scholastic books. This seems to me to be more than a little foolish in many cases, but after all, if the meaning is the same, we need not quarrel with a writer who desires to invent his own names for things.

Professor Driesch prefers to speak of the specific factor which makes a living thing, living, as an "entelechy," from the Aristotelian phrase. Another writer, desiring to escape from the mysticism of the Middle Ages, re-christens "vital force" as "biotic energy"; and if he feels himself happier in Greek than he would have been in Latin, it is not for us to deny him what is, after all, a very harmless gratification.

New "protyle"—another flight from Rome to Greece—pleases some better than old *materia prima;* and here again we have no reason to grumble. If the thing itself is the same and is so defined that no mistake can be made about it, the name

is of much less importance, though one might put in a plea of economy that *nomĭna* as well as *entia* should not be multiplied *præter necessitatem*.

What I have been anxious to bring out is that the works of men who were capable of thinking out conclusions so very close to those of modern men of science cannot be wholly unworthy of study. Further, I desire to emphasize the fact that these conclusions are the conclusions of thinkers who wrote in and—what is more to the point—on behalf of, the Church to which we have the good fortune to belong. And the conclusion of my argument is that those who deny the intellectual greatness of that Church are talking about a matter of which they are profoundly ignorant.

Those who care to take the trouble to study it in the dry light of science will soon discover that our Church, from the intellectual standpoint, is just as much a matter for marvel and for thankfulness as it is from any of the many other standpoints from which it may be viewed.

The intellectual man, the man of reading and thought, he, too, has every reason to join with the ignorant, the weary, and the afflicted, with the wanderer from home, with all the Church Militant, Suffering and Triumphant, in that heartfelt cry of gratitude: "Thank God for our Holy Faith!"

LIFE ON A SHEEP-RUN.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

By homestead, hut, and shearing shed,
  By railroad, coach, and track,
By lonely graves of our brave dead,
  Up-Country and Out-Back:
To where, 'neath glorious clustered stars,
  The dreamy plains expand—
My home lies wide a thousand miles
  In the Never-Never Land.—*Henry Lawson.*

IFE on an Australian sheep-run may be regarded from widely different points of view. To the sheep enthusiast it is the only life for an intelligent man. Sheep take a lot of knowing, and the man who has studied them assiduously for fifteen or sixteen years, is still at the beginning of things. How to increase the weight of the fleece, and how to improve the texture of the wool; what breeds give the best, all-round results; what will be the possible effects of judicious crossings—these are questions which are of vital moment to every wool-king, even as they are matters of absorbing interest to every station-hand whose heart is in his work.

Then, again, there is the study of the classification of the wool. This is expert work, the knowledge of which is not to be acquired in a day, nor in a year. Once fully qualified, however, the wool-classifier can command high pay in every shearing shed.

But the man who is interested in cattle is apt to overlook these conditions. To him, life on a sheep-run is beneath contempt. It is too slow. There is no variety in it. One day is exactly like the last; there is nothing to distinguish one week from another. Such a life is no life, says the stockman, who in his secret heart views the boundary sides with a pity that is akin to scorn. For the stockman's life is bound up in the rush and tumble of a cattle camp, and his ears are filled with the sound of flying hoofs:

Hear the loud swell of it, mighty pell-mell of it!
Thousands of voices all blent into one;
See "hell for leather" now trooping together, now
Down the long slope of the range at a run!
Dust in the wake of 'em; see the wild break of 'em!
Spear-horned and curly, red, spotted, and starred:
See the lads bringing 'em, blocking 'em, ringing 'em,
Fetching 'em up to the wings of the yard!

Mark that red leader now: what a fine bleeder now:
Twelve hundred at least if he weighs half a pound!
None go ahead of him. Mark the proud tread of him.
See how he bellows and paws at the ground!
Watch the mad rush of 'em; raging and crush of 'em;
See when they struck how the corner-post jarred!
What a mad chasing and wheeling and racing and
Turbulent talk 'twixt the wings of the yard. . . .

No; there is nothing of that sort on a sheep-run. Here there are no "loony" bullocks to be chased in and out of the scrub; no breathless galloping to head off a stubborn leader; no restless mobs to be rounded in; no shouts; no laughter. Here there is only that wonderful, all-pervading silence that clings to the open spaces, while the slowly-moving flock is spread out across the plain like a white cloud that has strayed down out of the blue.

There is no need for the boundary rider to keep a tight rein. On the contrary, his bridle rests on his horse's neck. He sits his saddle loosly; his hands are in his trouser-pockets; his pipe between his teeth. The sheep are all right. He has the flock under his eye; and, so long as the grass is good and the water sufficient, he has no anxiety for his flock. Once the water-holes begin to dry up, he must keep a sharper look-out, the evaporation of the water leaving a margin of soft mud in which the sheep, when they go down to water, are apt to get bogged. Sheep cannot fend for themselves; and the fact of one sheep getting stuck, far from deterring the others from approaching the soft ground, invariably impels the remainder to follow in his steps.

Then, again, it is the duty of the boundary rider to see that the sheep do not graze near any plant that may be in-

jurious to them. For in some parts of the back-country there are patches where the native pea grows. And if the flock eat of The Darling Pea they become fractious and cause the boundary rider to use such language as is peculiar to dry districts. His expletives are striking and expressive, but somewhat too lurid for print.

Not but what he has some justification for thus expressing himself. For it is apt to try a man's temper to find a sheep, that has hitherto been content with the level, suddenly smitten with an ambition to climb the nearest gum-tree. And when, being parched with thirst, the animal refuses to go down to the water-hole, and has to be dragged thither by main force, the attitude of mind of the man in charge can readily be understood. Multiply this one sheep by five, or fifty, as the case may be, and it will be easily seen why the boundary rider is inclined to strike. Nor is his action merely figurative; he kills the stricken sheep, partly because it is a nuisance, and partly because the pea-struck sheep rarely recovers its normal tone.

But unless the man is a new chum or a fool, which are often interchangeable terms out-back, be rounds them in before any harm is done. Every inch of ground is known to him; accordingly, he can tell to a foot where the accursed plant grows.

From time to time there is a muster when, for a fortnight or three weeks, the staff are camped on some distant corner of the station. These weeks of camp-life give a welcome variety to life on a sheep-run, and the damper and the Johnnie cakes, which are turned out by the camp cook, taste sweeter far to the tired men than any yeast-made bread from out the kitchen of the homestead.

Except for this, there is little to disturb the quiet routine for the station-hand; when he is not seeing to the fences, he has only the sheep to think about. Therefore he sits his horse from sunrise to sundown, and he thinks his own thoughts in the wilderness. In the distance he can hear the chiming of the bell-bird, and from the slowly drying water-hole comes the croak, croak, of the bullfrogs as they sun themselves in the warm, liquid mud.

Sometimes the boundary rider is stationed far out on the run; sometimes he throws in his luck with his fellows at the men's hut. And for the study of life and character, there is

no place out-back like the men's hut. Here are gathered together human oddments from the various States and from beyond the seas: oddments that have been washed up, like so much flotsam and jetsam, and deposited here in the silent places by the all-compelling waves of circumstance.

Some are sons of the soil, competent and self-reliant. These are the men who are ever ready to take the odds; game for any fate. Others again are past their prime and are still battling for their daily bread. Some bear trace of gentle bearing, suggestive of a different world; but in the men's hut, where manners are rough and ready, the aim of the man of culture is to cover up anything that may distinguish him from his fellows. Here uniformity is best, and the man who is wise will mark time. Some have tragedy folded away in their past; some have come here to forget; some—to be forgotten. One or two may have "died" elsewhere (this, for convenience sake), and then have started in out-back. Social failures, moral bankrupts, human misfits—they all follow the track that ends in the scrub.

For it is here

By lonely huts northwest of Bourke,
  Through years of flood and drought,
The best of English black-sheep work
  Their own salvation out;
Wild, fresh-faced boys grown gaunt and brown—
  Stiff-lipped and haggard-eyed—
They live the Dead Past grimly down!
  Where boundary riders ride.

The College Wreck who sank beneath,
  Then rose above, his shame,
Tramps West in mateship with the man
  Who cannot write his name.
'Tis there where on the barren track
  No last half-crust's begrudged—
Where saint and sinner, side by side,
  Judge not and are not judged. . . .

Out-back men are not demonstrative. There seems to be a prejudice, too, against conversational expansion. Men speak

little in the loneliness; and when, the day's work done, they sit and smoke in the starlight, the need for human companionship appears to be satisfied by the "swapping of lies." It is the local substitute for conversation. Besides which, there is an object in it: it saves them from the relation of more intimate and personal matter, and from the temptation of expressing their real feelings. Thus, when referring to the things that matter, they are apt to assume an impersonal and cynical tone. But of that which lies deepest they speak not a word.

So they sit on their heels outside the hut, and the rings of smoke curl softly upwards, while each one chews the cud of reflection. They have lived their life and are without illusions. Some have tasted its joys; all have drunk of its sorrows.

And were they to volunteer a statement of their own past, they would express it with truth in the words of Edward Dyson:

We are common men, with the faults of most, and a few that
ourselves have grown,
With the good traits too, of the common herd, and some more
that are all our own;
We have drunk like beasts, and have fought like brutes, and
have stolen and lied and slain;
And have paid the score in the way of men—in remorse and
fear and pain.
We have done great deeds in our direst needs in the horrors
of burning drought;
And at mateship's call have been true through all to the death
with the Farthest Out.

New Books.

SHAW AND CHESTERTON.

G. K. Chesterton has written a most interesting book about G. B. Shaw,* and also, by the way, about many other things. According to Mr. Chesterton, Shaw is a daring pilgrim, an Irishman, a Puritan, and a Progressive, who "has set out from the grave to find the cradle." Having started from points of view which no one else was clever enough to discover, he is at last beginning to discover points of view that no one else was ever stupid enough to ignore. Though an Irishman, he is an Irish exile, and has, therefore, missed all that living knowledge of his home, his faith, and his motherland with which his countrymen so usually set out. Again he is a Puritan, "the greatest of modern Puritans, and perhaps the last." A Puritan meant originally a man whose mind had no holidays. He would let no living thing come between him and his God. Puritans thought that it was right to praise God with your brain, but quite wrong to praise Him with your passions or your physical habits or your gesture or instinct of beauty. Hence, they objected to the Catholic view that "you must be at ease in Zion unless you are only paying it a flying visit." They thought it wicked to worship God in song and dance and sacrament or by saying prayers when one was half asleep.

Thirdly, Mr. G. B. Shaw is a Progressive—a man who, in spite of his splendid zeal for the *salus populi*, spends so much of his energy "in gnawing at the necessary pillars of all possible society."

Having defined and discussed these attributes of Mr. Shaw's being, Mr. Chesterton proceeds to examine the quality and trend of his critical and dramatic work, ending up with a discourse upon what may be called his philosophy as disclosed in *Man and Superman*.

The great defect of Mr. Shaw's fine intelligence is the failure to grasp and enjoy the things commonly called Convention and Tradition. He is dead to these things and being dead to them he is dead to what is most living and essential in society

* *George Bernard Shaw*. By G. K. Chesterton. London: John Lane.

itself—religion, love, patriotism are for him but the expression of sentimental excess, a thing to be worked out of man by civilizing influences. "Shaw is wrong," says Chesterton, "about all the things one learns early in life and while one is still simple. . . . He cannot imagine the main motives of life from within."

But Shaw's philosophy shows signs of a breakdown. "I have described the three ultimate supports of Shaw as the Irishman, the Puritan, and the Progressive. These are the three legs of the tripod upon which the prophet sat to give the oracle; and one of them broke . . . suddenly, by a mere shaft of illumination, Bernard Shaw ceased to believe in Progress altogether. It would appear that the late reading of Plato had something to do with it. Anyhow he has come to a conviction that 'since progress swings constantly between extremes it can hardly be called progress at all.' And this is a promising sign."

The evil that Shaw has done to his generation can be summed up under three heads. And so can the good. On the wrong side, he has encouraged fastidiousness by inducing people to confuse real sentiment with false sentimentality. He has encouraged anarchy of thought by inducing many to throw themselves for justification upon the shapeless and the unknown. He has made young men very trying to their betters and elders by teaching them to boast of their victories before they have gained them. On the right side, he has shown that it is possible to be intelligent without becoming unintelligible. "He has stood up for the fact that philosophy is not the concern of those who pass through Divinity and Greats, but of those who pass through birth and death." He has also brought the theatre in touch with real life, the real life that passes to and fro about its doors—that theatre which proudly sends a hansom cab across the stage as realism, while everybody outside is whistling for motor-cars. Thirdly, he has obliterated the mere cynic, "like every great teacher he has cursed the barren fig-tree."

As for Mr. Chesterton himself, he has written a highly controversial book. All the weapons he has used and conquered with are Catholic, and it is not disloyal to say that they are used with a might and simplicity that Catholic laymen should pray to imitate and obtain.

SERMONS FOR THE YEAR.

Of sermon books most priests will say we have enough—and to spare. But what young preacher would not be glad to have a set of homilies which takes up verse after verse all the Sunday Epistles and Gospels, brings out plainly every idea in the text, throws light on hard passages, answers clearly and well every difficulty, and furnishes abundant, wholesome, practical applications of the sacred message to the life-problems of the average Catholic? A four-volume set of such homilies,* written by Bishop Bonomelli, and splendidly translated by Bishop Byrne, has been published recently, in excellent style. A thorough topical index in each volume, and an appendix to the first volume containing a brief treatise on the senses of the Bible, rules for the sound interpretation of Scripture, and a small geographical and historical dictionary of the New Testament, add greatly to the value and usefulness of this work.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY.

There is to-day a wealth of libraries, or series of publications, which endeavor to present certain selections or classes of books, best readings from English literature, works that give a liberal education, the world's orations, the master poems, etc., etc. Their number is increasing almost daily, and with regard to most of them some trustworthy guide is needed before a prospective purchaser makes his choice. In some the selections are made with poor and uncultivated taste, or with a taste that likes but a single dish; or the mechanical make up of the volumes is poor; or the price too high.

But we wish to call the favorable attention of our readers to a library of this kind which has been for some years in course of publication, and which when completed will include a thousand volumes. It is entitled "Everyman's Library,"† and the publishers in this country are Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. With regard to any extensive selection of books, a critic, if he so chose, might, of course, make many exceptions. Favorite volumes may not be found in the list; and some that are found he will think unworthy. But we believe that "Ev-

* *Homilies for the Whole Year.* By Bishops Bonomelli and Byrne. Four volumes. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Everyman's Library.* Edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

eryman's" lives up to its name; and, up to date, includes a selection of books that cannot fail to appeal to everybody. The publishers announce as the object of the series "to make it easy for every one to obtain, and get at small cost, all that is good, all that has worn well in English literature."

It would be impossible, of course, for us to give a list of the hundreds of volumes already published. The divisions embrace: oratory; philosophy and theology; poetry and drama; science; travel; fiction; history; romance; and juvenile literature. The departments of philosophy and theology, we regret to say, are almost exclusively non-Catholic. We would wish to see included, and we think it but a fair request, many of the Catholic classics of medieval and modern England that, even as literature, "have worn well."

The series gives an opportunity even to the man of but little means to become well-acquainted with the well-known English authors. When one reviews what efforts are being made to make the wholesome story and the instructive essay the common heritage of all, he wonders why more do not take advantage of it. These books are well printed; tastefully bound; include an artistic frontispiece; and oftentimes a special preface by a master hand; and may be obtained for the small sum of thirty-five cents. It is a rare chance for the poor man—and the rich man also—to get some good things.

ETHICS.

The scarcity or, to speak frankly, the non-existence of any complete and adequate work on ethics, from the Catholic standpoint, in the English language or in fact in any other language, has been severely felt, both by professors and students, especially of late years, during which the study of ethics has been acquiring a constantly growing importance. The text-books, available in profusion, necessarily confined themselves to a rather narrow and jejune exposition of the fundamental principles and elementary applications of Catholic doctrine; while, if they did not ignore altogether, they truncated the exposition and condensed the refutation of hostile systems to such an extent that the student emerged from his ethical studies very inadequately equipped for the task of bringing our own doctrine to bear upon the problems and the errors of to-day. The lean years, however, have passed; and

in Dr. Cronin's monumental work—we judge from the first volume,* which alone has appeared—the student will find ample guidance and information on the science of ethics. The work is cast in a generous scale. This volume contains over six hundred pages of print about the size of the pages of Sidgwick's *Method of Ethics*—a book which, by the way, it resembles very closely in external appearance. The two may stand together harmoniously on the same shelf, as the poison and the antidote. The author's main purpose is to present a full, connected account of the ethical system of Aristotle as modified, purified, and completed by St. Thomas. He opens with a discussion of the scope of ethics, its relation to psychology and moral theology, and the true method to be pursued in this science. Here in his answer to the objections urged against the claim of ethics to be a normative science the reader will perceive with pleasure that the writer may be depended upon to take the thought of the day into account.

This promise is amply fulfilled in the succeeding chapters, on the Good, the Moral Criteria, Freedom, Duty, Hedonism, Utilitarianism, Evolution, Biological and Transcendental, The Moral Faculty, and Intuitionalism. Under these captions all the theories that are of any consequence are satisfactorily stated and systematically criticized. Of special utility is the criticism of Transcendental views, which, in one form or another, occupy so conspicuous a place in the ethical thought of to-day, and, notwithstanding, escape with scant attention from our text-books of ethics and theology. Dr. Cronin's attacks usually strike straight at the weakest points of the enemy's structure; and he is not inclined to make the mistake of underrating their strength.

The volume treats, furthermore, The Consequences of Morality; Habits and Virtues; Rights; leaving to the following one the application of principles in special ethics. Close examination of this fine work will, doubtless, bring to light some points on which Dr. Cronin's treatment may be subject to exception. But its massive excellence is so obvious, its line of procedure so sure, that one feels safe in predicting that the most searching criticism will fail to detect in it any serious blemish.

* *The Science of Ethics.* By Rev. Michael Cronin, M.A., D.D., Ex-Fellow, Royal University of Ireland. Vol. I.: *General Ethics.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

A CERTAIN RICH MAN. By William Allen White.

With the best intentions in the world it is impossible for any one to know even one-fifth of the novels that are turned out today; and "turned out" is not too frivolous a phrase under the circumstances. It is very difficult, also, to know what to read and yet gain pleasure and profit from the reading. To such an inquiring one we heartily recommend *A Certain Rich Man*,* by William Allen White. Mr. White's ability is, of course, known to our readers; but in aim and actual accomplishment we think that in this book he has surpassed himself. The story is an admirable and careful study of the effect of wealth or money-seeking upon a man's character; and, as such, is a great production. In its character-drawing; its light and shade of humor, pathos, and tragedy; in its serious moral tone and clear spiritual vision, it is far above the ordinary book, and is a distinct credit to American letters.

Mr. White has a message for the American people; he sees the danger ahead—the danger that is already here and has been here for some time. But, apart from that message, the book tells an immensely interesting human story, full of the things of the heart and soul, and is a thoroughly American tale. Although a fascinating novel, one cannot but see that it is the strongest sort of a plea for the religious education of our young.

There are flaws of literary construction; exaggerated sentimentality; gross unreality, we think, in the conversion of John Barclay; and a surplus of financial detail—but these are minor flaws in an exceptionally good and worthy piece of work.

VEN. FATHER COLIN.

To the many who think that the ages of sanctity have long since departed, this book† will come as a surprise. It is the story of nineteenth century Christian heroism, almost rivaling that of the Apostolic era. In the year 1824 Father Colin, a humble priest of Cerdon, in France, founded (and not without a host of difficulties ever attendant

* *A Certain Rich Man.* By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *The Life of the Venerable Father Colin.* Founder and First Superior-General of the Society of Mary. Translated from the French b a Religious of the same Society. St. Louis: B. Herder.

upon such undertakings) a missionary society devoted to Mary the Virgin. So numerous were the blessings granted it by God, and so masterly the hand of the saintly Colin who guided it, that within a short time houses of the society could be found in many places in Europe. Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that in nineteen years after its foundation one hundred and nineteen Marists left France to convert the heathen in Oceanica. The story of the hardships and sufferings endured by these missionaries on the islands of the Western Ocean is inspiring and interesting reading. From first to last the work is historical. The style is in many places uneven, due no doubt to the translator's desire to be as faithful as possible to the original.

A RETREAT MANUAL.

This is a rather unusual retreat book.* It not only gives the regulation meditations and conferences, but it includes full and detailed directions as to how to make a retreat, and supplements the author's reflections with appropriate readings from St. Alphonsus. The matter is abundant (five hundred pages) and well varied. With such a manual as this in hand, no religious need fear that the wellsprings of thought will dry up, and a private retreat, instead of being, as some might fear, a burden and a weariness, may easily become more enjoyable and more profitable than the ordinary public retreat.

THE CATECHISM IN EXAMPLES.

We have had occasion before, to notice in a commendatory way, Father Chisholm's *Catechism in Examples.*† The plan is very simple. Just one short, didactic sentence or paragraph is given under each heading. The remainder is entirely anecdote. To give the book into the hands of children would probably supply them with a surfeit (if children can ever be surfeited with stories), but its best use, it would seem, is to provide interesting illustrations for teachers of the catechism. For such a purpose it is very conspicuously successful.

* *A Private Retreat for Religious.* Enriched with Reflections and Select Readings taken from the Spiritual Writings of St. Alphonsus. By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.SS.R. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Catechism in Examples.* By the Rev. D. Chisholm, Priest of the Diocese of Aberdeen. Second Edition, in Five Volumes. Vol. III. *Charity: The Commandments.* London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE MYSTERY OF NAPLES.

A new addition to the abundant literature already written about the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is contributed by Edward P. Graham in a volume entitled *The Mystery of Naples.** For any one desirous of geting information on this subject from an eyewitness, and in a form brief and easily understood, this book will be of much value. The author does not pretend to say the last word that would put the genuineness of the miracle beyond all doubt; but aims rather to give such evidence as will at least acquit the clergy and faithful of Naples for generations past of conscious mendacity or superstitious simplicity. His thesis is specifically directed against two classes of writers: those, like Mark Twain, "who gather up eagerly and repeat heedlessly every slur and sneer against Catholicity that comes in their way"; and those, of the type of Andrew D. White, who, "with a pretence of learning and a deceptive air of candor and judgment, deliver oracles that betray more prejudice than understanding and more want of ballast than logic." Although professing to have begun his inquiry "without belief and without unbelief," the author confesses that he never got over the indignation raised in his mind at first reading the account of the phenomenon given in *The Innocents Abroad*. His feelings frequently betray him into a tone of ridicule for his opponents which might seem to imply that the presentation of facts alone was insufficient.

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH POETRY.

"Until the eighteenth century," says Mr. Arthur Symons in his recent discussion of English poetry,† "imagination, if not always a welcome guest, had never been refused admittance." But the Augustan era, following devoutly after the correct and "lucid madness" of Pope, shut the door upon so unruly a visitant. How "romance rose out of the grave of Chatterton," and pathos, with the true lyric quality, stole back after the songs of Burns, until gradually the "Renaissance of Wonder" was consummated, forms the subject-matter of the present volume. For most readers its Introduction will prove the most

* *The Mystery of Naples*. By Edward P. Graham. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Romantic Movement in English Poetry*. By Arthur Symons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

interesting part, because it is the only part which provides any critical perspective, or from which a continuous history of the Romantic Movement can be gleaned. We quote one suggestive passage:

> The quality which distinguishes the poetry of the beginning of the nineteenth century, the poetry which we can roughly group together as the romantic movement, is the quality of its imagination—seen chiefly as a kind of atmosphere, which adds strangeness to beauty. Is there in Homer, in Dante, in the poet of any bright, clear land, where men and things are seen detached against the sky, like statues of architecture, a passage like that passage in Keats:
>
> "Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn"?
>
> In these two lines we get the equivalent of that atmosphere which, in England, adds mystery to the beauty of natural things. The English sense of atmosphere, this imaginative transmutation of reality, is to be found in all English poetry from the beginning.

The body of Mr. Symons' work is encyclopedic in nature, consisting of separate critical sketches of the poets (?) immediately preceding Blake, and continuing through Scott, Moore, Wordsworth, Landor, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and innumerable "Minors." To many minds his appreciation of the poet mystic, William Blake, may seem excessive, and that of Wordsworth scarcely adequate. But the excellent critiques upon Coleridge, Shelley, and Southey, the spirited study of Lord Byron, that "supreme incarnation of the natural man," and of Thomas Hood, a poet too scantily remembered by the present generation, give the volume real value. One could wish for a more exhaustive study of the tragic and significant *rôle* played by Thomas Chatterton.

LIFE OF OUR LORD. Christians will never cease reading of the life of Christ, whether in the Gospel narrative, or in the detailed historical forms given it by learned and holy writers. But it is hardly too much to say that Christians, taken as a body—even pious ones—have not yet so much as begun to

meditate systematically on the events and teachings of our Redeemer's career. No contribution to devout literature can, therefore, exceed in value such books as Father Meschler's Life of Christ Meditated.*

The author's design is to draw from the Gospel chronicle the solid nutriment of our Lord's teaching, both moral and doctrinal, by means of mental application to the subject-matter. He has succeeded admirably. He detaches into bold relief the purpose of our Master in each miracle, event, discourse, and conversation. About this, his main work, the author has grouped the minor but often exceedingly important happenings of the life of Jesus and His disciples, everywhere offering good, sane, and sometimes very striking suggestions in aid of sincere appreciation or practical resolve. The whole book is pervaded with an atmosphere of close acquaintanceship, personal and direct, with the divine Master. The author's effort is to make these meditations a crystal medium of divine light between Christ and the soul. He has gained a large meed of success. Without a sense of nearness to Him, our meditations are artificial, are a kind of self-sermonizing. These are not to be despised, for they are often the best we can do. But when to such honest but artificial mental endeavors, we are enabled to add the noble and majestic and benignant influence of the divine Person Himself, we have breathed the breath of life into our mental prayer, or rather God's Spirit has taken it over and made it His own.

One excellence of Father Meschler's volumes is that they are essentially an interpretation of the Gospels. Right after each meditation we find the familiar Douay version of the divine narrative of the fact or doctrine, given in a harmony of the Evangelists; and to this addendum constant reference is made by the author in his text. Such a facility for using the original passages effectually safeguards one from excessive elaboration and methodizing. The human and divine aids to prayerful thought are closely joined, and the usefulness of the book for preparing sermons and instructions greatly enhanced.

Relying, of course, on the traditional interpretation of the Fathers, the author by no means despises the later biblical

* *The Life of our Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God in Meditations.* By Maurice Meschler, S.J. Translated from the fourth German edition by a Benedictine Nun of the Perpetual Adoration. In two volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder.

researches as a help to devotional reading and to prayer. "Nothing," he says in the preface, "that leads to a more detailed knowledge and deeper comprehension of divine truth must be neglected. . . . It is certainly the glorious result and undisputed merit of modern scriptural study and interpretation, that it throws into relief and pieces together the life of our Savior."

The translation has been made with great care, reads smooth and clear, is almost entirely free from traces of a foreign idiom, and, having been undertaken and carried through from high religious motives, has a sweet, devotional flavor. A brief but excellent summary of the rules of meditation is incorporated in the author's preface.

As to the material qualities of these two volumes, the distinguished publishing house of B. Herder has given its patrons a book whose binding will survive a lifetime of daily use, and whose pages are dressed in the clearest and most sightly type.

CATHOLIC READERS. We have just received from the American Book Company five volumes comprising a series of school books entitled: *Standard Catholic Readers*, by Mary E. Doyle. An examination of the volumes shows that they have been prepared with unusual care and thoroughness. The reading matter is, as a rule, of the very best, and the illustrations, many of them reproductions of masterpieces, are in harmony with the high literary tone. To some of the selections exception might be taken; and we repeat here a truth that it is very important for instructors to keep before their minds: It is fundamentally necessary for a teacher to be careful, and most of all with the young, to inculcate exact ideas. Our concept of truth depends upon this. It is not fair either to poetry or to doctrine to debase either by making the one serve the other. Verse may be devout and accurate in its dogmatic expression, but it may not be poetry. A reader is not, of course, a catechism. The distinction is essentially important.

Another criticism we have to offer is that with regard to the first three volumes it might have been well to indicate more frequently the authorship of the prose compositions. Such references may seem of no immediate importance; but

as the child learns he will read more intelligently if he cultivates the habit of knowing the author. In the readers for the fourth and fifth years, however, we find at the end of the volumes biographical notes of the authors whose works are quoted. This is, indeed, a very useful and valuable addition. When our children at an early age are introduced to the writings of such masters as Cardinal Newman, Aubrey de Vere, Alice Meynell, Coventry Patmore, Sidney Lanier, Eugénie de Guérin, Thomas à Kempis—we select but a few names at random—there is every reason of hope for the future of Catholic literature and for the welfare of the Catholic Church in our country. For we have a great intellectual as well as a great moral inheritance, and it is absolutely necessary to sustain and promote both. The words of St. Paul, that our service of God must be a rational service, are weighty with a supreme meaning. To sustain them means work and thought, the cultivation of taste, the studious acquaintance with the masterpieces of the saints and of the great Catholic writers. Children, with their souls undefiled by sin, can appreciate great and high things. If a good, high literary taste be given them at the beginning they will have no difficulty in rejecting the cheap, inconsequent and shallow productions of many secular publishers. We warmly congratulate the publishers on the noble work that their good taste and wise selections mean for the right growth and development of our children.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF RELIGIONS.

The competence of Baron Carra de Vaux to speak with the authority of the scholar and the practical investigator on Mohammedanism has already been established by his previous publications, especially those dealing with the philosophic thought of Islam. His present work* is devoted to orthodox Mohammedanism, and is, therefore, of a different character; for in the Mussulman world philosophy is largely heretical. We have, here, a full and fairly detailed account, in popular form, of the religion as it is practised to-day, among the followers of the prophet. This portion of the book will offer nothing new to the student.

Of special interest, however, owing to the actual Young Turk Movement, will be the Baron's examination of the future

* *La Doctrine de l'Islam.* Par le Baron Carra de Vaux. Paris: G. Beauchesne et Cie.

of Islam and the problem whether the Mussulman world can follow the present movement towards the assimilation of Western civilization and yet remain orthodox. After passing in review the various branches of Islam—Arabs, Turks, Russians, and Egyptians—the author hesitates to pronounce a decisive opinion. There is, he sees, an upper stratum everywhere in the Mohammedan world, which desires development and progress. But he doubts whether, without doing grave violence to Islam, it can adapt itself to our manners and habits of thought. One thing, however, he believes is certain. Through this section the Mohammedan world is drawing closer to us, endeavors to make itself heard, and asks to speak with us. The ancient chasm which separated it from Christendom has ceased to exist, as has also the lethargic sleep in which Mohammedanism was buried for centuries. Everywhere there is activity, curiosity, and good-will. It is our duty to turn this movement to profit, to respond to these friendly advances. These men possess the sentiments of uprightness and honor; they have cultivated habits of thought, and begin to acquire the habit of work. Much may be done by us if we make the best of the opportunity.

The course on Buddhism * delivered to the students of the Catholic Institute of Paris, last year, by a professor of the University of Ghent, is an evidence of the importance which the comparative study of religions has acquired, quite recently, in our Catholic centres of learning. The main purpose of the course is to investigate the dogmatic element found in the Buddhistic scriptures. The task is not an easy one, owing to the diverse character and the often contradictory tenets met with in this heterogeneous collection from widely different sources, not to speak of the almost insuperable difficulty for a Western scholar to seize the vague, mystical, illogical categories of the Oriental mind. The lecturer has not, as some writers have done, failed to recognize these difficulties; and, generally, he modestly sets forth his opinions in tentative, provisional or suggestive, rather than in peremptory, form. This attitude is conspicuous in his discussion of the burning question: What was Buddha's conception of Nirvana? Did he teach immor-

* *Bouddhisme: Opinions sur l'Histoire de la Dogmatique.* Par L. de la Vallé Poussin. Paris: G. Beauchesne et Cie.

tality and personality, or mere phenomenism or negation? The professor's solution is that both views were designedly introduced by Buddha, who applied them separately and without any pre-occupation about their logical reconciliation, to inculcate his moral doctrine.

"'Transmigration' and 'impermanence' are, for the Buddhists, truths known, and, therefore to be retained, whatever may be the difficulty or the impossibility of understanding them in combination. These truths have the guaranty of Buddha, and rigorous reasoning shows that they are each both true and useful." "Similarly," he continues, in illustration, "we believe in human liberty and divine omnipotence, and we cut the Gordian knot, in spite of the criticisms of Leibnitz, with Bossuet and Descartes; an act of faith which, at once, is the supreme effort of reason."

The professor has added to the value of his course by entering upon an exposition of Tantraism, or that amalgamation of Buddhism with Hindu paganism and superstition which vanquished and supplanted Buddhism in the land of its birth. It is a subject for congratulation to find that Catholic thought in France, notwithstanding the trials through which the Church is passing, is vigorously building up, in this realm of study as well as in many others, a literature which commands the respect of the learned world.

A reputable physician, with a taste for authorship, Dr. Willman, proposes, for the benefit of humanity, to refute the preposterous claims of the mind-healers* and the assertion of Christian Science that disease is an illusion of mortal mind, by showing in the light of science the real nature of the diseases and ailments which Christ miraculously cured. Incidentally he pauses before he enters on this task, to dwell on various cases of disease and medical intervention recorded in the Old Testament and in profane history. Then he essays, in scientific nomenclature, a classification of the diseases that our Lord cured; and recounts the Gospel narrative for the purpose of emphasizing the obvious fact that the inspired writers represented both the ailments and the cures to be realities and not illusions. Then, after acknowledging the legitimate claims of

* *The Errors of Mind Healing*. By Reinhold Willman, M.D., Author. St. Joseph, Missouri: The Advocate Publishing Company.

mind-influence and hypnotism, he proceeds to denounce, with uncompromising vigor, Dowieism, Theosophy, Eddyism, and Emmanuelism.

He closes with a Conclusion and a Summary, both quite interesting in their way, though, like the whole book, leaving much to be desired in point of method and close reasoning. One item of his conclusions will be unchallenged by the most sceptical historian: "Since the days of Hippocrates, who lived in the third century before Christ, medical science has, from time to time, improved—slowly, perhaps, but surely and truly—and regular and well-defined schools of the art gradually came into existence." Even Tennyson's infidel hospital doctor would not object to see strenuously inculcated on the faithful the fact to which Dr. Willman assigns a place of honor in his Summary: "Scriptural Law required that the physician must be paid for his services upon the afflicted." The Doctor appends to his closing lines the appropriate text from the Book of Proverbs:

> "He that walketh with the wise shall be wise;
> A friend of fools shall be like unto them."

It is just possible that some impatient reader may find recurring to his mind that other pearl of wisdom—Of making many books there is no end; and much study is an affliction of the spirit.

MORAL THEOLOGY.

Father Slater's little book* sketches rapidly and lightly the history of Moral Theology during the whole of the Christian era. He does not write for the scholar who delights in and demands detailed analyses of problems and evidences, but for the busy man of affairs, or students of other sciences, who wants only a general but reliable knowledge of this subject. Such readers will find his book interesting and instructive.

The publishing firm of Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill., are to be congratulated on the excellent editions of Webster's *New Standard Dictionaries* that they issue from time to time. We

* *A Short History of Moral Theology*. By Rev. Thomas Slater, S.J. Pp. 50. New York: Benziger Brothers.

wish to call special attention to the "Library Edition," for library, home, and office use, which has just come to us. This volume is of handy size with flexible cover, and has an index similar to that of the larger dictionaries. It is up-to-date in every way and we are agreeably surprised at the valuable amount of new addenda which it contains. The price of the volume is reasonable, $2.50. The Student's Common School edition is an ideal school lexicon and may be had for 75 cents.

The same publishers issue two handy booklets: *Everyman's Memo Book*, and a *Diary and Time-Saver for 1910*; price 25 cents per copy.

AMERICAN LEGATION, COPENHAGEN,
September 29, 1909.

Editor, The Catholic World, New York City.

MY DEAR SIR: I am much obliged to your critic for his well-written notice of *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis* in the May number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It is certainly admirably written, but I cannot see why on earth he draws Canon Sheehan's name into it—because I write and have written many times about the life of priests, why on earth should my work be compared to Canon Sheehan's, or why should I, who have cultivated all my life the art of saying serious things lightly, be accused of not touching the deeper currents? It seems to me that most writers in Catholic periodicals insist too much on a lack of humor. If a truth is not said ponderously, it has no real importance for them. Now one thing that I have done, in *The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis*, is to touch the deeper currents. I don't say that I go deeply into "the deeper currents"—that's a different thing. A half-hundred critics have discovered this, and among them was Mr. Roosevelt himself; and a very recent one, from whom I did not expect it, was Mr. Edwin Markham. I hope that you understand that I admire Canon Sheehan immensely, as I also admire Ferdinand Fabre—but not so immensely. It is not that I should not be happy to be compared with Canon Sheehan; but as there is no resemblance whatever in our point of view—mine, I hope, being that of a layman who knows the world, and his of a clerical man of genius who knows one little world—I do not see the necessity. Besides, while your critic

hastens to call attention to what he calls my lack of precision and definiteness, he alludes to Father Dudley's hasty scrap of dinner-table conversation and suggests that I misquote St. Thomas; whereas Father Dudley sternly demands: "Have you ever read St. Thomas?" and then begins: "'*Et hæc est demonstratio Aristoteles. Relinquitur*—'" when he is interrupted. Now, Father Dudley, like most people who talk a great deal about St. Thomas and do not read him very deeply, had begun to quote from the well-known note on page 288* in Jourdain's *Philosophie de St. Thomas d'Aquin*, on St. Thomas' explanation of the design of the Creator in forming the soul, and he quotes literally. But, as your critic might have seen, the quotation is intended to give color to the scene and to show that Father Dudley is not a very learned man. One does not expect people to make very accurate quotations in dinner-table conversation. Speaking of accuracy, why does the critic put Willie Curtice's farm in Virginia? It is evidently in Maryland. There are not many Catholics in rural Virginia, are there? And, by the way, "St. Stephen"—in the first chapter—should be "St. Sebastian"; my bad writing was responsible for that.

I wish your man had not treated the book so much "*de haut en bas*." I am,

Yours very sincerely,

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

* As everybody uses that argument, the Ph.D. (studied from life!) interrupts him.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (18 Sept.): "Latin in Seminaries" emphasizes the need of the study and the use of Latin. The decline of this study in France is cited, where, "unless an effective stand be made, in twenty years the French clergy will have no better knowledge of Latin than they have of Greek.——"At Lourdes," a description of a day spent at this wonder-working shrine and an account of some recent miracles.——The Anglican Archdeacon of Madras pays a glowing tribute to the progress and work of the Church in foreign fields, under the title, "Catholicism in India."

(25 Sept.): A report is given of the jubilee meeting of the Catholic Truth Society at Manchester; the address there of the Archbishop of Westminster, "Catholics and Questions of Day"; and extracts from various papers that were read.——Other articles are "The Church and Socialism," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P.——"Catholics and Social Study," by Rev. Charles Plater, S.J.——"Catholics and the Comparative History of Religion," by Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.——In this same number a Catholic gives his views on the question of the Dramatic Censorship.——The miracle of St. Januarius, is discussed by the Roman correspondent.——King Edward's message to the Catholics of Canada is published. It gives assurance of the king's constant desire that religious and civil liberty should always be enjoyed by his subjects in all parts of the empire.

(2 Oct.): "Catholic Action in France," discusses the proper action for Catholics at the next general election. A Catholic party in France like the Centre Party in Germany is out of the question, but much could be achieved by harmonious action among Catholics.——Father Rickaby gives the first installment of an interesting discussion on "Truthfulness."——W. Croke Robinson writes on the use of the Question Box, and his conclusion is: "It is far in a way the most powerful means of making converts that has yet appeared; at least, that is my settled conviction after all but thirty-five years of experience."

(9 Oct.): "The Problem of the Suffragettes" discusses the means which the advocates of the movement employ to further their cause.——Father Rickaby concludes his discussion on "Truthfulness."——"The Wolf and the Lamb," by Father de Zueletta, charges the London *Times* with suppressing the truth about the action of the Separation Law in France.——The Roman Correspondent writes that Italy has for a whole generation been copying France. The evolution from an Italian Waldeck-Rosseau to an Italian Briand threatens to be quicker than in France. The Correspondent also says that it may be taken as almost certain that a Consistory will be held before the close of the present year. ——Henry G. Graham supports Father Robinson's words and writes: "In America, in the hands of the Paulists, it (the Question Box) has proved the most successful convert-making instrument yet invented; but the best proof of its efficacy lies in the fact that Protestants hate it like poison and publicly denounce it."

The Month (Sept.): "The Eucharistic Congress at Cologne," by A. Hilliard Atteridge, notes the indifferent treatment given the Congress by the English and by the German non-Catholic press. The enthusiastic reception accorded the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vannutelli, by the German people of all classes, is highly praised. In conclusion a programme of the exercises is given.——An article entitled "The Clergy and Social Work," takes up the question whether the clergy should take part in social and economic movements. The author argues affirmatively, maintaining that such action has received ecclesiastical approbation, and that both modern circumstances and Christian charity demand it.——"The Problem of Evolution," by the Editor, tells of the lectures given by Father Erich Wasmann, S.J., in Berlin, at which he discussed the theory of Evolution with several German scientists. The article further deals with the attitude of the Church toward science and the freedom which she grants to her children in scientific matters.——The Rev. Herbert Thurston, in "A Libel on Medieval Missions," takes issue with the Rev. Percy Deamer, who in an article entitled "Our Church History

as Told in the Scenes of the Pageant," states that from the tenth to the sixteenth century, the voice of the missionary was heard only in the Eastern Church. Father Thurston offers considerable documentary evidence in support of the existence and labors of English missionaries during those centuries.

The International Journal of Ethics (Oct.): "The Meaning of Literature for Philosophy," by Ernest Albee. "Not only morality and religion, but all civilization seem to be based upon the progressive development of sympathy and imagination. As Shelley says: 'Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.'"——Charles M. Bakewell, in "The Unique Case of Socrates," says: "He is one of those men who refuse to be classified; he is not a teacher merely but an example, and as such is glorified, idealized, . . . an Isaiah come to meet a religious crisis that had taken the form of a philosophic dispute."——J. E. Creighton, in "Knowledge and Practice," says: "Philosophy becomes the pilot of life when the desire for wisdom and enlightenment enters into the mind as its dominant motive. Knowledge is real only when it takes the form of self-knowledge."——"The Organization of Truth," says John Wright Buckham, "depends upon our finding some supreme and regulative reality. This is found in personality. For that only can be true which is good, that is, personal. This implies a rational idealism in recognizing truth values."——R. M. MacIver, says that "Ethics and Politics" cannot be in conflict, because "politics regards man in a particular abstract relation, whereas ethics regards man in his concreteness as a human being, one of whose characteristics is to be a 'political animal.'"

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Sept.): That a "Lay College at Maynooth" was the origin of the present seminary, from which the clergy elbowed out the laity, and that thus, by appropriating government funds, the clergy succeeded in keeping the laity ignorant, is declared by the Editor to be a charge totally unfounded.——Rev. R. Fullerton denies "The Evolution of Mind" in the sense of Romanes and Haeckel. Animals, he says, have not the human faculties of reason, self-consciousness, speech, and

free-will.——"The Last Years of Archbishop Creagh, of Armagh," by W. H. Grattan Flood. The formerly accepted dates as to the Primate's death in prison are declared incorrect and the correct date given as early in December, 1586.——The Very Rev. Reginald Walsh, O.P., continues "Glimpses of the Penal Times," and deals with the career of Ambrose MacDermott, Bishop of Elphin.——"Female Suffrage," says the Rev. David Barry, "from a Catholic standpoint, is not justified. It is not defined that woman has the right to a living wage or the duty of supporting herself at all; the virtue of distributive justice has no direct concern with her; her interests are not incompatible with or antagonistic to, those of the male members of her family. Woman suffrage is incompatible with the Catholic ideal of the unity of domestic life."

Le Correspondant (25 Aug.): "Social Congresses," begun in 1904 by Henri Lorin, the first being held in Fribourg, are described by Étienne Lamy. Their purpose is to enable practical Catholics to find out what Catholicism demands and teaches in the way of social activity, and what ideas and aims may be common to Catholics and socialists. "These congresses," says M. Lamy, "are a means of restoring Christianity to the laws of France, especially with regard to laws that affect the working classes."——"The Russian Army and the Western Border of the Empire." "Russia now has 1,200,000 effective fighting men in peace and more than four millions ready to be put into service in time of war."——"Regnard, the Man and the Poet," is described by René Gautheron as a lesser Molière, whose comedies are eternally young and amusing.——G. Saint-Yves discusses the operations of Spain in Morocco.

(10 Sept.): "The Campaign Against William II." is the second installment of H. Moysset's "The Spirit of the People in Germany."——Bernard de Lacombe writes of "Cardinal Lavigerie." He says: "Never did a busier, more restless dignitary sit in the Sacred College. Asia and Africa were his fields of glory.——E. Angot asks, in "A Little Feminism," whether it would be wise to urge a young girl to persevere in serious studies, even

could she excel in them, when it is probable that she will never need such knowledge for her temporal support? The author answers in the negative.

(25 Sept.): Louis Rivière would institute and promote, as he puts it, both "Catholic and Neutral Works," whether the latter have Catholic leaders and admit religious discussions or not, in order that the faith, becoming more thoroughly known by the social interests of its adherents, may be revived in France.——"The Work of Carmen Sylvia" is reviewed by Léo Claretie. ——Gabriel Aubray writes of "The Sad State of Feminism." He quotes Dumas: "Man has revolted against God; woman revolts against man. With the woman falls the home; with the home, society. Women need order rather than liberty; custom should lead them to the hearth and law keep them there."

Études (5 Sept.): Pedro Descogs again joins issue with M. Ch. Maurras. The latter's views in many places are said to be distinctly un-Catholic; his philosophy positivistic; his religious system agnostic. M. Descogs warns the young men of France to beware, lest they be caught by a movement which would divorce politics and religion.——The notion of responsibility is subjected to further analysis by Xavier Moisant. In this number he shows the content of the idea at different periods in Christian history. From the time of Jesus Christ and the Apostles even down to the days of Pelagius, great emphasis was laid upon the supreme sovereignty of God. ——"The Correspondence of Bossuet and of Fénelon," by Eugène Griselle.——"The Fall of the Constitutional Clergy (1793)," the story of their apostasy, by Pierre Poliard.——"A Recent Portrait of Mother Barat," by René Compaing.

(20 Sept.): The Editors contribute a short biography and estimate of the labors of Father du Lac, a leading Jesuit of France who died recently.——Vladimir Soloviev, a great Catholic layman of Russia, is described by Michel d'Herbigny as "a Russian Newman." Like the great cardinal, Soloviev was born outside the Church, but through religious loyalty, fervor in prayers, and fidelity to the light, he came at last to make his sub-

mission to the successor of Peter. There are some wonderful resemblances in these two converts. They both loved the Scriptures and the Fathers—St. Augustine in particular—ecclesiastical history, the philosophy of evolution. Before their conversion both were attracted to a life of perfect chastity, and took perpetual vows. Soloviev died in 1900.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Sept.): "The Responsibility of the Church in the Repression of Heresy in the Middle Ages," by E. Jordan, treats of "the Inquisition and the defence of society." The author reviews the doctrines and practices of the heretics as regards marriage, obedience to civil authority, and concludes: "If the State in the Middle Ages and the Church with it, and in its interests, repressed the Albigenses and the Vandois, the Fratricelli and the Wyclifites, as governments to-day repress rebels and anarchists, it would be unjust to approve the one and to blame the other."

(Oct.): Lemarié discusses the "Nature of Religious Faith," and says: "Science attaches itself to the 'how' of the world and of life; religion to the 'why.' We know that God exists, because He imposes Himself upon us and draws us to Himself. Faith is our answer to the divine call, its realization by our will. We seek God only because we have already found Him; and we find Him because God has inclined our hearts to seek."

——L. Laberthonnière reviews M. Heitz's book on *St. Thomas and the Connection Between Science and Faith.* According to M. Heitz: "For the Abelards, the Anselms, the Bonaventures, all following St. Augustine, theology was the science of the revealed truth; for St. Thomas, . . . faith excludes the scientific knowledge of its dogmas. It is the master stroke of the will that forces the adhesion of faith." The writer criticizes M. Heitz for such assertions about St. Thomas as: "that he was the first to understand the true character of revelation, misunderstood by St. Paul and the Fathers"; "that he did not continue the work of his predecessors, but contradicted it"; "that dogma to remain dogma must remain in itself unknowable."

Revue Pratique a'Apologétique (1 Sept.): E. Mangenot, contin-

uing "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ," declares that the risen body, "although identical with the earthly body, was no longer in its former material state, but transformed by divine omnipotence and adapted to the glorious nature of the Risen One and His vivifying action in the Church." In another paper he will discuss the alleged oppositions between St. Paul and the Gospels; in this he gives the theories of Loisy, Le Roy, Stapfer, and others.——"The Sources of Duty," by M. Gossard.——Abbé Broussolle gives the third installment of "The Apostles in Renaissance Art," illustrating "the share of mystical speculation in the iconography of the Apostles."——"The Feasts of the Holy Cross," their origin and character, and the nature of the cult to be paid to the cross, are described by H. Lesêtre.——"The Latin Question Again," by J. Guibert, includes approbation from various sources of the author's advocacy of Latin in education, particularly its wider use in seminaries.

(15 Sept.): "Prayer for the Dead," by Dom Cabrol, in-includes the defence of this practice by Bossuet against the Protestants, an attack recently renewed by M. Reinach, and the testimony of epitaphs and liturgies to the universality and the antiquity of the tradition, although the silence of the liturgies has led some to deny its apostolic origin.——E. Mangenot presents the second part of his "Resurrection of Jesus Christ," reviewing the Gospel narratives and critical theories thereof, especially the natural explanations of the discovery of the empty tomb, the hypothesis of the apparent death and that of the stealing of Christ's Body, and concludes that "the discovery of the empty tomb is not a legend but an historical fact."——Ph. Ponsard, treating "The Divine Command," says that "man can will only what God commands, because this alone is the expression of the perfect good and His first reason for making the command absolute is to withdraw men from their individual vagaries."——"The Bible Stories: Jonas," by H. Lesêtre. ——J. Guibert appeals for an apostolate of "Teachers of Christian Schools" and shows the dangers of isolation, especially in lowering personal perfection and consequently professional value.

Chronique Sociale de France (Aug.-Sept.): A. Lugan answers the charge that Christ scorned labor and bade man trust blindly in Providence, by explaining the "Be not solicitous for the morrow" passage of St. Matthew vi. 25-34.——"The Social Activity of Swiss Catholics" is an account of the recent Congress at Zong.——"A Practical School for Social Formation," founded by Mlle. Gahéry, to work for children of all denominations and to educate teachers, is described by L. de Contenson.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et La Science Catholique (Sept.): "The Use of Latin in the Seminaries," by Abbé Biguet. The article is a reply to M. Abbé Guibert. The latter, before the Board of Directors of the Grand Seminary, presented the view that all ecclesiastical students should be obliged to use the Latin language. Questions and answers, papers to be written, all examinations and the like, should be conducted in Latin. Abbé Biguet claims that the present student is not equal to such a task. The colleges do not attend sufficiently to the classics to give a scholar any fluency in Latin. ——"Joan of Arc." The author of the article, M. E. Hurault, brings forth some new facts—recently discovered by Abbé Carrez—about the march of Joan of Arc to Rheims. The entrance, on July 14, 1429, to the town of Châlons-sur-Marne, is the chief topic of the paper. Châlons was not so important in the issue of the campaign as the surrender of Troyes, still it singularly facilitated the march of the army. Upon the attitude of the inhabitants of this city depended the possibility of the passage of the Marne, and consequently the conquest of Rheims.——"Sociological Modernism." The article is chiefly a number of letters sent to Abbé Fontaine in approval of his recent work *Sociological Modernism.* The object of the book is a presentation of Modernism in so far as it affects the Social Question.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 Sept.): In his article, "Louis XIII. and the Jesuits," Eugene Griselle introduces extracts from unedited documents, supporting the King's favorable attitude toward the Society of Jesus.——Continuing his series of articles on "The Feminist Movement," Theodore Joran treats of one of the principal

grievances of the feminists, namely, the opposition to their entrance into the domains of letters.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Sept.): F. Dubois begins an exposition of "The Teaching Church." The present article is concerned with the Teaching Authority and its object. Its first section aims to determine in a precise manner the Catholic position, namely that the pastors and the faithful, the *Ecclesia docens* and the *Ecclesia discens*, work together by diverse titles and in different degrees to the preservation and the development of the revealed deposit, in contrast to the Modernist antitheses of Loisy, Tyrrell, and others, that the teaching authority, the Pope and the Bishops, are only the organs and witnesses of the common faith. The second section is "a simple exposé of the common teaching of theologians on the object of the ecclesiastical magisterium which shows the distance that separates it from the anti-intellectual theories of G. Tyrrell."——"Go, Daughter of God, Go!" is a review by J. Bricout of a drama of Jules Barbier depicting the life of Joan of Arc.——In the "Chronicle of Ecclesiastical History" E. Vacandard reviews among other works the following: "the first number of a *Dictionary of Ecclesiastical History and Geography*, published by Letouzey & Ané, Paris; a history by Achille Luchaire, of *Innocent III., the Lateran Council, and the Reform in the Church;* a *History of the Inquisition in France*, by Th. de Cauzons; and a volume by Albert Weiss, O.P., a continuation of the history of *Luther and Lutheranism in its First Development*, begun by Heinrich Denifle.

(15 Sept.): A. Villien writes of "The Discipline of the Sacraments," giving a brief historic sketch of the usages and ceremonies connected with the administration of the sacraments.——Some of the recent works reviewed by L. Venard under the "Biblical Chronicle" are: a *History of the New Testament Canon* (German), by J. Leipoldt; *How Did the Books of the New Testament Become Scripture?* by M. Leitzmann; *Who Has Founded Christianity, Jesus or Paul?* by A. Meyer; *Paulus und Jesus*, by A. Juelicher; *Jesus et Paul*, by J. Breitenstein; *The Christianity of Paul, the Gospel of Jesus*, by W. Walther. Of

these last four Meyer maintains that St. Paul was a visionary who drew from himself much more than he received from apostolical tradition, with the result that his teaching on very many important points is quite different from that of the Gospel. Yet he does not go so far as the critics of a few years ago who held that between Paul and Jesus one was compelled to make choice. He would say that Paul leads to Christ. Juelicher takes a position still less radical than Meyer, holding that although St. Paul's teaching is on many points different from that of Jesus, still it is essentially that of the twelve. Breitenstein practically agrees with Juelicher. Walther represents the conservative tendency of German Protestantism. His work is a refutation of the theory that St. Paul's teaching is any other than that of Christ, excepting its adaptation to changed circumstances. ——Writing of "Chapels of Aid," A. de Mun describes conditions in the poorer districts of Paris, where two steps from the most aristocratic part of the city "dwell a people more abandoned, more ignorant of God, than a tribe of negroes in the Congo."

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (14 Sept.): "The Conclusive Force of the Argument for the Existence of God From the Tendencies of the Soul," by O. Zimmermann, S.J., with reference to the present state of religious thought in Protestant Germany. "That which corresponds to the deepest, noblest needs of nature must exist, for these needs cannot have their satisfying goal in a void. We need God; therefore He must exist."——V. Cathrein, S.J., writing on "Christianity and Socialism," maintains that he who believes modern socialism to be compatible with positive Christianity has no true idea of either the one or the other.——O. Pfuelf, S.J., apropos of a work of Th. de Cauzons on *The Inquisition in France*, points out the merits of this work, its impartial historical treatment, though not from a Catholic standpoint, and its recognition of the fact that the heretics punished were enemies of the State as well as of the Church.

La Civiltà Cattolica (2 Sept.): "The Condition of Catholics in the German Empire." The ardent fanaticism of the sixteenth century against the Catholic Church appears

even to-day in some parts of the German Empire as strong as in the time of Luther. Until the year 1899 Catholics in Saxony, Mecklenburg and Brunswick were not allowed to practice their religion freely nor to build schools and churches, and even to-day the condition is but little better. In Brunswick only four Masses may be said in one year; to say a fifth Mass would be considered dangerous to the State.——"Freemasonry." This is the third article on Masonry in answer to the question: "What is the real religion of Freemasonry?" The Masonic religion, in its ultimate analysis, turns out to be a false naturalism which does not differ substantially from materialism and ends logically in atheism. The article has reviewed the writings of the most important masons in America and Europe.

La Scuola Cattolica (Aug.): Under the title "Other Points of Biblical Criticism," F. S. rejects the proofs which Loisy brings forward against the Gospel of St. John from the silence of the early writers concerning it. He shows that Loisy did not faithfully translate the fragment of Papias; that likewise he tries in vain to show that St. John is not the author of the Fourth Gospel from the silence of Papias. In conclusion the argument from silence is used against Loisy.——"The Bible and Philosophy in the Catholic Dogma of the Resurrection of the Dead." A. Cellini, notwithstanding the opposition of many philosophers, argues for the belief of the Hebrew people in the immortality of the soul. He shows that the Thora is not opposed but favorable to the immortality of the human soul.

Razón y Fe (Sept.): "Without Country and Without Faith," by R. Ruiz Amado, illustrates from the recent Barcelona riots the author's contention that the renegades from religion are apostates from patriotism.——E. Ugarte de Ercilla, on "New Orientations in Morality."——"Printing Presses of Early Jesuits in Europe, America, and the Philippines," by C. Gómez Rodeles. The first article deals with those set up in Rome and Messina in 1556 and in Palermo between 1732 and 1735.——J. Beguiristain makes "Observations on the Eucharistic

Apostolate of St. Ignatius," arguing that the saint, "powerfully urged frequent, even daily, Communion."

España y América (1 Sept.): "The Exegetical System of St. Thomas," continues P. C. Fernández, taught that the contradiction between ascertained scientific truth and proposed biblical interpretations could and should—following, however, the teachings and traditions of the Church—be reconciled by adopting other interpretations. There can be no error in Scripture; and religion and science cannot really contradict each other.——P. Bruno Ibeas, in "Christian Work and the Social Question," concludes by appealing for applied Christian principles againt socialism. "All our organizations need reform; let us restore all things in Christ."——"Chámeza and the Recollet Augustinians," by P. P. Fabo, gives data from the history of Colombia; notes the marked improvement in morality, education, and government.——P. M. Valez sends "Notes from Peru." He thinks that "Yankee Imperialism," which endangers the independence of the Spanish American republics, will be beneficial by insuring peace; and approving the laws against Oriental immigration.

(15 Sept.): F. Vezinet pays a tribute to P. de Mugica in "A Spanish Critic in Germany," saying: "Three qualities are requisite for a critic: extensive learning; a mind daring to express its honest convictions, though without bitterness; and an attractive style. P. de Mugica possesses all three."——"The Æsthetic Ideas of St. Augustine," by P. E. Negrete, concluded. "The immediate end of art is the realization of the beautiful. There can be technical and physical beauty without morality. But art, if it does not preach, should at least not blaspheme."——"New York Notes," by P. M. Blanco Garcia, is a description of the Champlain celebration.

Current Events.

France.

The tranquillity of the French people has met with but little disturbance. The Chambers have not been in session and the preparations which doubtless are being made for the election of the new Chamber next spring are not yet of a character to excite public interest. The relations with the rest of the world remain as before—the effort of Mulai Hafid to involve France in the quarrel of Morocco with Spain not having succeeded. Ostensibly, and on the surface, France and Germany are on the best possible terms; but the underlying hostility has been made manifest by the invasion of France by hosts of German spies—at least so the French assert. Regular agencies, it is said, are established in France. Frenchmen in straitened circumstances are induced, by offers of money and other practises still less praiseworthy, to furnish information about the army. Deserters especially have been approached by those German emissaries, who train them to render more effectual service against their own country. In particular, a machine gun of special construction was stolen from one of the barracks, and there is every reason to think it has found its way into the hands of the German military authorities, by means of a traitor in the camp. The detestable spy system, which is one of the chief evils of a state of war, seems to be growing into a permanent institution even in time of peace.

The French navy itself—so great has been its declension—has had to endure the surprise visits of Ministers. One of those visits disclosed the fact that the work of the department in question was several months, and in some cases several years, in arrears. The secular teaching which has been embraced by the French State cannot boast of having effected any very profound improvement in the performance of even the most elementary duties. And yet the government does not cease to wage war with the only agency for the preservation of the nation's moral life. A series of prosecutions of Bishops, for alleged seditious language uttered in the pulpit, has led to their condemnation. M. Briand justifies his action by alleging that the Bishops have violated the Separation Law. But, as has been well said by the Abbé Gayraud, the worst

violences of despotism have been legal at certain moments of history. Unjust laws are only a form of tyranny. A statesman should try to amend those laws, to repair their injustice, and to restore peace to oppressed consciences.

The fact is that French Catholics must learn to protect themselves, and this is what they are beginning to do. They are making active preparations, both openly and behind the scenes, for the next elections. The freedom which they now enjoy, and which is perhaps the one good result of the recent legislation, enables them to enter into combination with their bishops as leaders, and it seems probable that all differences, political and social, will be sunk and a union formed for the defence of Catholic interests. Whether this union should take the form of a political party—a thing which might bring it into conflict with all the other parties combined against it—is a point now under discussion. Among others, the formation of a Catholic Party is deprecated by the Abbé Bizet, on the ground that the Church on principle is not and cannot be a party; that it is open to men of all parties, and cannot identify itself with any. Neither the Popes nor the Bishops have any mission to carry on political government, nor would their intervention be tolerated. Cogent as these reasons may be there seems to be nothing in them to prevent Catholics of all parties from uniting in defence of the interests of religion. But so great is the obliquity of the government that it resents the action of the Bishops when they take measures to see that the law controlling educators is not violated by the teachers.

In the lull of French political activity the attention of French publicists, as indeed of those of most of the other European countries, has been directed to the proposed Budget legislation in England. M. Jaurès and M. Leroy-Beaulieu agree in asserting that these proposals are in their essence socialistic —the most socialistic in fact that have ever been presented to a European Parliament. This, however, is not the unanimous judgment of those who defend socialism. By some those proposals are declared to be the last entrenchment of the middle classes against the onslaught of the socialists. But the proposals of the new French Minister of Finance, M. Cochery, while they are not in theory socialistic, are in reality steps towards the ownership of property by the State. In order to remove the deficit he proposes to take over succession to estates of large

value, in the case of the more remote degrees of relationship, no less than a quarter of the total value of the estate, and it is said that even a third may, in certain eventualities, be claimed.

The proposed Income Tax, too, is a step in the same direction. The opposition to it, however, is rather based upon its inquisitorial character, which makes it a reversion, as M. Raymond Poincaré declares, to the most irritating and arbitrary of the systems of the past.

It may be interesting to quote the opinion M. Poincaré has formed of the French Chambers of Deputies, as he is one of the most respected members of the French political world. "Some Frenchmen," he says, "become Deputies, as they might become lawyers or doctors, or even cooks and domestic servants, simply in order to have a good place and to try to keep it. Those professional politicians are a serious danger." The wants and demands of the Deputy's constituents prevent his looking to the real interests of the country and deprive him of the necessary independence. Compared with fifteen years ago political morals have been lowered, and political mendacity has made great progress. Local interests prevail over the public. Unless a remedy is found, the Parliamentary *régime* is doomed. M. Poincaré's remedy is in such a reform of the electoral system as will broaden the basis of representation, abolish the injustice of government by more shifting majorities, and seek a real reproduction of opinion by means of proportional representation.

There are, however, certain opinions held by some French citizens of which M. Poincaré would not wish to have representatives, but which have led to action even in so well-drilled an institution as the Army. At Macon, on the occasion of manœuvres, one of the flags was missing, and was found in a certain place which is not generally more definitely indicated. On learning of this incident two of the leaders of opinion in France, M. Hervé and M. Yvetot declared in public—the former, that he was delighted that "the French flag had undergone such an outrageous insult"; the latter, a trade unionist leader, "that it was as necessary to defile the idea of fatherland *(la patrie)* as it had been to defile the flag." M. Hervé and M. Yvetot are not, of course, representative Frenchmen, but they are not without a following.

It would be a great mistake to look upon the incident at

Macon as typical or as a sign of the deterioration of the army as a whole. So far is this from being the case, that the well-known German military critic, Colonel Gädke, who was present at the autumn manœuvres of the French Army, and who had been allowed to see what he wanted, sums up a series of articles in the *Berliner Tageblatt* with the words: "This army deserves in every way our greatest respect and our most earnest attention. We can learn from the French at least as much as they can learn from us." The French people, he declares, are as deeply interested in the army as are the German. "If during the last two days of the manœuvres," says Colonel Gädke, "one had suddenly put the French army into Prussian uniforms, one would have seen a picture not differing in any respect from that presented every year by our manœuvres."

Germany.

The autumn is devoted by European Emperors and Kings to the inspection of the armies, the support of which is an almost intolerable burden to their peoples. This year the German Emperor has been present not only at the manœuvres of his own, but at those of the Emperor of Austria. On the occasion of the celebration of the Jubilee of Francis Joseph last year, the Kaiser said that on the word of command given by the Austrian Emperor, Field Marshal in the German army, that army would march. In the recent crisis Russia was compelled to recognize the annexation by the mere intimation that the command was on the point of being given. The success of Austria was due to the support of Germany. Since that time the union between the two empires, which is now the dominating element in European politics, has had no occasion to make a special manifestation of itself, but a few indications of its existence have not been wanting, of which the Kaiser's presence at the Austrian manœuvres, and that of the Grand Duke Ferdinand's presence at the German army manœuvres is one. Another indication of the desire to bind the two countries together in the closest way is the effort that is being made to reconcile the Germans who are within the borders of Austria to endure with patience, if not with joy, their separation from their brethren who are subjects of the German Emperor. A few years ago much was done in just a contrary direction. The Pan-Germans did all

they could to make the Germans of Austria discontented and to teach them that their destiny was to be united with the new Empire. Their efforts met with no small success, and large numbers of the subjects of Francis Joseph almost openly avowed their disloyalty. Germans are not satisfied unless they are supreme, and the result of the expulsion of Austria from Germany, consequent upon the war of 1866, was to bring to the front the Slav elements of Austria-Hungry. This their German fellow-subjects could not endure, and this their fellow-Germans, subjects of the Kaiser, encouraged them not to endure.

But now times have changed, and with them politics. The united action of the two Empires is to be secured. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, Prince Bülow's successor as Chancellor, has, in pursuance of this, paid a visit to Vienna, and in a somewhat unwonted manner given public expression of his impressions of the Emperor. He pronounced his Imperial Majesty to be the great phenomenon of Europe, the most venerable, the most remarkable, the most interesting phenomenon on a throne, nay, even a touching and fascinating phenomenon. He is a living excerpt from the history of the world. His great delight was that he had been received so graciously by a monarch of such exalted worth. How ready then should his own German subjects be to recognize his rule. This seems to be the practical inference to be drawn from the utterances of the German Chancellor.

But that this might be made quite clear, a frequent guest and adviser of the Emperor William, Professor Adolf Wagner, went to Vienna and made a speech at a congress there, in which he extolled the achievements of the Habsburg Monarchy. It had broken the power of the Turks. It had given the first check to Napoleon. It had rendered possible German life and German culture. Therefore, in the future, must the Hohenzollern and the Habsburg stand together with their armies and their navies and sing: "Dear fatherland, no fear be thine; firm stands the watch on Danube and Rhine."

In furtherance of the same policy of close union between Germany and Austria, Prince Ludwig, the eldest son of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, made a speech on the occasion of his unveiling of a monument in commemoration of his own wounding in the war of 1866 at Helmstadt in Lower Franconia.

In this speech, while recognizing that the Germans of Austria had remained outside of the German unity which had been attained, and had thereby suffered great loss both in prestige and in actual fact, yet he said it was their duty not to cast sidelong glances across the frontier; to do so would be, he said, an act of high treason and an injury to all loyal Germans in Austria-Hungary. There must be union between the two empires, and the condition of union must be mutual non-interference. In this way war would be averted in the future, just as it was averted a few months ago.

Meanwhile, Germany continues to work hard for the preservation of peace by the building and launching of Dreadnoughts, improved Dreadnoughts, and improved improved Dreadnoughts; for there are said to be these three classes, consisting of four ships in each. Six of these Dreadnoughts have been launched, the last of which belongs to the improved type. Docks are being built for the reception of these ships and vast sums of money are being expended. All these sacrifices are being made, as is affirmed over and over again, for the preservation of peace. "We carry the burden of our defence willingly," the Emperor William said lately at Karlsruhe, "for we know that we must preserve and maintain our peace." The socialists of Germany have been holding their Congress at Leipzig, a Congress which has passed off more peacefully than usual. They also maintain that their strongest wish is for peace, but think that the government's methods are more likely than not to lead to war. Strange to say these views of the socialists were held by a statesman who, for many years, influenced, as the power behind the throne, the foreign policy of Germany. The late Herr von Holstein declared a short time before his death that to maintain that the addition of great ships to the navy augmented the strength of Germany was a lying and treacherous fallacy. To quote his own words: "In Germany 'navy fever' is raging. This dangerous disease is fed by fear of an attack from England, which is not in accordance with facts. The effect of the 'navy fever' is pernicious in three directions." He proceeds to point out in detail these dangers, the last of which is that of war between England and Germany, as well perchance with Japan. He recognizes, however, that it is hopeless at present to stand against the prevailing disease, that any one who should so act would be decried as wanting

in "patriotism"; but expresses his conviction that, in a few years, the justice of his views will be established.

Austria-Hungary.

Austria-Hungary is occupied with paying for arrangements necessary for its recently adopted active policy. Her union with Germany has rendered it incumbent upon her to build Dreadnoughts as well, for the purpose, it is presumed, of driving Great Britain out of the Mediterranean. It seems fairly certain that four of these war ships are to be built, but the full scheme advocated by the military party calls for no fewer than sixteen. The chief obstacle, and it is a great obstacle, is the expense. Austria is one of the most highly taxed countries in Europe. The cost of the four Dreadnoughts is estimated at more than forty millions of dollars, and in addition to this the bill has to be paid for the mobilization of troops which took place last spring occasioned by the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The amount has not been definitely disclosed, but a rough estimate places it at no less than a hundred millions, involving the doubling of the estimates for 1909. The feeling of the country has changed in view of these figures. One of the principal papers says: "Count von Aehrenthal is experiencing bitter days. The bill for his successful Balkan policy is now to be presented to the peoples of Austria and Hungary; and, lo! not a soul wants to pay it. All political and racial antagonisms in this distracted monarchy become silent as soon as those figures begin to speak. Germans and Czechs, Poles and Ruthenes, Serbs and Croatians, Magyars and Rumanes, are united in resisting the mighty budgetary burdens that have grown, and will continue to grow, out of the annexation policy." Hungary in particular, there is every reason to think, before voting her share of the expense, will insist on a further Magyarization of the army and on other particular demands.

The long-drawn-out crisis, brought on by the resignation last May of the Hungarian ministry, had not been settled a few weeks ago. The efforts made to form a new Cabinet failed, and the attempt was postponed. They have been renewed, and something must now be done, for the Prime Minister, Dr. Wekerlé, is resolved to retire into private life. The coalition cabinet has failed in accomplishing that for which it was called

into being—the reform of the constitution by the establishment of universal suffrage. Its efforts were not very sincere. The continued unjust domination of the Magyars was the only thing it cared about, and they found no real way of so doing consistent with universal suffrage, although a scheme was published. It was, however, so inadequate and one-sided that it has found no supporters. The King is determined, it is said, that the new Cabinet shall be pledged to carry out the long delayed reform; but Hungarian politicians so far have offered him only the alternative between a Cabinet made of Dualist members and one made up of Independent members; that is to say, a Cabinet advocating the present Dual arrangement between Austria and Hungary, and one which wishes to separate the two countries so completely that the person of the sovereign should be the sole bond.

Russia.

Russia seems to be making steady progress and a constitutional *régime* seems to have a good prospect of being firmly established. The Tsar has so far recovered his popularity, that crowds are found who cheer him when he appears in public. The prospect is favorable. There are, of course, reactionary influences at work; but, so far, they have been powerless. The Tsar has stood firmly in support of his ministers, and has not listened to backstairs counsellors; and, as a consequence, his prestige has been enhanced. A good harvest, prompt payment of taxes, increase of revenues, agrarian reforms, the transformation of the peasants into freeholders, which is going on, have all contributed to the advent of more prosperous conditions. Repressive legislation is, however, still in existence; but there are hopes that it will soon come to an end, when the *raison d'être* disappears. The alliance with France remains unshaken, and the good understanding with Great Britain is a compensation for the loss of Austria's friendship. The common action of Russia and Great Britain in Persia has resulted in the overthrow of one of the absolute rulers whose sway is an affliction to the dwellers upon earth. It is said that if the ex-Shah could have brought himself to believe that the Tsar was sincere in supporting a constitution for Persia, he would have yielded in time and not have lost his throne.

Turkey.

Hopes, too, may be entertained that Turkey's constitution will not be again destroyed. Such at least are the assurances given by those who are in a position to form a reliable judgment. The large number of those who fattened and battened on the spoliation of the people in Hamidian days are, of course, discontented and would destroy the present order, if they could. It is thought, however, that they are well under control. The Turkish Parliament is working well and soberly. Expert advisers from other countries are being appointed to supply the experience of which the Turks themselves are necessarily lacking. The army is to be trained by German officers, the Navy has been placed under an English Admiral, while a Board of Advice for Financial Affairs has been formed, made up of French, English, and Italian experts. The credit of Turkey under its new institutions has become so good that it has become possible to raise a loan. And concessions have been granted for the development of hitherto unused resources.

Greece.

The state of Greece shows that something more is necessary for the common weal than the mere possession of a constitution and of a parliament. It would take too much space to give in detail an account of the evils with which the body politic in Greece is afflicted. The war a few years ago with Turkey showed that even then its army was in such a state of disorganization and inefficiency that the attempt to enter into a conflict with the Turkish troops made Greece the laughing-stock of the world. Things have not improved since the war; and within the last few months Greece has had to submit through sheer impotence to the somewhat arrogant demands of Turkey. This has roused the spirit of the soldiers who, as in Turkey, seem to be the only body at once able to perceive the existent evils and courageous enough to make any effort to remedy them. The leaders of the political parties care only for the spoils of office; in fact, they have sunk to the level of the Portuguese politicians whose only object it has been in rotation to rob the public. In Greece the people are giving their support to the efforts which the military league is making, and, although there has been some talk of the proba-

bility of a dictatorship, there are hopes that the necessary reforms may be effected without the abolition of constitutional methods. A good deal depends upon the action of the King and on his co-operation. He is personally popular, and his great services to the state are universally recognized. He has had the desire to abdicate and the treatment of his sons may well have strengthened this desire. But it is hoped that the well-being of the State, to which his continued presence is of great importance, may induce him to retain the reins of government.

Spain.

It is impossible not to feel grave anxiety as to the permanence of the present *régime* in Spain. Writers of repute declare that there is widespread corruption in every department, that its constitution is a mere name, and that the discontent with the present conditions is growing. The recent resort to such arbitrary measures as the suspension of the constitutional guarantees and the censorship is a sign of the weakness of the government. The war with the Riffs may develop into a war with Morocco, and this may lead to complications with France, and perhaps with other Powers. The excitement caused by the execution of Señor Ferrer is but one of the many indications of unrest. No one except a sympathizer with anarchy and rebellion would look upon this execution as unjustified. The prisoner may not have had all the safeguards which are granted in countries where the liberty of the subject is more jealously guarded; but it seems clear that substantial justice was done. Even the writers in the Spanish press, who do not approve of the sentence, do not attack either the procedure of the Court, or the impartiality and competence of the judges; not even with Señor Ferrer as a man do they evince any sympathy. He is rather regarded as a valuable battle cry in the warfare against the government.

To enable a judgment to be formed, the following account is given of the procedure: A preliminary inquiry was held by the Secretary of the Military Tribunal, sitting *in camera* as a *juge d'instruction* empowered to collect what evidence and to hear what witnesses he pleased; the prisoner was not represented, but he had the right to call any witness he chose. The whole case thus digested and prepared was presented with

the documents and depositions of both sides to the Court-martial by the *juge d'instruction*. The Fiscal followed with a speech for the prosecution. Then counsel for the defence followed with a speech admitted by both sides to be very able. And finally Señor Ferrer himself spoke. For some reason no witnesses were called on either side; on the strength of these three speeches the Court made its decision. This decision had to be approved by the Captain-General and the supreme Court-martial. The Cabinet then had to advise whether it was a case in which the prerogative of mercy should be exercised or not; and it decided in the negative. The trial took place in a prison and lasted five hours. The Court consisted of a Lieutenant-Colonel and six captains. About 200 reporters and 250 of the general public were present. The *juge d'instruction* read the report of his work, which had been going on three or four weeks, and the declarations of witnesses for both sides. This occupied two and a half hours. The charges were rebellion, the incitation to the declaration of a republic, and the instigation of destruction of property. No fewer than seventy witnesses supported those charges before the *juge d'instruction*. The worst that can be said of the trial seems to be that Spanish methods are not ours. Whether the Cabinet was well-advised in not advising the King to exercise the prerogative of mercy depends upon a knowledge of the political state of Spain, which but few possess. In the art of governing, a recent writer has declared, the only sure means of keeping one's feet is to take a step forward at the right moment. It seems somewhat problematical, in view of the excitement caused and the possible results of that excitement, whether the Spanish government would not have been better advised if it had made use of clemency. As for the King, he could only act as his ministers advised.

With Our Readers.

THE remark is often made that Catholic peoples are exceptionally unkind to animals. The following letter, written to the London *Athenæum*, is important and instructive:

"Permit me to send you a few words of protest against a statement which I was surprised to read in your issue of September 11. The statement was made in a review of a book by the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, entitled: *The Place of Animals in Human Thought.*

"'. . . that creed of the Roman Church which holds that, as animals have no souls, they have no rights against man, and that cruelty to them is not any transgression of the moral law. . . . The deplorable effect of this view on the conduct of the Roman Catholic populations, from Ireland to Sicily, is only too well known. As cruelty to animals is not reproved as a sin by the clergy, the treatment of domestic animals is often shocking, and reacts on the treatment of weak human beings, such as women and children.'

"But this statement is doubly false; false in theory and false in fact. In the first place, it is true that Catholic teaching (and why not say 'Christian'?) denies to animals the possession of an immortal soul like unto our own, it is equally true that kindness to animals is one of the marks of virtue which has at all times been emphatically counselled by the Church, and of which the lives of her saints offer numerous examples. It is sufficient to mention the Golden Legend—that popular catechism of the Middle Ages more widely read and commented on than the Bible itself—wherein one will find on every page, from the legend of St. John the Evangelist to that of St. Francis (a zealous Catholic who certainly cannot be accused of cruelty towards animals), every sort of simple and touching story, noble examples in this world, that exhort Christians to extend towards animals here on earth all the greater kindness and sympathy precisely because they are excluded from the enjoyment of future blessedness.

"And with regard to what the *Athenæum's* critic says about the apparent superiority of Protestant countries over Catholic in their treatment of animals, I am able to say with the knowledge of personal experience, having passed my life upon the highways of Europe, that it is in the Catholic countries of Bavaria, the Tyrol, and the borders of the Rhine, that throughout these lands there is perfect and intimate friendship between man and beast. I do not deny, however, that the Latin races of South Central Europe, the Italians, the people of Provence, the Spaniards, are hard upon their

horses and donkeys—but that is a result of heredity, which endures after centuries of Christianity. Even before the Fathers of the Church protested against it, pagan writers also sought to discourage it.

"And, finally, I wish to add that in all my long experience as a traveler and as a friend of animals (and all the while a Catholic) I do not remember ever to have witnessed such a revolting spectacle—not even in Spain, where I have seen the crowds rush to the bullfight—as that which I met with in many of the towns and cities of Holland—Protestant by large majorities—where the principal industry of the people is destroying the eyes of young birds, native and imported, canaries, blackbirds, nightingales, in order that the pain of the little sinless martyrs will cause them to sing more sweetly, and bring to their owners, who sell them in the market place, a few extra florins."

* * *

THE religious life, we speak in particular of the religious life for women, has always been, and will continue to be until the day of real enlightenment dawns, a source of misinterpretation and misunderstanding to the non-Catholic mind. No amount of controversy or of evidence, it seems, will rid the world of the prevailing notion that the convent is pre-eminently a refuge for those who have met with some disappointment in life. The non-Catholic world seems to have settled back obstinately and contentedly to this conclusion.

The dramatization of Marion Crawford's novel, *The White Sister*, which is now being produced in New York, confirms this satisfied and self-confident class in their convictions. It is impossible for a Catholic not to feel uncomfortable at the free and easy talk on the stage about the Holy Father and the vows of the religious; but even these things might be overlooked if we knew that a non-Catholic was able to differentiate between the real and the unreal nun. We remarked in the August number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that the story of *The White Sister* was saved from being sensationally melodramatic only by Mr. Crawford's extreme simplicity of style. The play is framed entirely on just such a melodramatic order and gives only the closing scenes of the novel. Changes have been made in the plan of the novelist's climax, but the final outcome of both the book and the play weakens the work to such a degree that we wonder why the story should have been told or the play presented. If we were asked to judge it from a dramatic standpoint we should have only words of sincere appreciation for Miss Allen's admirable interpretation; but such has not been our purpose.

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AN English translation of Anatole France's *Life of Joan of Arc*

is soon to be published in America. For a scholarly and comprehensive judgment on the character and worth of this *Life*, we refer our readers to the articles by Abbé Bricout which appeared in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of November and December, 1908, and January, 1909.

* * *

WE have received a number of letters requesting us to publish an article on Halley's comet, concerning which there is now so widespread an interest. In answer we would refer our readers to the capable paper on the subject written by the eminent astronomer, Rev. George M. Searle, C.S.P., and published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of June, 1908.

* * *

IN *The Lamp* for October, an Anglican monthly published in the interests of corporate reunion with Rome, there is an interesting article entitled "The Call of St. Francis." After citing a number of founders of religious communities, the writer continues:

"The other day, in Washington, a Protestant minister said to us: 'Francis of Assisi is the saint of us Protestants'; and certainly he voiced the sentiments of a vast number of his fellow-religionists. The Salvation Army has published a short life of the saint, which has been read by many thousands of the proletariat, and a socialist writer and lecturer of increasing distinction was heard to say in the company of other socialists some weeks ago: 'I consider St. Francis of Assisi the most perfect follower of Jesus that ever lived.'"

It is certainly true that no saint has had so many Protestant admirers as the Poor Man of Assisi, unless, indeed, it be St. Catherine of Siena, of whom Miss Vida D. Scudder has written with such rare insight and appreciation. The remark concerning the use by socialists of the name of St. Francis is suggestive. A year ago a series of lectures was delivered in New York City by a socialist minister, an evening apiece being devoted to St. Thomas More, St. Francis of Assisi, and the Dominican Tomaso Campanella.

The lecturer's point of view was unfair, inasmuch as he transferred, without overmuch attention to details and without any account being taken of the practical faith of the witnesses, century-old criticisms of social conditions and applied them to modern life. This free and easy appropriation of a part, without due emphasis upon the whole, of a saint's life is one of the most serious misuses which Protestants make of Catholic history. It was to correct just such a false impression as this that Father Cuthbert contributed his last paper, "St. Francis and Socialism," to THE CATHOLIC WORLD for October.

The inauguration of Columbus Day as a State holiday took place on October 12, and in the city of New York the festivities walked, somewhat unfortunately, upon the retiring heels of Henry Hudson and Robert Fulton. This covering of the retreat of a strenuous two-weeks' celebration may account in a certain measure for the attitude of the New York newspapers; but it does not account satisfactorily for their treatment of a mass-meeting held on the evening of the 12th in Carnegie Hall.

This meeting was under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, and among the invited guests were the Governor of New York and the Mayor of New York City. The papers agreed in reporting that the great hall was "crowded to the roof." The seating capacity of the hall is 2,626; on the evening in question there were nearly 4,000 people, seated and standing, in the auditorium.

It might be presumed, hastily, that a common interest sufficiently strong to draw a crowd of 4,000 people to a public meeting in celebration of a State holiday, merits some attention at the hands of the city press. And yet, on second thought, such a presumption is unwarranted, since merit is not a determining factor in the city department of the papers of New York, or any other city. It will not be without point, however, to see just how the New York dailies actually treated the mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall.

The American devoted fourteen lines to it, but no separate heading. *The World* thought it of no importance whatever, and did not mention it. *The Press* gave ten lines, and no separate heading. *The Telegraph* did not mention it. *The Times* gave it eighteen lines more than it gave in the same issue to a "schoolboy's strike," which received forty-two lines and a three-line heading. *The Tribune* gave eighty lines and a four-line heading. *The Herald* fifty-three lines and a five-line heading. *The Sun* gave eleven lines to the meeting.

There is no desire on the part of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to cry prejudice where none exists; but facing the situation fairly, the failure of the New York press in this instance, when it is recalled that the meeting was held under the auspices of a Catholic society and that a Catholic priest spoke from the platform, is quite significant. There was nothing denominational in the gathering.

The Knights of Columbus are of considerable strength in New York City, and they have sufficient power in their hands to make such conduct as this unprofitable to any newspaper guilty of it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
The Shakespearian Stage. By Victor E. Albright. Pp. xii.-194. Price $1.50.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:
Louisa May Alcott: Dreamer and Worker. A Story of Achievement. By Belle Moses. Pp. viii.-334. Price $1.25 net. *Florence Nightingale. The Angel of the Crimea.* By Laura E. Richards. Pp. 167. Price $1.25. *The Red Caps of Lyons.* A Story of the French Revolution. By Herbert Haynes. Pp. 302. Price $1.50. *Tales of the Red Children.* By A. F. Brown and J. M. Bell. Pp. 126.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
Letters from G. G. Pp. 223. *Tres Comedias Modernas en un acto y en Prosa.* Edited by F. W. Morrison, M.A. Pp. iv.-186. *A Political History of the State of New York.* By De Alva S. Alexander, A.M. Vol. III. 1861-1882. Pp. iv.-561.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, New York:
Felicita. A Romance of Old Siena. By Christopher Hare. Pp. 278. *The Greater Power.* By Harold Bindloss. Pp. vi.-328. Price $1.30 net.

HINDS, NOBLE & ELDRIDGE, New York:
Writing the Short Story. By A. Berg Esenwein, A.M. Pp. xiv.-441.

ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, New York:
Pitman's Commercial Dictionary of the English Language. Pp. 376. Price 25 cents. *Pitman's Progressive Dictation.* By H. W. Hammond, F. R. Beyrau, and W. L. Mason. Pp. 220. Price 85 cents.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The Meaning of Truth. By William James. Pp. xxii.-298. *Habit Formation and the Science of Teaching.* By Stuart H. Rowe, Ph.D. Pp. xvii.-300. Price $1.50 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York; R. & T. WASHBOURNE, London:
The Groundwork of Christian Perfection. By the Rev. Patrick Ryan. Pp. 110. Price 2*s.* net.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:
Humanity. Its Destiny and the Means to Attain It. By Rev. H. Denifle, O.P. Translated by Rev. F. Brossart. Pp. 257. Price $1.25 net. *The Faith of Catholics.* 3 vols. Third Enlarged Edition.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:
Pupil's Notebook and Study Outline in Oriental and Greek History. By L. B. Lewis. Price 25 cents.

SCHWARTZ, KIRWIN & FAUSS, New York:
A Brief History of Philosophy. By Charles Coppens, S.J. Pp. x.-144.

JOSEPH A. WILSON, 1201 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia:
A Chapel in Every Home. A Booklet. By J. R. Wilson.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston:
The Speakers of the House. By. H. B. Fuller. Pp. 311. Price $2 net. *For the Norton Name.* By H. Godfrey. Pp. 238. Price $1.25. *Boys and Girls of Seventy-Seven.* By Mary P. W. Smith. Pp. 315. Price $1.25. *Manuel in Mexico. Umé San in Japan. Rafael in Italy. Kathleen in Ireland.* Four vols. of the "Little People Everywhere Library." By E. B. McDonald and J. Dalrymple. Price 50 cents each. *The Land of Long Ago.* By Eliza Calvert Hall. Ill. Pp. 295. Price $1.50. *A Round of Rimes.* By Denis A. McCarthy. 2d edition. Pp. xi.-113. Price $1 net.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
The American People. By A. Maurice Low. Pp, 446. Price $2.25 net. *Astronomy From a Dipper.* By Eliot C. Clarke. With Charts. Pp. 66. Price 60 cents net. *Recollections.* By Washington Gladden. Pp. 445. Price $2 net.

L. C. PAGE & CO., Boston:
Guatemala and Her People of To-day. By N. O. Winter. Ill. Pp. xii.-307. *The Kindergarten in the Home.* Ill. Pp. ix.-259. *Captain Jinks.* Autobiography of a Shetland Pony. By Frances H. White. Illustrated. Pp. 298. *Anne of Avonlea.* By L. M. Montgomery. Ill. Pp. viii.-367.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Catholic Social Work in Germany. By Charles D. Plater, S.J. Pp. 137. Price 25 cents. *What Think You of Christ?* By. B. J. Otten, S.J. Pp. 167. Price 25 cents. *At the Root of Socialism.* By Father Power, S.J. (pamphlet). Pp. 36. *The Christian Philosophy of Life.* By Tilmann Pesch, S.J. Translated by M. C. M'Laren. Pp. xiv.-637. *A Life of Christ for Children. As Told by a Grandmother.* Adapted from the French of Mme. la Comtesse de Ségur by Mary Virginia Merrick. Ill. Pp. iv.-347.

THE

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PRESENT PROBABILITIES ABOUT THE COMET.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

HALLEY'S comet, as was stated in an article in the June number of this magazine last year, was known to be due at perihelion in the spring of 1910. At that time it appeared probable, from the calculation made in 1864 by Pontecoulant, that May would be the month. But the perturbations caused by the great planets having been computed more accurately by Messrs. Cowell and Crommelin, of the Greenwich Observatory, it became apparent that it would arrive about a month earlier. This change in the perihelion date, however, did not make very much difference in the location in the sky where it might be expected to appear first; so that the region in which search was to be made for it was not open to much doubt. Accordingly it was looked for in that region during this whole year, except when the sun was too near that part of the heavens. It was hoped that the increase in the power of telescopes since the comet's last appearance, and especially the introduction of stellar photography, might lead to its detection very much in advance. For photography has peculiar advantages in a case like this. The eye, in looking for a nebulous object, generally sees it immediately, if at all; prolonged looking weakens its seeing power. But the longer a photographic plate looks, the more it sees.

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The comet, however, was not detected, even photographically, in the early part of the year, and in the summer its place in the sky was too near the sun. But it seemed very probable that it would be found in September, and efforts to that end were then renewed with great confidence. It was first recognized by Professor Wolf, of Heidelberg, on the night of September 11. It had, however, actually been photographed at Greenwich two nights before, but the plates taken there were not examined carefully enough, till after the discovery by Wolf was announced. The case was somewhat similar to that of the discovery of the planet Neptune in 1846. The English astronomer, Challis, was then methodically examining the heavens in the place computed for the new planet by his compatriot Adams; but he took his time to work up his results, and meanwhile the German, Galle, got in ahead of him, using Leverrier's calculations, and some charts lately prepared at Berlin. Neptune had been seen by Challis, but he did not know it.

As soon as the discovery of Halley's comet was reported by Dr. Wolf, with the precise direction in which it was seen, the present writer immediately adopted the plan of finding when this line of direction would cut the plane of the comet's orbit, as determined by Cowell and Crommelin, to see where the comet was at that moment actually located in its orbit, so as to find out what time it would arrive at perihelion. It was like actually sighting a train on a railroad track, to find what time it would arrive at a given station; only that the movements of a comet, when it is once accurately located, can be depended on with much more precision than those of a railroad train. The trouble with the comet had been that it was so long away, about seventy-five years; and, at a great distance from the sun, it was moving so slowly that a little uncertainty in the calculation might easily get it a day's journey out of place; and a day there would count for a day here.

The result of the examination, made as described above, was that the comet would pass the perihelion on April 19, 1910; which now appears to be the actual day. But owing to the omission of the precise time of observation in the despatch as reported in the newspapers, this date was off by a day from what would have resulted had the correct time been given. The difficulty probably was that the position of the

earth itself was taken for the wrong time. At any rate, accurate observations (with the time) being subsequently obtained at the Lick Observatory, the date of perihelion resulting was April 18.

Later, a revised and more correct orbit being published by Cowell and Crommelin, the time of perihelion resulting from the same process came back to April 19; or rather, by ordinary time, about 4:30 A. M. by Greenwich time on April 20. The astronomical day, however, begins at noon; so that it is still April 19, astronomically, till the noon of April 20.

If the orbit, as revised by Cowell and Crommelin, is as correct as it should be and probably is, this result is likely to be very nearly correct. All the observations so far made indicate it.

A remarkable circumstance results from this date of perihelion, assuming of course that the orbit is otherwise correct. It is that the comet should pass directly between us and the sun, if the perihelion is within about six hours on either side of 3 o'clock A. M. at Greenwich on the morning of April 20.

This transit of the comet across the sun's face should occur, if the perihelion is within the limits just named, at some time between 12:30 and 6 o'clock on the morning of May 19, Greenwich time; or by New York time, at some time between 7:30 P. M., May 18, and 1 A. M., May 19. There seems to be little chance of our seeing it here, but a fair chance that it can be seen in northern Europe, or Asia, or the Pacific Ocean.

But the question really is—whether we shall be able to see the comet at all, even though it is between us and the sun. Of course we see Mercury or Venus easily enough when they are in such a position, as a distinct black spot on the sun's face. But we are not really sure that there is any solid body, like that of a planet, in a comet, even though it be a large one like that of Halley. A comet, probably, is usually a more or less scattered shower of meteorites, with some gaseous matter, very much rarefied. Therefore it would hardly be seen as a distinct black spot, like Mercury or Venus. If seen at all, it would be rather as an indistinct blur or shading on the sun's surface. Indeed its very dimensions might prevent its being seen at all. For the whole coma or nebulous mass of the comet may be several hundred thousand miles in diameter, and its distance from us will be only about one-sixth of that of

the sun, so that it might easily look much larger than the sun itself. The principal hope of seeing it would be in a very decided concentration about the nucleus, such as is often observed in large comets.

There are some cases in which comets have come, like this, between us and the sun, and one in which the comet seems to have been seen (June 26, 1819), though this is by no means certain. But one like this of Halley ought to be seen, if any one can, and the possibility of such a spectacle ought to be settled once for all on this occasion. The circumstances are as favorable as they well can be; we have a first-class comet, and we shall know just exactly when to look for it, and it is far enough away from the sun to be cool, so that if there be any considerable solid mass, it will remain solid.

At any rate, there might be a general obscuration of the sun's light, capable of measurement in clear regions of the earth, like Egypt. There would probably be quite time enough, where the transit would occur near noon, to compare the sun's light before and after the transit with that light during it. It certainly seems that even a hundred thousand miles of coma, and several million miles of tail, should produce some effect on the light coming through it.

For the tail will probably point quite directly toward us. The tail of a comet always is turned *from* the sun. If it is a little aslant, so much the better, for the centre or axis of it is hardly so dense as the outside.

At any rate, we shall be in the tail, whether we see the comet or not, and even if the head does not pass directly between us and the sun. The question which seems to worry some people is: "Will the tail do us any harm?"

To this we can answer pretty confidently that it will not. In fact we have already been, and not so long ago, in a comet's tail; namely, in that of the great comet of 1861. We did not know it till it was all over; but no one could be sure that anything out of the way had been noticed. There was perhaps a "sickly yellow light" in the sky, but it could not have been very appalling, for most people did not see it, the present writer for one.

But it does not follow that some effect might not be produced on sensitive instruments; possibly of an electric or magnetic character. In this case we shall know about it be-

forehand, and be prepared to observe all possible phenomena accurately and carefully.

Unfortunately, at the time of the transit, when we pass through the tail, the moon is past the half, and well on the way to the full; still, it will be set by about two o'clock, and some illumination may be seen from the tail on the sky, if it extends, as is probable, quite a distance beyond the earth.

Before the transit, the comet will be seen in the morning sky. One must get up before sunrise to see it, but it will be worth while. It will appear early in April, and get bigger and brighter all the while, and the tail longer and more portentous; then, a night or two before the transit, the head of the comet will (apparently, but not really) make a rush straight for the sun, and the tail will swoop down on us, and enclose us in its tremendous volume.

After the transit, the comet will appear in the evening, going apparently (and really) quite rapidly away from the sun, and can be seen till the end of May, and very probably longer. Indeed it will be followed for a long time with telescopes, and again go behind the sun (as in the early spring of next year), and be caught again by telescopes in the winter of 1910-11. But even with the naked eye, we shall have a two months' view of it.

THE NATIVITY IN EARLY PAGEANTS.

BY R. L. MANGAN, S.J.

THE popular interest shown in the Pageants performed during the present year in many places throughout America and England reminds us that this form of entertainment is neither modern nor original, but goes back to those dark ages when there was not, apparently, light enough to see the bewitchery of trifles, and men were sufficiently simple and devout to enjoy the representation of the great mysteries of their faith. It may, perhaps, interest readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD to have some account of these Pageants or Mystery Plays, or Miracle Plays, as they are sometimes called, although there is a distinction between the two sufficiently obvious in the names.

The earliest mention of Miracle Plays, properly so called, occurs in William Fitzstephen, the biographer of Becket (1170–1180):

"Instead of theatrical exhibitions, instead of scenic plays, London has plays of a holier kind: to wit, representations of the miracles which the holy confessors worked, or of the sufferings in which the constancy of the martyrs was gloriously confirmed."

He makes no mention of Mystery Plays, and although they were an accepted institution in Central Europe in the thirteenth century, the only examples of any importance in English, with the possible exception of the Chester Series, do not date earlier than the fifteenth century. They are contained in four series, known as the Chester, Coventry, Towneley, and York mysteries, and frequently give evidence of some common source—although the finest work contained in the Towneley Series is certainly original. Their authors are not known unless some weight may be attached to a note upon one of the MSS. of the Chester plays telling us that these were "Whitsun playes first made by one, Don Randle Heggenet, a monke of Chester Abbey, who was thrise at Rome, before he could obtain leave of the Pope to have them in the English tongue. The Whitsun playes were playd openly in pageants by the citizens of Chester in the

Whitsun Weeke. Nicholas the fift then was Pope in the year of our Lord 1447."

The mention of Whitsuntide as the time of representation is evidence of the earlier origin of the Chester plays, for there can be little doubt that the others owe their existence to the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi, which began to be observed in England about 1311. The sports and combats which would otherwise have amused holiday makers upon a feast-day were evidently thought unsuitable, and the problem of combining the spirit of religion and of holiday was solved by these Mystery Plays. They represent what is now practically a forgotten art, the conjunction of popular drama and religious instruction, and although the connection with the theatre of Shakespeare is but slight, they can claim an important place in literary history as precursors of the sixteenth-century drama. They derived the name Pageant or Pagand (Gk., *pegma;* Lat., *pagina*—plank) from the platform upon which the play was given. This platform was made in two stories, the lower being curtained round to serve as a dressing-room for the players and to hide the machinery and effects necessary to give a realistic touch to such scenes as "Hell's Mouthe." In addition there was a stand for spectators, and both pagand and stand were dragged round the town and paused at places convenient for spectators.

The text of the plays was very probably due to those useless lazy monks, whose general good character no amount of positive evidence seems able to restore in the eyes of those who will not see; whilst the expenses and production were in the hands of the various Trade Guilds, another relic of the dark ages, whose loss the thoughtful student of history has never ceased to regret. We have mention of Barkers, Glovers, Dyers, Cardemakers, Sadlers, Masons, Peyntours, Smythes, Spicers, Fletchers (arrowmakers), and many others. We can imagine with what enthusiastic rivalry the different Guilds would set about to make their particular scenes the success of the day. It was evidently a labor of love, entailing a sacrifice of leisure, time, and money, but drawing tighter the bonds of family and corporate life, providing for thought and gossip subjects worthy of immortal men and suggesting new aspects of mysteries upon which the soul grows. Among the forces which go to form a national life, a native art, however crude,

is surely one of the most potent, if it but kindle love and rivalry.

The necessity of the co-operation of the Guilds, even from a pecuniary standpoint, may be seen by a glance at the various account books which have come down to us. They prove that no expense was spared to make the play as worthy of the subject as possible, and there are some quaint items. In the records and accounts of the trading companies of Coventry, referring to the Corpus Christi Play, the mention of two mitres for Annas and Caiphas would puzzle us, did we not learn that they were called bishops, probably because the people would not have understood the term High Priest. We find also: "God's coat of white leather; a poll-axe for Herod's son; to the devill and to Judas 13*d.*; halfe a yard of Rede Sea 6*d.*; two worms of conscience; makynge of hellmouth new 21*d.*"

Add to these a thousand and one more expensive items for the making and repair of the pageant itself, for musicians, players, horses, drivers, machinery, and we begin to realize what an important day was Corpus Christi day in the eyes of the good craftsmen of Chester, York, Coventry, and Wakefield. Their neighbors from the country round would flock to see so fine a show, and the plays were favored by the presence of great churchmen and even, sometimes, of royalty.

In the Coventry Text Book we read: "1457 (the King came to Coventry on) Fryday the xi of Fevyere, the yere reynyng of Kyng Herry the sixt the XXXVti . . . the quene (margin). On Corpus Xpisti . . . came the quene (Margaret) from Kelyngworth to Coventrie; at which tyme she wold not be met, but came prively to se the play there on the morowe. . . ." Lest her gracious majesty should lack sustenance, the mayor and his brethren sent her, amongst other things, "a pipe of rede wyne, a dosyn of grete fat pykes, a grete panyer full of pescodes and another panyer full of pepyns and orynges and ii cofyns of counfetys and a pot of grene ginger."

But it is time we made room for the players and the plays and, fortunately for our purpose, the scenes dealing with the Nativity are the best. The scene in the Chester Series follows fairly closely the account given in St. Luke's Gospel, and opens with the greeting of Gabriel.*

* We hasten to assure the reader who hesitates before the quaint spelling, that a little thought will make the meaning clear and a little practice make him to catch the rhythm. The effort will be found to be rewarded.

Octavian has decreed the census and Mary and Joseph go to the stable at Bethlehem:

Mary: "Ah, Lord, what may this signifie?
Some men I see glad and mery,
And some sighing and sory,
Wherefore so ever yt be;

"Sithe God's Sonne came man to forby,
is come through his great mercy,
we thinke that man shold kindlye
be glad that sight to see."

Angel: "Mary God's mother deare
the tokening I shall the leere (teach),
the common people that thou seest here,
are glad as they well may,

"that they shall se of Abraham's seede
Christ come to helpe them in their need;
therfore thy joye, without dreede,
for to abyde this daye.

"the mourning men—takes this in mynde!
are Jewes that shall be put behynde,
for it passes out of their kinde
through Christ at his cominge.

"for they shall have no grace to know
that God for man shall light so lowe;
for shame on them that sone shall show,
therfore they be mourning."

When the Star appears the Sibyl tells Octavian to look up and see that one is born that passes him in power.

Octavian: "Ah! Sybbill, this is a wondrous sight,
for yonder I see a mayden bright,
a yonge child in her armes slight (closed),
a bright crosse in his head."

The shepherds enter, and after a quaint scene in which they produce the different things they have brought to eat,

the Star appears, the angel sings the *Gloria in Excelsis*, and they move on to Bethlehem, where they offer their gifts, the first a bell, the second a flackett (flask or bottle)

> "and thereat hanges a spone
> to Eate thy potage withall, at none,
> as I my selfe full oft hath done.
> with hart I pray thee: take it";

the third offers a Capp, the fourth "a paire of my wyve's olde hose." (!)

Those who are inclined to imagine that belief in the Immaculate Conception of our Lady had its rise in the definition by Pius IX. in 1854 might ponder over the words of the first shepherd:

> "Nowe fare well, mother and may,
> for of synne naught thou wottest,
> thou hast brought forth this day
> God's sonne, which of might is most.
>
> "Wherefore men shall saye:
> Blessed in everye coast and place,
> be thou, memoriall for me and for us all,
> so that we may from sin fall,
> and stand ever in thy grace,
> our lord, God be with thee!"

Three of the MSS. insert in this scene a small interlude played by the shepherds' boys, who follow their masters in offering their poor little gifts; and one, who offers a nuthook, says:

> "Now, child, all though thou be comen from God,
> and be God, thie self, in thie manhood,
> yett I know that in thie childhood
> thou wilt for sweete meat looke.
>
> "to pull down peares, appells, and plomes,
> old Joseph shall not neede to hurt his thombes,
> because thou hast not plentie of cromes,
> I give thie here my nutthocke."

The shepherds are followed by the Magi (played by the

Vintners), who offer the Child gold for His Royalty, incense for His Godhead, and myrrh for His Passion.

The first of the Shepherd's Plays, in the Towneley Series, opens with a comic scene in which the shepherds, after nearly coming to blows, open their sacks and sit down to a most miscellaneous collection of dainties, including boar's brawn, cow's foot, sow's shank, blood puddings, an oxtail, goose's leg, tart, and calf's liver, with two bottles of "good holsom ayle" as a cure for their ills. Whilst they are sleeping after this earthly feast the angel bids them awake

"Herkyn, hyrdes, awake! gyf loryng (praise) ye shall:
he is borne for oure sake, lorde perpetuall
he is comen to take and rawnson you all
youre sorowe to slake Kyng emperiall,
he behestys (promises);
That chyld is borne
At bethlehem this morne,
ye shall fynd hym beforne (before)
Betwix two bestys."

Gyb, the first shepherd, thinks the song was a cloud whistling in his ear; but the second, Horne, is sure it was an angel speaking of a child. They recall the words of the prophets and Gyb quotes the famous lines of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue:

"Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto
Jam rediet virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna,"

and is chaffed by Horne on his Latin. Slow-pace, the third shepherd, tries to reproduce the song, but finds he has a cold, so the others help and take him up. The song done, they think of starting, though there is no moon, and pray that they may see this Child.

The Star guides them to the stable and Gyb enters first and presents a little spruce coffer.

"hayll, King I the call! hayll, most of might!
hayll, the worthyst of all! hayll, duke! hayll, knyght!
Of greatt and small thou art lorde by right;
hayll, perpetuall! hayll, faryst wyght!
here I offer!

I pray the to take—
If thou wold, for my sake,
With this may thou lake (play)
This lytyll spruse cofer."

Horne offers a ball to play with, and Slow-pace a bottle, for "it is a good bourd (jest) to drink of a gourd."

Second Shepherd:

"hayll, lytyll tyné mop, rewarder of meed (merit)!
hayll, bot oone drop of grace at my nede;
hayll, lytyll mylk sop! hayll, david sede!
Of oure crede thou art crop, hayll in god hede!
This ball
That thou wold resave—
lytyll is that I have,
This wyll I vouch save—
To play the with all."

Third Shepherd:

"hayll, maker of man, hayll, swetyng!
hayll, so as I can, hayle, praty mytyng (little one)!
I couche to the than for fayn nere gretyng:
hayll, lord! here I ordan how at oure metying
This botell—
It is an old by-worde,
It is a good bourde (jest)
For to drink of a gourde—
It holdys a mett potell (measured two quarts).

The second of the Shepherd's Plays, in the Towneley Series, also opens with a comic scene in which two shepherds are joined by one Mak, a lazy hind whom they suspect of designs upon their flock. He lulls their suspicion by telling them of his wife who does nothing but eat and drink and bear children, and would eat him out of house and home, however rich he were. Whilst the shepherds are asleep, he puts a spell upon them, "borrows" a sheep and carries it home. His wife lets him in, but, afraid that the shepherds may follow, she puts the sheep into a cradle and pretends it is a new-born child. Meanwhile, Mak returns to the shepherds, who shortly after awake, discover their loss, and carry Mak home again in

hopes of finding the sheep. A comical scene follows, Mak reproaching the shepherds for their suspicions and for disturbing his wife, the latter declaring that she will eat the child in the cradle if ever she cheated them. The ruse of the cradle would have succeeded, but for the kind-hearted Daw, who, ashamed of their rude disturbance of a good Christian family, goes back to kiss the child and give it sixpence. The shepherds are furious at the trick played on them, but cannot help laughing at the joke, especially when the wife maintains that she saw an elf change the child as the clock struck twelve. Mak, however, pleads guilty and the shepherds let him off with a good tossing in a blanket. The Star appears and guides them to the stable. The first shepherd bids the young Child hail and offers Him "a bob of cherries." The second shepherd brings Him a bird. Daw's heart bleeds to see his "derlyng dere" in "so poore wede, with no pennys," and brings Him a ball that He may "go to the tenys."

Mary promises to pray her Son to keep them from woe, and they go their way singing.

In the same series, after the Offering of the Magi, and the Flight into Egypt, comes the scene of Herod the Great, and it is probably from the tyrant's ranting that we have derived the expression "To out-Herod Herod." He was evidently a favorite character with both players and spectators, and a stage direction in the Coventy Pageant of the Shearmen and Taylors seems to imply that the stage was too small for his powers, for we are told

"Here Erode ragis in the pagand and in the strete also."

In the Towneley play his mirth is turned to grief because of a lad whose bones he would break if he could catch him. He blames his knights for not having stopped the Magi, and when they grumble, abuses them heartily with good English words and threatens to "dyng them with stones." He then bids the clerks inquire in Virgil, in Homer, and Boethius, in legend and tales—but not in service-books (!)—as to this talk of a maiden and her Child. They quote the prophecies, only to be called "dotty pols" and bidden to fly and throw their books into the water. The counselor then advises him to bid his knights slay all the children under two years of age, a

suggestion which so pleases his master, that he makes the counselor Pope. (!) The knights are called and sent upon their murderous mission, a move which brings our author an opportunity for some fine dramatic verse between the soldiers and the poor women whose children they slay.

In the Coventry Pageant of the Weavers there is a still more quaint and interesting mixture of realism and simple spirituality. The Angel Gabriel bids Mary make her offering in the Temple, accompanied by Joseph. After the angel has left her Mary speaks to her Child:

"Now cum heddur (hither) to me, my darlyng dere,
My myrthe, my joie, and al my chere!
Swetter than ever wasse blossum on brere (brier)!
Thy swete mouthe now wyll I kis.
Now, Lorde of lordis, be oure gide,
Where-ever we walke in cuntreyis wyde,
And these to turtuls (two turtledoves) for hus provide
Of them thatt we do nott mys!".

Joseph is ready to go, but when Mary asks him to get the turtledoves, indeed he will not; he cannot be hunting birds' nests; Mary is imposing on his age and weakness. At last he submits ungraciously, complaining of his lot in marrying a young woman, and praying the Lord to send him those birds, black or white! The fowls are very hard, indeed, to find; and after wandering about wearily, he determines to sit down and await the Lord's will.

An angel brings him the birds and he returns and delivers them to Mary.

"Now, rest well, Mare, my none darlyng!
Loo! dame, I have done thy byddyng
And broght these dowis (doves) for oure offeryng;
Here be the bothe alyve.
Woman, have them in thy honde,
I am full glade I have them fond.
Am nott I a good husbande?
Ye! dame, soo mot I thryve!"

But when Mary would make speed to the Temple he demurs, as he is tired and would like "to blow a while." How-

ever, he recovers his spirits and they bring the Child to Simeon who greets Him

> Now welcum, Lord of honour!
> Now welcum, Prince, unto this place!
> Welcum, oure sufferent Saveoure!
> Welcum, the Groundr of oure grace!
> Welcum, oure joie! welcum, oure myrthe!
> Welcum, oure graceose Governoure!
> Welcum to huse, that heyvinly flowre!
> Now, blessid be the day and oure
> Of thy gloreose byrthe."

And as he takes the Child into his arms he prays:

> "On, on with me, my fryndis dere,
> With this chylde thatt we have here,
> Of this worlde the lanterne clere
> Of whom all lyght schall spring!
> With hoole [all] hur heartis now lett hus praie!
> Thatt oure and tyme now bless we may
> That ever we abode the day
> Of this chyldis comynge."

There is much more for which we have not room, simple, tender, grotesque, comical, dramatic, but for the sake of those who think that lyricism was practically unknown in England until the Renaissance we may conclude with two little songs sung by the shepherds in the Coventry Pageant:

> "As I rode out this enderes (past) night,
> Of thre joli sheppardes I saw a sight,
> And all a-boute there fold a star shone bright
> They sang terli terlow;
> So mereli the sheppards ther pipes can blow.
>
> "Downe from heaven, from heaven so hie,
> Of angels ther came a great companie,
> With mirthe and joy and great solemnytie,
> They sang terli terlow;
> So mereli the sheppards ther pipes can blow."

In this manner did the old English folk continue to make holiday. The moral may be left to the discerning reader to draw, and we do not doubt about his judgment when he compares this mingling of innocent mirth and childlike devotion, this depth of spiritual suggestion with the frank vulgarity and thinly-veiled lasciviousness of many of our modern fairs. Nay, though these were plays acted by and for the uneducated people, we need not hesitate to compare them for æsthetic effect, if not for literary form and finish, with many of our modern stage productions, our inane musical comedies, our artificial and inept dramas. The "glorious" reformation gave the mystery plays their death-blow, and the populace was thrown back upon brutal sports or wearisome interludes with no message for the heart. It is pathetic to read of the struggle made by the good men of York and Coventry to keep their plays by petitions to Queen Elizabeth. The true spirit of holiday died hard in England, but it did die and there are some who wonder whether it ever came to life again. If to speak to-day of "merry England" sounds like bitter sarcasm, the fault lies with the persecuting reformers. In the accounts of the Coventry trading companies are the following entries:

"1580. The pageants were again laid down."

"1584. This year the new play of the Destruction of Jerusalem was first played."

"1591. At a Council House held 19th May: It is agreed by the whole consent of this house that the Destruction of Jerusalem, the Conquest of the Danes, or the historie of K[ing] E[dward] the V.th at the request of the Comons of this cittie shalbe plaied on the pagens of midsomer daye and St. Peter's daye next in this cittie and non other playes—And that all the mey-poles that now are standing in this cittie shalbe taken downe before Whit-Sunday next and non hereafter to be sett up in this cittie."

The Catholic apologist should not overlook this argument in support of the truth that the English people were robbed of their faith.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER IX.

A WOMAN FRIEND.

MAURICE GRANTLEY was not a young gentleman who had much subtlety where the ways of women were concerned, or he would not have attempted to bespeak the friendship of his cousin, Mary Beaumont, for Stella.

It was April and Miss Beaumont had come on a visit to Lady Eugenia before the arduousness of the London season should be upon her. She was five years older than Maurice, and had had already several London seasons without marrying, a fact which had caused some concern to her father, Pulteney Beaumont, who found what remained to him of his wife's fortune quite little enough for himself without having to provide for a daughter with tastes disproportionately expensive to his will for satisfying them.

His cousin Eugenia had been very decent to him in taking the girl off his hands a good deal. This year Lady Eugenia had rented a tiny house in Green Street for the season and was undertaking the entire charge of Mary and her gaieties. Lady Eugenia would have liked a daughter of her own. Failing that it had been a pleasure to her to make something of her own of Mary Beaumont.

Mary and Maurice had been friends from childhood. Doubtless the intimacy did a good deal towards frustrating the hopes Lady Eugenia had formed of a love-affair between the cousins—they were sufficiently remote in cousinship for there to be no objection on that score. Mary had always been perfectly sensible, reasonable, and sweet-tempered, and Lady Eugenia had as much respect for her character as affection for herself. That she should be the daughter of that rake, Pulteney, was something perpetually surprising to Lady Eugenia. Indeed, if there was any fault to be found with Mary it was her even

excellence of character. There had been times in Mary's teens when Lady Eugenia had felt that Mary was too sensible for her age: when a little folly would have been not unpleasing.

Still, when one comes to marry one's son, common sense and reasonableness in the object of his choice are qualities to be desired. Lady Eugenia was really very glad that Mary had come through her seasons unpledged, unwedded. There was that youth, Reggie Dare, in Mary's second season. At one time Mary had seemed as though she must forget her good sense if Reggie urged her to. And every one knew that Reggie was not going to have a penny when his uncle, Lord Dashwood, died: for Lord Dashwood had married his nurse, who had given him an heir within the year; and every penny the old man could scrape together had been willed to the heir and his mother, with whom her old husband was yet infatuated.

Maurice had been watching Mary for some time. She was sewing, a feminine occupation which men like to see their women-kind employed at. Leaning over her seam she displayed to him the narrow parting in her bronze-brown tresses, which she wore in an unusual way, divided down the centre, festooned on the temples, and knotted at the back. Her delicate, slightly aquiline nose, her closed mouth, neither small to primness nor large to loosensss, were pleasant to the eye. She had a warm, wholesome color and a round, well-developed figure. Certainly it was something of a wonder that Mary should have remained unmarried through five seasons; except, of course, that she had no money and possessed a rather disreputable male parent.

Maurice acted on a sudden impulse. Mary had always been so decent to him, such a good girl always to an exacting little brute of a boy, he said to himself, recalling their relations of earlier years.

"Mary dear!"

Miss Beaumont started as though she had been a thousand miles away in her thoughts.

"Yes, Maurice."

"You have always been awfully good to me."

"Have I?" Her smile was encouraging.

He took a chair close to her, and leaning towards her, very gently removed the seam from her hand and laid it on the

table. Then he took her two hands between his. He had no idea that the action might be misconstrued. Mary and he had always understood each other so thoroughly. Yet the color mounted in Mary's cheeks. An expression, half-gratification, half something else, was hidden under her drooped lids.

He was not looking at her, however, to see these signs.

"Mary," he said, "because you have always been such a dear girl to me I want you to take an interest in and be good to some one in whom I am interested."

"Yes, Maurice?"

She had steadied herself suddenly. Her mouth grew a little harder; there was a chill in her voice which did not reach him. What a fool she had nearly made of herself! It was not the first time she had received such a confidence. That was the worst of being what people called sympathetic. For a second she had a somewhat dreary vision of her own future. She might marry a certain elderly baronet with a bad reputation, or—she might resign herself to spinsterhood and poverty. Neither prospect pleased; yet a moment ago she had thought that Maurice Grantley's hand and heart were about to be laid at her feet, and she had jibbed at the prospect!

He went on, the foolish young man, not understanding the signs and portents.

"It is about a—lady in whom I am interested. Not to beat about the bush, Mary, it is Miss Mason, who has come to look after little Jim Moore. She is very lonely there. She has no society of course. I want you to be kind to her, to take her by the hand, to make a friend of her. She is in a somewhat anomalous position, because she is a lady and a beautiful one. You will say so when you see her, Mary."

Mary had seen her at church the previous Sunday, and had resented her hair. No girl in that position ought to have such conspicuous hair. But she did not say anything. Once Maurice had let himself go he went with a vengeance. Mary's soft, warm hands in his were an encouragement to him. He poured out everything, how he had seen her first, his Fiammetta, in the grime of a London street, with her wonderful face like a flower or a star shining out above all the common faces. Then, after some hesitation, he had followed her and the lady who was with her, whom he took to be her mother. But he had lost them unaccountably. They must have got into

one of the omnibuses which crowded at a corner a short distance away from where he had seen them. He had thought never to see her again, and heaven had been emptied of its stars for him. He did not put it quite that way, but he conveyed that in the absence of this particular young woman there was nothing of beauty left. Then, as he came down from town one happy morning—how lucky that he had gone up to see one of the last football matches of the season and had stayed in town over-night—by the early train, what had shone upon him in the dark railway station but Her Face? The wonderful face! He longed to be a painter that he might render it in its brightness, its repose, the soft lovely paleness, the mystery of the eyes with their curling lashes! And wasn't it a strange coincidence that he and she should have been bound for the same place? Fellow-travelers, they came to the same destination. The Duchess had delayed him and when he kept his appointment with Stephen Moore the girl was there before him.

"But she is most adorable of all with the child," he said. "The poor little chap is not the same since she came. It is new life to his father to look at the boy's happy face and hear him laugh. They are out all day; and he grows stronger and fatter. She is educating him too. Her French is exquisite and she is like St. Cecilia when she is at the piano. She has never sung for me, but I know by her speech that she has a heavenly voice."

Again the arid prospect of spinsterhood, or the horrible alternative of Sir Courtney Blakeney, came into Miss Beaumont's mind. Did Maurice think he was talking to a stock or a stone when he raved over this strange young woman's beauty? It made her feel elderly and plain-looking. What did he mean holding her hands and looking into her eyes, and feeling no more for her than if she were eighty? A young woman of the domestic servant class, too; that is how she put it to herself. He was positively asking her to take up a young woman of that class in whom he happened to be interested! More, he was asking her to enlist his mother's interest in her. Lady Eugenia was as proud as she was simple. What would she think of the young woman with the flame-colored hair as a daughter-in-law? Mary could have laughed aloud at the idea.

Fortunately there was very little need for her to say anything. The infatuated lover found so much to say that she was left to her silence and her bitter thoughts. At last the raptures slackened.

"Well," he said, "are you going to be kind to her, best of Maries?"

She controlled her voice to keep the coldness out of it.

"You must let me see her first," she said. "If she is all you say, of course—but isn't she occupying a rather humble position? Your father and mother—"

He knew it himself, but he broke out in new rhapsodies. They had only to see her for their opposition to fade away. Not that there need be any question of opposition yet; for, of course, he had said nothing to her. She would probably refuse to look at him. He looked so debonair, such a picture of joyous youth as he said it, that it made Mary's heart ache suddenly with a sense of the hopelessness of things in general.

"I've been a horrible egoist," he said, suddenly discovering the weariness in her face.

"All lovers are egoists, Maurice," she replied.

"You will see her anyhow? You have only to see her. And forgive me for tiring you. Poor Mary! Why did you encourage me? I shan't do it again."

"Don't make rash promises," she said. "I am quite willing to be a safety-valve." She felt a hundred as she said it. "And we shall see your prodigy very soon, for Mr. Moore has asked us to lunch on Wednesday, Cousin Jennie and me."

It was eloquent of the affection between Lady Eugenia and her young distant cousin that Mary should refer to so stately a lady as "Cousin Jennie."

Nothing more was said on that occasion, for as it happened the door of the room opened and Lady Eugenia appeared. She made a momentary gesture, as though to retire again, which caused Mary to smile coldly. To be sure any one would have thought that Maurice was making love to her from his position. For the next day or two Lady Eugenia had a wistful way of watching Mary, as though she expected her to speak; but she asked her nothing. She was not one to hurry confidences. And Maurice, whistling about the house like a lark when he was in it, brought the brightness to his mother's face.

Chapter X.

JIM'S INDISCRETION.

A girl with Mary Beaumont's traditions and bringing up—for her mother had been the unexceptionable daughter of a younger son who was a country parson—does not easily turn aside from the path of quite straight and fair dealing.

Indeed alone in her room that night, she sat down, with her masses of hair about her, and considered within herself what was fair dealing in the matter. It was not fair to Lady Eugenia, who was so good to her, to conceal her son's infatuation for a girl in the position of Miss Mason. And she had an idea that Captain Grantley, who in middle-age was almost as slim and elegant as he had been in youth, would object even more strenuously than his wife. For Lady Eugenia had in her that Quixotism, that romantic generosity, that one could never be quite sure of her heart not running away with her head. Her husband was less imaginative, and remained a high and dry Tory and a somewhat narrow Churchman when politics and religion alike were widening their borders.

"He ought to have gone to his mother and not to me," Mary said to herself with a vexed laugh. "He might have brought over his mother to his side."

There was nothing for it but to let things drift. Maurice was not one to keep his secret long from his mother, with whom he had far more in common than he had with his father. Perhaps, indeed, she need not trouble herself at all. Maurice bubbled over so with his secret that at the first chance it would out. Indeed, Lady Eugenia had noticed her son's altenations of high spirits and dreaminess, and had put it down to the right cause, but associated it with Mary Beaumont; and Miss Beaumont knew it and smiled wryly over it.

She had not the smallest intention beforehand of prejudicing Lady Eugenia against "Maurice's nurse-maid," as she called Stella in the bitterness of her heart. She meant to stand apart and let Lady Eugenia see and judge for herself. It was as likely as not that she might take quite a fancy to the red-headed girl, as a charming young person for her position, of course.

Maurice had also been bidden to the Wednesday lunch; but he had an engagement elsewhere. Mary shrewdly suspected that he shirked seeing the first meeting between his mother and his beloved.

"You shall tell me all about it," he whispered, pressing her hand under the rug as he tucked his mother and Mary in the carriage on Wednesday. Lady Eugenia, although she was giving some final instructions to a maid, noticed the whisper and suspected the pressure of the hand; and her face was the brighter for it during the drive. In her own mind she wondered why Mary did not tell her what she must know would be such a happiness. It was like Lady Eugenia to have set her heart on Maurice's marrying a portionless girl, seeing that there were so many well-endowed to be won. And Mary Beaumont loved that unworldiness in her, having smarted over its opposite; and was grateful to her and half-vexed with her for her plans about Maurice and herself all at once.

Stephen Moore was out on the lawn when the carriage arrived. He had been moving the stronger ones of the canaries into their summer quarters, a thatched wired-in enclosure in a sunny and sheltered corner where the birds lived during the fine months of the year.

He came to help the ladies alight; and his face was brighter than Lady Eugenia remembered it.

"Jim has just come in from a drive," he said. "Miss Mason will have him go driving. He used to get so tired trundling about in the bath chair and knowing all he should see beforehand. It is no more trouble to get him into the pony-carriage than into the chair. Oh, we are doing finely, your Ladyship. Miss Mason has all but persuaded me to take Jim abroad next winter. Poor little man; the winters have been monotonous for him."

Outwood was still conducted in an old-fashioned manner. Mrs. Whittaker, the housekeeper, received the two ladies and took them upstairs to a big bedroom hung with blue and silver, where there was a roaring fire in the grate, although the windows were all open. You were not expected to eat lunch in your outdoor clothes and depart with all speed after a few minutes' conversation in the drawing-room. No, indeed; you took off your hat and your outdoor wraps, and stayed the greater part of the afternoon, and had a bountiful tea at half-

past four as though there had been no lunch at two o'clock. Lady Eugenia confessed her liking for the old-fashioned arrangement. "So much pleasanter," she said, "than when you dine out in London and take off your wraps in the hall, with three or four men-servants standing about."

"The ways of the middle-classes are always more comfortable than ours," Mary assented. "Comfort is one thing we never think of."

On their way downstairs they passed by the door of Jim's room, which stood slightly ajar. A shrill, joyous voice, which no one who had known Jim a month earlier would have recognized for his, brought a smile to Lady Eugenia's face.

"It's *not* my friend, Jim," she said, pushing open the door and going in."

Jim was already in his carrying chair, waiting for the men to carry him downstairs. He had a color in his cheeks and his eyes were bright. The quietness, which used to grieve Lady Eugenia's heart, had disappeared.

"Oh, Lady Eugenia," he said, as she came in. "We are having beautiful plans, Miss Mason and I. Do you know that this chair is my flying machine, and we are going to fly half over Europe in it. No one ever seemed to think before that I could get about; but if up and downstairs, why not out into the world? That is what Miss Mason says. And Papa agrees with her."

Lady Eugenia bowed to the tall girl who stood by the chair, one arm laid across the back of it, with an unconscious air of protection and possession. Stella bowed in return, and then stooped to pick up little Trust and to deposit him on his master's knees—Miss Beaumont shook hands with Jim—she was not one of his particular friends. She bowed coldly to Stella as she would have bowed to a servant, and hated herself for her coldness the while.

Jim chattered to Lady Eugenia gaily. They were going to have a picnic, as soon as the weather was warm enough, to Warnack Woods. Perhaps there would be some warm weather in May and the woods would be full of bluebells. Jim had never been into a wood yet; but Miss Mason had told him all about it, and he had often wished to go. And would Lady Eugenia come? And Miss Beaumont, too, please? Jim did not particularly want Miss Beaumont; but he was a polite little

boy and would not exclude her. And of course Maurice would be there too. Maurice had promised to help to light the fire and boil the kettle and make tea. It was going to be such a jolly picnic.

Of course Lady Eugenia would come, she would be delighted; unless the occasion came too late and she were in London. "And Mary would be delighted to come," she added, answering for her silent companion.

They went downstairs in the rear of the chair. Somehow Lady Eugenia rather expected the young woman to settle Jim in his place and disappear. She was uncertain how to regard her. She looked like a lady; but Lady Eugenia had had parlor-maids who almost looked like ladies; and she had known a peeress who looked like a dealer in second-hand clothes. And Stella had not spoken.

She adjusted everything for Jim with something of the quiet deftness of a trained nurse. Then she took the chair beside him. It was a round table and there was no precedence. Lady Eugenia's place was almost opposite Miss Mason's.

No one could say that Stella obtruded herself. She spoke hardly at all, though several times Stephen Moore tried to draw her into the conversation. She looked after Jim's needs with a carefulness which pleased Lady Eugenia; and, while she was so quiet, she had an air of being perfectly at home that did not altogether please Miss Beaumont. A little more shyness, Miss Beaumont thought, would have been more becoming. But Stella, at her convent school, had come in contact with ladies of even higher birth than Lady Eugenia. One or two very proud names were hidden under the Sisters' names in religion. She did not feel herself to be out of place lunching with the fine ladies.

To be sure Jim dominated the conversation.

"Would you know him?" the father asked joyfully of Lady Eugenia.

"Hardly. It is a miracle."

"Which we owe to Miss Mason." He bent his head confidentially to Lady Eugenia, who was at his right hand. "I can't be grateful enough for the good fortune that sent her to us."

"I am going to learn Latin," said Jim proudly. "I haven't learnt anything because I wasn't strong. But I am going to

begin. And presently I shall have a tutor. Do you know about Proserpine, Miss Beaumont? Maurice came yesterday when Miss Mason was gathering flowers for me in the meadow. He said she was like Proserpine. I asked him who Proserpine was, and he said that she was a very lovely person, and that I should learn about her when I knew my classics. And that Miss Mason was Proserpine when she wasn't Fia—Fia—Fiammetta, I think."

"You shall learn all about it, my lad," said his father, "so you shall. And if we get on as well as we're doing now, why you might be at Oxford one of these days."

The father and the son were alone of the party in being quite at their ease and unconscious.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PROUD LADY.

If the ready color had not flooded Stella's cheeks, Lady Eugenia, most unsuspecting of mortals, might have found nothing amiss in Maurice's classical allusion. As it happened her eyes were on Miss Mason's face at the moment; and though she averted them as quickly as possible she had seen what she had seen.

She glanced from Stella to Mary. Mary's face had the cold look which she had seen it wear once or twice of late. She frowned slightly and the handsome brows bent so made her face for the moment sullen. Poor Mary, she did not like to hear of Maurice's compliments to this young woman! Mary was no more reasonable than any other girl in love. It probably was only the lightest compliment to a pretty girl. Miss Mason was a very pretty girl, quite unusually pretty. But young men would say such things. It was a little narrow-minded of Mary to look so displeased about it.

Lady Eugenia tried to banish the incident from her mind; but, though she talked to her host and Jim with great persistency about indifferent matters, the thought would recur. Was it possible Maurice had been flirting with this girl? She attached no exaggerated importance to such things—Maurice had never given her and his father any serious trouble; and she

did not expect him to be unlike his kind. Still—Miss Mason was a dependent in a friend's household in which Maurice, being held in great affection, came and went as he would. She hoped Maurice would not use his privileges to turn the young woman's head. And with Mary staying at Mount Eden, too. An uneasy thought struck her that Maurice had not been quite so much at Mary's beck and call of late.

She was distracted while she talked to Stephen Moore in the drawing room after lunch. Jim had been taken away for his afternoon siesta; and Mary had wandered off to amuse herself. Stephen Moore was looking brighter than she had seen him for many a year. He was full of the new hopes and schemes for the boy.

"I have been feeling for so many years that only the invalid's life was possible for him. I can't tell you what light has been let in upon me by the knowledge that other things are possible. His brains are as clear as crystal. *They* were not hurt. His life has been so dull and dreary all these years. I can hardly forgive myself. You can't imagine what a flood of light this girl has brought with her. It is as though she opened a window on the darkness."

They went out together to see the canaries in their new home.

"Who *is* this Miss Mason?" Lady Eugenia asked.

"Who is she? Why I do not know exactly, except that she answered my advertisement. She had a very excellent recommendation from the Reverend Mother of some French sisterhood in London; and also from an Italian musician."

"A Roman Catholic?"

"No; but she went to school to the nuns."

"Ah, that accounts for her air of refinement."

"I suppose so," Stephen Moore said with some surprise. "It wouldn't have occurred to me. She seems a remarkably gentle, sensible, pleasant girl. I assure you the house hasn't been the same since she came."

He opened the door of the aviary and the birds flew about him in a yellow shower. One perched on his finger, two on his head, a flight of them on his shoulders.

"I could always do anything with birds," he said; his dark face momentarily bright.

"Pretty creatures!" Lady Eugenia said absent-mindedly.

"This Miss Mason of yours—she reminds me in some ways of somebody."

"Ah, I daresay. I shall have to get some one to take care of the birds for me if we go traveling next winter."

"That will be a great departure for you. How you will enjoy it!"

"For the boy, not for myself. We can't give much time to it. He has a good deal of leeway to make up in the matter of education. Not but what he has educated himself. All he reads sticks. I don't know how I came to have such a son. It is his mother, I suppose."

Lady Eugenia said nothing. She was too truthful for a woman of the world; and she saw nothing of the ugly, half-deformed father in the fair, spiritual child.

Her interest in Miss Mason had apparently ceased. They saw the girl and her charge again before leaving. Jim was to spend a day at Mount-Eden in the following week. There was no suggestion that Miss Mason should accompany him.

"You will be glad of a few hours' freedom," Lady Eugenia said, blushing like a girl. It was difficult for her to be unpleasant to anybody.

"Yes, thank you"; the girl said coldly. She was profoundly conscious of the proud and unfriendly face of Mary Beaumont. She thought she could have liked Lady Eugenia—it was such a good face, an honest, kind face—but Miss Beaumont had behaved to her as though she were a servant.

Neither lady had shaken hands with her. She stood apart, behind Jim's chair, as they said good-bye to him. Jim was uneasy, scenting some hostility between those he liked. Stephen Moore saw nothing, suspected nothing; had even the purblindness to suggest to Miss Beaumont as he stood by the carriage-door that it had been pleasant for Miss Mason to see some one of her own age.

"How odd," Mary said, as the carriage drove away, "that Mr. Moore should suppose there could be possibly anything in common between Miss Mason and myself! Jim's nurse! He is a very simple person."

"Poor girl, she occupies a rather anomalous position," Lady Eugenia said pityingly, recalling the wounded flush on Miss Mason's cheek. "Those half-way people are such a difficulty."

"This young person seems to have made a very comfortable position for herself at Outwood," Mary said. "Apparently she is going to have everything she wants. Foreign travel, too. And poor Mr. Moore thinking she thinks only of the boy!"

"She seems to have done him a deal of good anyway," Lady Eugenia said, with the same remorseful air. She was wishing the girl had been plain and beyond any question of Maurice's being silly. It had hurt her to hurt a girl in that position. Poor Mary! How quickly her sweet reasonableness had disappeared when it was a question of Maurice. She did not like to think that Mary could be jealous. It was one of the elementary passions which she would have liked to think was confined to the women of the people.

Anyhow Maurice was waiting to welcome them when they got home, and apparently very eager to get Mary to himself. How unreasonable it was for Mary to show such unwillingness to be taken off to the stable-yard to see the mare which Maurice had just acquired, which she could ride if she would next season! What was the matter with the girl?

Mary hardly knew herself. She picked up the trailing skirts of her delicate lavender visiting gown as though the stable-yard were ankle-deep in mire, whereas it was kept spotlessly clean, and a recent shower had only freshened it up.

"Well," he said, looking at her eagerly when she stood fondling Colleen's nose. The mare was an Irish mare, and a beautiful creature, and Mary Beaumont, bred and born in the Shires, could never resist a horse. "What do you think of her?"

She glanced casually at his nearly six feet of goodly manhood and her mouth hardened.

"The mare?" she said, wilfully misunderstanding him. "I think she's a beauty."

"Not the mare. You've told me what you think of her. Miss Mason. What did my mother think of her?"

"My dear Maurice, I'm afraid your mother only thought of her as Jim's nurse."

She knew perfectly well that Maurice would detest her, for the moment, at least, for her speech. But she could not help it. For the matter of that, she was not over-pleased with herself.

"I thought you were my friend, Mary," he said in a hurt and offended voice.

"My dear Maurice, a girl like that! I can't help it. I can't help you. What would Cousin Jennie think of me? You are very young, Maurice, or you would not have come to me with such a story."

"You are quite right, Mary," he said in a cold and unfriendly voice. "I ought to have gone to my mother, to be sure."

CHAPTER XII.

THE FACE OF THE PICTURES.

He had it in his hot, eager mind to go straight to his mother and tell her that he was head over ears in love with Estelle Mason. His mother had always been ready to listen to him and help him. He appreciated her pride at its true value. If she could love the girl she would accept her—poverty would be no barrier; she would look upon it that Maurice would lift his bride to his own position. She was capable of a grand Quixotism; and she would make things easy with the Pater. The Pater always accepted the Mater's judgment of things finally, though he might be some time in coming to it.

Yet, after all, what had he to tell his mother? The story he had to tell must be told to Estelle first. He knew her name was Estelle, she could have had no other name with those heavenly eyes. He had known Estelle about six weeks—at least it was six weeks since they had met on that railway journey, and his infatuation for her was complete. He said to himself that it was no new thing, that he had been in love with her since that first meeting in his freshman year at Oxford, when he had made that fortunate run up to town and seen her heavenly face at a street crossing. His Fiammetta, seen first as Dante had seen Beatrice.

"Clearly herself, the same whom he
Met not past girldhood in the street,
Low-bosomed and with hidden feet,
And last as woman perfectly."

Since that meeting he had thought much of her. He had made endless sketches of her. Her face was in the pretty water-color drawings which he did with such ease, the pen and ink drawings he accomplished with such patient care.

"It is no new thing," Mary Beaumont said a little later, standing before a picture in his mother's boudoir, which had been her last birthday gift from her boy. "It is no new thing. Why, that might be her portrait."

It was the head of a young woman wearing a wide hat tied with pale green ribbons under the chin, a young woman, blue-eyed, with a wild glory of hair.

"To be sure," Lady Eugenia said. "I couldn't think who she was like."

"And here, and here, and here—"

Mary Beaumont went about the room pointing to this picture and that. Everywhere the blue-eyed, red-haired girl. She looked from a magic casement over "perilous seas"; she was Andromeda chained to the rock; she was Elizabeth of Hungary; she was an angel.

"Why, to be sure, to be sure."

A hurt wonder was coming into Lady Eugenia's expression. More than that, something of grief and anxiety. She said nothing, but Mary Beaumont read into her mind clearly. The thing that seemed evident to the mother's mind was that her son's acquaintance with Miss Mason was a thing of some years' standing.

She left Mary and went upstairs to the tower-room, which had been Maurice's from boyhood. He had never given it up; and all about were mementos of his loving and innocent boyhood. There were his school prizes, gaudily-bound volumes of adventure dear to the boyish heart. There was his first school cap hanging on the handle of his first cricket-bat in a conspicuous place on the wall. There were various photographs of himself, from round-faced childhood up to the last year at Oxford. There were photographs of her and his father and various school and college friends. An old, very shabby Bible had the place of honor on the chest of drawers. She had given it to him when he was ten. There was a shell-box which he had purchased with his pocket-money once when they were at Brighton; his best-sailing toy-boat; a telescope; a model engine.

Then there were his cups won for various athletic feats at Winchester and Oxford. The arms of his school and various pictures of it were conspicuous. Photographs of pretty actresses, books, papers, the litter of a smoking-man, paints and brushes and a palette were on the mantel-shelf and the table.

She glanced at her son's bits of painting here and there. Everywhere the face was the same. She opened a pile of his sketch-books and began looking through them. In all the later ones the face was repeated over and over.

She went rapidly through several books. Then she found that at a date some four years back the pictures of Miss Mason began. Before that date there was nothing remotely resembling her.

So the acquaintance had begun so long ago! And Maurice had said nothing of it. He had referred casually once or twice to the lady who had come to look after Jim, but she had detected no consciousness in his manner. And all the time he and this girl had been old acquaintances.

Like most unsuspicious people Lady Eugenia, once she began to suspect, let her fancy run riot. Had it been through Maurice that Miss Mason had come to Outwood? What were the relations between them, friends or lovers? The thing pointed to some kind of a secret understanding, or why should they have pretended to meet as strangers?

The poor lady was perturbed beyond measure. It was something she could not bear to speak about, even to Mary. It hurt her pride and love too much. She wondered if she should tell Godfrey; but she had always been the strong one, used to bearing the burdens and thinking for both of them. Godfrey was still amazingly boyish, in character as well as in looks, to be the father of a grown-up son. She had an idea that Godfrey might bluster and make a noise, thus driving Maurice to the very thing she would have him avoid. And poor Mary! It was no wonder Mary's instinct had made her dislike the girl.

There were times during the days that followed when she thought that her son was about to speak, and her heart leaped up, only to fall again. He had had secrets from her for so long.

Then one day Maurice made a concession. He had been looking gloomy of late, so much so that the unsuspecting

Captain Grantley asked his wife if there was not a quarrel between the boy and Mary. She had shaken her head for all answer to the question. "By Jove," said Captain Grantley with sudden observation, "you're not looking well yourself, Jennie. I wish this Tom-Fool business of a season were over and that I could carry you away to the moors."

Captain Grantley had no love for the season, which took them from the freshness of deep country to the dust and heat of London at the loveliest season of the year. In fact he had claimed an exemption for himself. If they wanted him they could have him of course; and he would relieve Maurice now and again without grumbling. Maurice hated town as much as he did; but, of course, the women-kind couldn't be left with no man to look after them. He and Maurice must take it in turns. He was sweet-tempered about it, even when a letter came asking him to go yachting with Percy Luff, an old and dear friend who had been his school-fellow and chum at Sandhurst.

"Of course I can't go," he said cheerfully. "That would be to leave you to frizzle in town from May to July. I'm not such a selfish fellow as that. And old Luff must find another shipmate. Those Kerry fjords in June will be simply ripping.

Maurice looked up at him with an affectionate expression.

"Of course you must go, Pater," he said. "In fact there would be no use in your staying. I can stick out the season this year very well. There's a lot I want to see—cricket and polo and the theatres and no end of things."

"Sure, my boy? I thought you couldn't endure Mayfair in the whirl."

Father and son were alone together. Maurice had been appearing a bit down on his luck lately. What was the matter with him?

If it was Mary they would have abundant opportunities of making it up if they were housed together for those three months.

"You are quite sure?" he repeated.

"I yearn for it," Maurice said, with an overdone cheerfulness.

"Ah well, to be sure, it is more your place than mine after all. I shan't see my old friends this year, nor see any of the events of the season. You must explain for me. I couldn't

disappoint old Luff. I hope there'll be plenty of sun. What long days we shall have cruising about at our pleasure!"

He looked half-remorsefully at Maurice.

"I'll tell you what, my lad," he said; "you'd better take the new mare up to town and put her at livery. You can ride in the Park of mornings, and when the women set you free you can get out to Hamstead Heath and have a good gallop. And I'll stand you a new saddle. It shall be my gift to you. Your old one's rather worn."

"Good old Pater!" Maurice said, with the ghost of a smile.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHANGE.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

THE rain that falls on yellow fields
  Was mist an hour ago;
The smoke that the brown vineyard shields
  Was last spring all aglow
In sap, in vein, in tendrils green—
Ah, mystic power of Force unseen!

And yet more wondrous change He made
  When of the wheat and vine
He took the fruits before Him laid,
  And said: "This flesh is Mine—
My blood!" Behind great Nature's screen
No change so marvelous has been!

The Old Cloister, Elsinore.

A BACKGROUND TO LIFE.

BY CHARLES PLATER, S.J.

MODERN democracy would appear to some extent to have lost its bearings. It set out on its path with cheery assurance, and the path seemed clear before it. True, it suffered certain vicissitudes, and manifested various unamiable eccentricities of temper and regrettable lapses of judgment. But its hopes and ideals alike were high, and the world seemed at its feet. "The future lies with the democracy," was a saying which had ceased to be a somewhat daring prophecy and had become a platitude.

And really democracy had a great deal in its favor! The old barriers of caste and privilege had largely collapsed with the shifting of economic conditions. The old individualism was slowly becoming discredited. What was more, the Catholic Church, proverbially cautious and slow to change, had welcomed the new movement. "Christian Socialism" was a term strongly discouraged at the Vatican; but "Christian Democracy" was the device on a banner put into the workman's hands by Leo XIII. himself. Nor need this surprise us when we remember how great a share Catholic ideals have had in the formation of the modern democracy.

Yet the democracy is now walking with far less assured step than might have been expected. Indeed, it is positively stumbling. Here it has surrendered itself to a group of political wire-pullers. There it has worked itself into a state of nervous irritability and will cast stones at those who offer it sound counsel. We see it duped by a corrupt press, engineered by self-seeking politicians, gaping like a country clown at the socialist sharper with his loaded dice and accommodating pack of cards. This is not what we hoped and expected. This is not the democratic ideal—the permeation through the whole body politic of sound common sense, of healthy human instincts. Democracy, if it means anything, should mean that the individual is to be considered as an end, and not as a

means; that with the securing of his political liberty should come the development in him of a certain critical sense (so highly praised by Aristotle) which would prevent his becoming the dupe of those who would exploit him. Unless this critical sense be cultivated and developed he will gain little by political emancipation. Freedom is no great boon to those who have never been taught how to use it.

Contemporary history reminds us forcibly of Aristophanes' comedy in which the Athenian democracy is represented as a very credulous and weak-minded old gentleman who is absolutely controlled by his own servants. They know his weaknesses and have learnt to play upon them, outbidding each other in attempts to secure his good will by pandering to his various unworthy appetites.

The democracy presents itself to some as a vastly self-sufficient and resolute person, bent on realizing a very definite ideal. But Leo XIII. showed more insight when he regarded it as helpless and misled, though full of potentialities and eminently lovable. He does not seem to have pictured it as a self-possessed giant, running a well-calculated course. He seems to have regarded it as a very overgrown child which had tumbled down and required to be picked up. He raised a cry for help. He did not tell Catholics to get out of the way. He told them to come and pick the child up, plant it securely on its feet, brush its clothes, and show it the road. The task was a gigantic one, for the democracy was *very* big and *very* helpless. And the task has by no means ended yet. The Pope could not do it all himself, or get it done in his own lifetime. He had, so to say, to put it into commission. His august successor has taken up the work, and all Catholics are, or should be, helping him to carry it through.

It would be very interesting, if space allowed, to see how, in the various countries, the Catholics have responded (some promptly, others with hesitation) to Pope Leo's summons to "go to the people." By social study and concerted social action great efforts have already been made to apply the teaching of the Encyclical on Labor to the complicated details of modern life. Most of all in Germany has the work progressed, and it is there that the results have been particularly encouraging, especially in view of the difficulties which had to be encountered. But it is my purpose in the present article to con-

sider not so much the specific application of Catholic social doctrine to current needs (for this must vary in different countries) but a certain root problem which is everywhere the same, and which must be solved before any considerable progress can be made in the work of Christianizing the democracy.

Before men and women can be got to apply the principles of the Gospel to current social problems, they must be deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospels. Before they will make efforts to "restore all things in Christ," they must have a very firm grasp of Christ's mission in the world and of the meaning of their own lives. They must be given a standard of values before they will rise to unflagging, unselfish work for the common good. It has been abundantly proved that no secular philosophy or science can give men this standard of values. Philosophy and science can tell us many things about the world and about human life, but they cannot show us why the great game of life is "worth while." From this point of view science is, as a great French writer declared it to be, bankrupt. Nor can Socialism, despite its appeals to the imagination, really justify the value which it attaches to the temporal kingdom to come. Only in the light of Christian revelation does the world take on a coherent appearance and present itself as a great arena in which man has a worthy part to play.

The future, then, lies not with democracy but with a Christianized democracy. For it alone will retain that permanent stimulus to high human action which is to be found only in the conviction that the individual has his own value and that he is called upon to take generous part in a struggle to be crowned by a victory in which he will have a personal share. This point was well illustrated in the *Bampton Lectures* for 1905, delivered by that brilliant writer, the Rev. F. W. Bussell. It is with a practical application of this point that I have now to deal.

How may the working classes, amid the jangle of philosophies, the sophistries of the press, the distractions and cares of daily life, be brought to realize the deep fundamental truths of Christianity, upon their grasp of which depends not only their happiness, but also their value, and indirectly their social efficiency.

Of course there is the great system of spiritual aids already provided by the Catholic Church—missions and sermons, in-

structions and services, and the like. These are quite invaluable, and are constantly exercising their influence to an incalculable degree. But in face of the quite peculiar difficulties of modern times, owing partly to the elaborate organization of labor and the growing absorption in material things, we naturally cast about for some means of bringing the workingman into closer touch with the spiritual helps just described. So many Catholic workingmen are drifting out of touch with these channels of help and instruction that we look for a method of popular "conversion"—a sharp experience of religious reality, a close contact, however short, with the eternal verities. Otherwise the great stream of mankind will drift on, unconscious of its high mission, absorbed in the daily round of material cares.

How might one flash into the eyes of toiling humanity the light of Christianity? By what means can the democracy be inspired with a religious ideal which will lead it to make daily use of the glorious treasures of the Catholic Church? How provide it with a background to life which will throw into distinguished relief, and give value to, its strivings, otherwise dull and meaningless?

A glance into the street may suggest an answer. There, entering the poor tenement of a broken-down worker, goes a Sister of Charity. She has given up, it may be, a brilliant position in the world to put on her rough religious garb and to minister unceasingly to Christ's poor. She is radiantly happy and carries an atmosphere of sunshine with her. She never flags at her task, though many must be her hours of weariness. Slights and rebuffs cannot discourage her. She is a confirmed optimist—not of the loquacious and irritating type, but of the quiet, active, reassuring kind. She bears within her an unfailing supply of strength. What is the secret?

How can she lead a life which would daunt the most generous humanitarian, the most ardent secular reformer? What stays her up amid labors unrelieved by any of the pleasant distractions which most of us find so indispensable? Ask her, and she will tell you that she finds her strength in union with God, in the Sacraments and prayer. She will tell you that she has been taught to go straight to the Blessed Sacrament whenever she feels a temptation to discouragement. And she will add that one of the strongest supports in well-doing with which she is provided is her annual retreat.

The annual retreat! How much it means to thousands of priests and religious and great-hearted laymen who labor unceasingly amid crushing difficulties to make the world a better place. In their annual retreat they step aside from the world altogether, and let the great truths of religion sink down deep into their souls. When they come out there is a new light on the world. What that light is it is impossible to describe to one who has not made a retreat. It must be experienced. But we can know something of it from its effects. And we see what it does for our priests and nuns. It is an enormous source of light and strength. It enables them to work unselfishly and continuously. It brings peace into their hearts, and gives a deep sacramental meaning to the commonest things of life.

Now is it not quite evident that the worker—and especially the worker under modern conditions—needs an annual retreat no less than the priest or nun? Is it not well that he, too, should be given an opportunity of stepping aside from the world with its discordant cries, its false glare, its corruption, and of taking a long, steady look at the eternal truths? The workers feel the need, and many a time have they expressed it; more often have they felt it as a dim want which they have not known how to express.

At last the want is being supplied. In Belgium there are already half a dozen large country houses, each standing in extensive and attractive grounds, where week by week groups of workingmen come to spend three full days in retreat. Ten thousand men pass through these houses each year, and the results are encouraging beyond words. The men are astonished at their own happiness—they go out strengthened and tranquillized and determined to impress their Christianity upon all about them. The world to them has a new aspect. They have found their bearings. They have got their background.

The present writer has already given some account of the actual working of these retreats in Belgium and elsewhere,* and it is enough to state here that the experiment has resulted in a remarkable growth of solid piety and fervent enthusiasm

*See two pamphlets published by the Catholic Truth Society, 69 Southwark Bridge Road London, and entitled respectively *Retreats for Workers* and *Workingmen as Evangelists;* also articles in *The Hibbert Journal*, October, 1908, *The Spectator*, October 17, 1908, *The Month* April, 1908, etc.

among the working classes, and, indirectly, in increased efforts to promote social justice throughout the country.

The work has been taken up in England and a country house has been taken near Manchester at which retreats are given every week to a score of men representing every condition of life. Here again the work has already borne fruit to an extent which it would be impossible to indicate within the limits of this short article. In the United States, as well, the movement has just recently begun, and houses of retreat for men and women have been established in several places. It need scarcely be added that the Holy Father, the Bishops, and the clergy have expressed their warmest commendations of this new apostolate.

Here, then, is an institution which succeeds, as no mere educative or social institution succeeds, in instilling high ideals, in fashioning character, in giving not only light but strength. Follow up the retreat and its intimate and striking appeal to the individual conscience, with religious organization (sodalities, confraternities, and the like) which will keep alive the spirit generated during the retreat, and you at once have an organized body of Christian apostles who will permeate society with the principles of the Gospel. Here, surely, is a form of apostolate well suited to our time, and deserving of our most generous efforts. It is a method of Christianizing the democracy which has already proved its signal efficacy.

Given the strong impulse of a Christian ideal among the people, the other problems which harass the democracy will admit of a comparatively easy solution. Where there is steadiness of aim, fixity of principle, and an unfailing source of courage and hope, obstacles will speedily be surmounted. But until these are supplied we cannot hope to see the democracy increasing in strength of character, steadiness of judgment, restraint in action. Mere progress in material comfort or mechanical invention cannot produce these qualities. There is need of a deep spiritual renovation if man is to find his true self and satisfy his deepest cravings. The democracy must be Christianized if it is to realize its highest possibilities.

HIS NEIGHBOR.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

"Christmas remains to remind us of those ages, whether Pagan or Christian, when the many acted poetry instead of the few writing it. In all the winter in our woods there is no other tree in glow but the holly."

"We make our friends; we make our enemies; but God makes our next-door neighbor."—*G. K. Chesterton.*

THE Inn of the Silver Star in Leuterdorf has no parlor. "Why should it have?" asked Herr Cornelius, the landlord. "People who are too fine to talk to their kind in dining-room or kitchen may trudge along to the next village." He sat in the latter room himself by preference, now that the winter had closed in and the summer birds of passage had flown away. He had a taste for comfort, Herr Cornelius, which being gratified in essentials by an excellent supper, now found further satisfaction in the soothing heat of the great, glowing stove, in the strings of ruddy sausages and peppers depending from the rafters, in the glimpse of a haunch of venison and some feathered game which the wire doors of the safe permitted. There was unconscious content, also, in the brisk ministrations of the sturdy Hedwig, his elder daughter, who filled their mugs of beer and moved the big screen to keep out the draught; and in the quieter movements of his slender Gertrude, whose long, fair braids hung below her waist, and whose thoughts, like her blue eyes, may have been far from the knitting-needles which seemed of themselves swiftly to transform coarse woolen yarn into stocking shape.

"In any case," pursued Herr Cornelius, between meditative puffs of his pipe, "my summer people like to eat outdoors, and live there, too. Tables and benches, the roadside, and the sky for ceiling, that is parlor enough for them. They come only for the climate and scenery—always scenery. Of these, thank God, we have sufficient for them, and still some left for another season, and yet another."

"One must be thankful," said the blacksmith, sipping his beer, "that their good money remains to help us. But, *Himmel!* how foolish some of them are! Will you forget the young

Italian advocate who was afraid of guns, yet shouted and swore and always wore the black cock feather in his hat. 'Ah, my child,' he said to Louisa, our goose-girl, 'do not fear for your geese. My gun does not go off of itself.' And Louisa, who shoots pretty well, found out afterwards that his gun was not loaded."

"The Americans are queer," remarked Herr Cornelius sententiously. "One old lady told me that feather beds were barbarism. I should like to have her up here about Martinmas, for my bed-rooms have no fireplace."

"The English are the queerest," pronounced the schoolmaster, "and above all, if they pursue art. Their grotesqueness of dress and their work are an insult to nature. I have looked for an angry avalanche sometimes to blot out their figures and their sketches. In music it is worse," he grumbled, for he was likewise the village organist. "One English *Mees* I had for singing lessons two summers; and her mother complained to me: 'She studies so long; it is time for her to sing.' 'To sing, Madame,' I tell her, 'she can never sing. I thought you meant it to strengthen the lungs.' She was angry and said in English, which I understand a little, that I was a blockhead."

"Ha! ha! She found you out," laughed the host in heavy, good-natured banter.

Neither Hedwig nor Gertrude seemed to pay much attention to their elders' talk. The former, after clearing away the supper dishes, was busy supplying the wants of a couple of stray peddlers whom snow and ice had not deterred from braving the terrors of the Hinter Pass. They were giving her a description of the hardships encountered, and incidentally paying her those compliments they considered a *Kellnerin's* due. Hedwig, plain of feature and clumsy of figure, received these with smiling literalness, as perhaps they were meant; for a German's taste in womanly beauty is most frequently unconventional. Gertrude had withdrawn into a recess behind the stove, where her knitting needles still flew, under the supervision of a well set-up, good-looking young man in a semi-soldierly uniform.

"Is that for a Christmas gift?" he asked her, "that you cannot take time from it to look at a fellow when he tells you of his travels?"

"I am behindhand with my winter work," she told him demurely; yet with the hint of a smile, which clearly elated him.

"The freeholder's Sylvester is making good play," whispered the blacksmith. "Nothing like a soldier among the girls. You may have a wedding, Cornelius, by next Easter."

"As time and fortune will," said the inn-keeper imperturbably. "The boy is well enough; has a good record from the Transvaal; an only son, and the freehold farmer is well-to-do. But her sister's wedding should come beforehand. Lacking their mother—rest her soul!—it is my duty to see to that. Laban showed his wisdom in caring for his Leah's interests first of all."

"Nonsense, man," said the schoolmaster disrespectfully. "They must have had much useless time to waste in those days. Try putting your daughters' suitors on a fourteen or even seven-year probation now, and you will find them both old maids on your hands."

"Heaven forbid!" said the host solemnly, "that would be awful—quite awful; and their chests of linen all made and ready! And if they should get to look like those big, bony Englishwomen who come and bring their dogs!" He took a long draught to drown the very thought.

"By the way," said the blacksmith, again lowering his voice, "what has become of Andreas? I surely thought that he—" the speaker looked at the wood-carver's Fabian, and the flaxen-haired youth, who had smoked and dreamed and said nothing all evening, answered for his friend something in which: "The Head Forester's orders—Balse—Hohenweg—Schwarzwald—" were audible.

By a strange coincidence the subject of these last remarks was at that very moment tramping up the village street on his way towards them. The last time he had approached the Inn of the Silver Star—how different had been the scene! Then the little Tyrolese village was basking in the rays of the summer sun. On the wooden benches tourists and villagers sat and chatted together; the children played sedately under the trees; grazing cattle dotted the green hills; yellowed corn glittered in the fields below; and the sound of distant streams tumbling over the rocks had sung in his ears.

How well he remembered it? How he recalled stopping

at the fountain where stood an image of St. Florian, the village patron; and how, carefully skirting the inn, he had hurried around to the kitchen, only to find his Gertrude too busy, much too busy, to give him a word. Yet there was that trifling, flirting Sylvester helping her to ladle out the soup—almost as if he were a son of the house. And as recently as the spring just past, blue-eyed Gertrude had encouraged him, Andreas, plain of speech, used to work but unused to women—had encouraged him to hope.

Then the Schützenfest had come, and Sylvester had returned from the Transvaal. Traveled and self-confident, this same Sylvester had caused a fluttering in the Leuterdorf dovecotes. For, in shooting at the Eagle, Andreas, the Forester's assistant, being troubled, failed of his best, and Sylvester, the soldier, triumphant as King, had, with easy assurance, chosen Gertrude as his Queen, and availed himself in every way of his claims and privileges. Andreas, too proud to complain, had, with slightest farewell, gone willingly on the mission given him by the Forester, to Switzerland, and later to the Schwartzwald, and there had prolonged his stay, in study and experiment.

But here again, in Christmas week, once more he walked Leuterdorf street, whence the tourists had long gone and only the sombre firs persisted among the overwhelming snows. The animals were under shelter, the little, playing babies safe in bed, the pleasant sights and sounds of summer vanished. Night and darkness and bitter wintry blasts were about him, and the heart within him was as unquiet as when he went away. He crossed once more the market-place, with its fountain frozen motionless now and St. Florian with a mantle of snow. The Inn's fire and lamplight made bright squares on the snow outside, and through the window-panes he saw Sylvester bending over and restoring to Gertrude her worsted ball, with perceptible pressure of the knitter's fingers. His firm jaw wore a forbidding squareness at his abrupt entrance within. Nothwithstanding he had hearty reception.

"Ha, Andreas, this is a pleasant surprise," cried the blacksmith; and the schoolmaster said: "We were fearing the Schwartzwald fairies would hold thee over Christmas, lad." Herr Cornelius clapped him on the shoulder and the dreamy Fabian came from his corner to clasp his friend's hand. For had he not grown up among them, plain, honest, and true, al-

ways kindly and helpful though reticent and grave? Hedwig hastened to pour a fresh, foaming tankard, and to ask cheerily: "Did you come back for to-morrow's dance, Andreas?" Even Sylvester, with light ignoring of the past, gave him debonair greeting; and only she whose voice he yearned to hear had started, murmured something—nothing—and resumed her knitting.

"Did he come for to-morrow's dance, Hedwig?" said Fabian, laughing. "Surely you know him better. Nothing could have brought him back but that the work is finished that he went to do."

Gertrude's head bent a little lower.

"The question is not why—but how he came," said one of the peddlers. "The storm was thick three hours ago when we arrived, and the Hinter Pass almost impossible."

"I came by the Alter Pass," said Andreas quietly.

"*Himmel!*" said the other peddler. "Why, it was madness! On skis! That side of the way was worse and there the avalanche fell. Give Christmas thanks, man, for your life?"

The knitter's fingers were still for a moment and her lips pale; and Andreas' eyes met hers suddenly with a most unexpected intensity, while his heart gave a great throb. The next instant she jested with Sylvester, and Andreas answered calmly: "We never know just how much we may have to thank God for."

"For all things," said Herr Cornelius ponderously, "especially sleep, for which it is now the hour. You will remain the night, Andreas; you must, after so long a ski journey, be tired out."

"No, I thank you, Herr. My report is yet to be made to the Forester. Come, Fabian, your way goes with mine. Goodnight, Hedwig." Andreas might have had even a friendlier word for the slim, silent maiden who stood beside her sister, had not Sylvester gaily interrupted:

"I hurry no one; but I am waiting to help shut up the Inn, and Hedwig is very sleepy."

How could Andreas know that, as he went his resentful way, pretending to listen to Fabian, up in her little pigeonhole of a room a girl, with tremulous lips, said to herself: "He is too cold to care for anything but his work."

Andreas' affairs with the Head Forester kept him busy the

next day, or he might again have been angered to see Sylvester at the Inn, supervising, suggesting, and working at the decorations for the evening dance. He found but a moment to send down some birds to Herr Cornelius with his compliments.

"These foresters and game-keepers," scoffed Sylvester, when he saw the gift, "they think they own the earth—the Lord's forests and all His creatures therein. I have been in lands where there are no tyranical restrictions and no aristocratic privileges. Why should the Herr Count or his officers have the right to shoot a deer or hare and not you or I?"

"I don't want to shoot a hare," said Hedwig simply.

"Sylvester, you talk nonsense," said Gertrude. "The lands and forest are the Herr Count's, not yours or mine."

"I like game," said he, nodding down at her from his ladder, while she held up to him the Christmas wreaths, "and mark my words, Gertrude, since my gruff and grim neighbor, the Forester's assistant, has not the decency to offer me some shooting, I will take it when I can."

"The freeholder's land adjoins the Count's. Why not ask your father to get you permission?"

"To be refused by his High Mightiness, Andreas? How charming you look in that position, Gertrude, and with your cheeks so red."

"Don't be silly; and don't, I beg you, spend Christmas day in jail for poaching."

"Have no fear; and be sure you save me the first and third and half-a-dozen other dances."

"You are really too modest."

"Above all, remember your promise to wear your Queen's crown."

She had not forgotten, but she did regret that promise, for it had been made in last night's pique over Andreas' demeanor. Yet when the lamps were all lit in the long dining-room, and the green and crimson and floating ribbons of the decorations glistened, no one could have denied that its chief ornament was the young maiden, in scarlet petticoat and velvet bodice, with snowy sleeves, and the golden crown which so becomingly adorned her head.

Then the great doors flew open and, preceded by two fiddlers playing mightily, there came in a great rush of icy air, and with it a procession of young men and girls, alert,

expectant, chatting, laughing, and rosy from winter's touch. There were the *Sennerins*, Rosalia and Hilda; Matias, the goatherd; Fabian and his sister, Elise; the dairy farmer, Anselm, and his cousins; the black-eyed Sophie, who helped the freeholder's wife and was a wonderful spinner; these and many more. Their elders preferred the warmer kitchen, where small and mild Father Friedel, their pastor, was already installed with pipe beside the stove. But who minded the cool air of the dining-room when the fiddlers' march changed into a dance tune and young men and maids swung into such rhythmic, lively measure as made the floor shake and the rafters ring with wholesome merriment; such measure as would amaze the sophisticated who know no dancing but the languid waltz. The King and Queen of the Schutzenfest led this, and upon them Andreas' eyes fell when he entered, escorting the Forester and his only daughter, Fräulein Marie. Herr Cornelius hastened to receive the new arrivals, for the Head Forester was reputed rich; had already spoken of retiring; and that would mean the advancement of Andreas. The Head Forester also dined sometimes with the Herr Count himself, so he must be placed at once next to Father Friedel.

"The Christmas decorations are very pretty," said Marie timidly.

But Andreas could only see the golden crown, which seemed to mock him from Gertrude's hair. Another dance began, and Sylvester, calling boldly: "The Queen again honors her King," led her forth. Andreas, in fiery anger, found himself opposite them with Fräulein Marie, gentle and sweet and wearing fashionable town attire, about which the girls whispered behind their hands, and "supposed Andreas would inherit the Head Forester's place, if—" and so on.

"You—you were long away, Andreas," said Gertrude, when she was near him in crossing hands.

"Had I known—certain things—I would have wished my absence longer," he answered roughly.

"Take care," interposed Sylvester, "you mix the figure; that's wrong; you are forgetting how to dance, man, as well as how to shoot."

"It is possible," retorted Andreas, with knitted brow, "that I shoot better at a living target—if I am not a wandering soldier."

"You both shoot wonderfully," said Fräulein Marie in haste.

She crossed to Sylvester, and Gertrude murmured hurriedly and low: "What 'certain things'?"

"Why these"—still frowning—"that women have no truth in them, and care for nothing but their vanity and the last feather-head that flatters them."

"Is that for me?"

"Yes, if it fits."

She said no more, holding her pretty, crowned head high, while a deep flush stained her cheeks. But as he swung her for the last time, he saw that her lips trembled and great tears stood in her soft eyes. He had no chance to speak to her again, for she was surrounded, and when the dancing was over, Fräulein Marie was his charge.

The landlord beamed upon all. The occasion was a certain success—it was gratifying to see so many, including the Herr Forester himself and the freeholder's son, attentive to his pretty Gertrude. He was even satisfied that Hedwig should fill and re-fill plate and glass for the poetic Fabian, at whose carvings the summer visitors raved. He shrugged his shoulders; perhaps one could do no better for her.

Under the sparkling stars in the winter night, the Forester's party went homewards; but the silent Andreas paid but perfunctory attention to his companions' remarks. He thought ruefully of his late anger. "The pretty, darling child—with the tears in her blue eyes! And I to cause them! What a brute and a clown am I! I cannot be what I should with that coxcomb soldier about. I will write—yes, I will write her before I sleep." Yet in the morning, with the paper crackling in his breast pocket, the puzzle was how to get it to her unobserved. He passed the Silver Star on his way to a distant plantation; Sylvester was already there at the Inn, playing checkers, and Gertrude, pale and reserved of manner, was too near others for him to present the note. At last he was forced to say: "Gertrude, do you remember the old oak we used for a post-office when we were little? It is covered with snow, but it is still there. I passed that way this morning." He had gone, but he had seen her look at him, and knew that she understood.

So, unfortunately, had Sylvester, quick of ears and of wits, who presently went away, and remembering also the post-

office of childhood, drew forth from a hollow, snow-sprinkled old stump a letter which he scrupled not at all to open and read. It ran:

MY OWN GERTRUDE: For you were nearly mine last spring, or let me hope so. After the Schützenfest, and since then, you have been so changed, that perhaps you can make some excuse for my angry words of last night. But if not, I heartily ask pardon for them. And I have come back after these long months hoping still for your love; for my whole heart is yours and yours only. Give me some word to-night that I may know I can still call you mine now and always; and so make me happy for the Holy Child's birthday.

Your devoted ANDREAS.

Sylvester whistled a little, put the letter in his pocket, and went away into the woods. So, when a slim maiden came breathlessly to the old oak stump, it was with startled incredulity that she explored, only to find it empty.

"Could Andreas dare—would he venture to presume upon —upon my former feeling! To mock me as a punishment for my politeness to other old schoolmates! It must be so."

Meanwhile Andreas, hopeful and alert, finished his work, and taking an unfrequented cross-cut through the dark fir forest along the mountain slope, walked noiselessly, snow underfoot and snowy branches overhead. Suddenly, near a dense copse, he was recalled from his thoughts of Gertrude by the report of a gun at some slight distance. He moved in that direction swiftly and cautiously, and, hearing a footstep, watched from behind a great fir. A soft rustling and crunching of snow, and Sylvester appeared, his gun on his shoulder and a brace of hares in his hand. He moved with little circumspection and even whistled softly, as this hill went usually untrod, save by an occasional fagot-gatherer. In the sheer surprise of the moment he found himself disarmed.

"I will take the hares also," said Andreas grimly. "Your father's land borders ours, but does not include it. It is, perhaps, my duty to arrest—to hand you over to the head-gamekeeper; but—but—"

Sylvester, who had gathered himself together, sprang for the sequestered gun, but Andreas grappled with him, and the two men wrestled furiously in the snow. "This is no Schüt-

zenfest," muttered Andreas; "I could crush you like an egg-shell, boy." He was, indeed, taller, broader, heavier, stronger in every way, than the slight Sylvester, and presently, with final effort, lifted him high and threw him from him.

Sylvester's head striking a root under the snow, he lay a minute stunned, then slowly rose, and with a touch of his hand to his pocket—a movement not understood by Andreas—he said mockingly: "Keep the game, with my compliments. It is another sort of poaching I most enjoy; and in *that* game I expect to win." Then with ironic bow he went.

There was no looked-for white billet in the oak-hollow when Andreas passed that way on his road to the Silver Star. "She is shy, perhaps," he reassured himself, "and I have frightened her with my rough manners. She will give me some sign to-night." But if she gave sign that night it was only to fill him with bitterness. The tender, tremulous Gertrude of the dance—of last night's dreams—had given place to a lively, sparkling, jesting maiden, playful with her father, with the guests, with Sylvester, and neither seeing, hearing, nor recognizing Andreas. Sylvester took advantage of the girl's assumed high spirits to go far.

"You are both crazy to-night," said the indulgent Hedwig.

"My own Gertrude," the soldier called her once or twice. "Your beauty," he said again, "makes my words excusable; but if not, I heartily ask pardon." And again: "I came back from the wars hoping still for your affection, for my heart is yours and yours only." And finally: "Give me some word to-night that I may hope and be happy for the Christmas time."

Gertrude, with well-acted mirth, laughed with him, not dreaming whose sentences he quoted; but when Andreas recognized his own, a deep wound and hot anger divided him. "Even if she cared nothing, that she could make a jest of my letter with him! To read it with him and laugh over it together, and taunt me with it to my face! So he gets his revenge for this afternoon's humiliation. Truly, all is over." He went out abruptly into the night.

Next day was Christmas Eve, and Father Friedel would hear confession at night, before the Midnight Mass. But all holiday preparations being complete, there was a morning interval of leisure, when the younger folk decided to go skating on the Leuterbachsee, now hard frozen. So, from all sides,

village and hills and scattered cottages for miles, a joyous crowd hastened along, men and girls in bright winter costumes, swinging skates. The crags of the Rotherkel overhung the wonderful ravine at the entrance of the Lastthal. Above the sombre belts of fir forests towered great walls of irregular, snow-covered peaks; and making their merry way through the opening, the procession soon came upon the See, a lovely, translucent blue in summer and now a silvered crust of thick ice. Here they went upon the lake in long, linked lines; or paired, as intimacy or skill in skating determined. Both these things probably decided Gertrude and Sylvester who, hand-in-hand, glided and twisted, turned and re-turned, skimming the ice as swiftly and gracefully as circling swallows. The lake was long and narrow, curving quite around the mountain base. Tired of circumscribed space, and excited by enjoyment of their own skill, the pair sped on and on until out of sight of other skaters.

Andreas was not among these. It was a relief to the gloom and harsh bitterness which consumed him to offer himself to procure for Fräulein Marie such a Christmas tree as she had timidly expressed desire for. "One very large, very thick, very symmetrical." He had tramped far and wide across the mountains without finding just what his restlessness required, and when the tree was at last cut and shouldered, his shortest way of returning was along the mountain path overlooking the Leuterbachsee. Through the crystal-clear air came now and then faint echo of the skaters' merriment. Almost directly beneath him he saw a couple flying along towards this farther end, but saw them wholly without interest.

"What a Christmas for me," he thought, "who will not even go to the Christ Child's Mass. For I am a murderer—in mind, at least. I regret now that I did not shoot that fellow, the impudent poacher! I was within my right, and the law would have upheld me." So he brooded gloomily. A sudden crackling of ice reached him, then a cry—one of the figures had disappeared, the other stood paralyzed with horror at the edge of a splitting, widening aperture. "An air hole," he decided, shouting at once: "Here, here is help," and flung the great tree from his shoulder, so that it projected across the hole. He was there almost as soon himself; and Sylvester, recognizing him, bit his lip at his own unreadiness, and jumped into the water, only to catch wildly at the girl's dress and

soon become helplessly benumbed himself. Andreas, already out on the tree, reached now a careful arm, and as the gasping Gertrude would have disappeared under the ice, drew her strongly from the current and along the branches until she was safe. Once she was on firmer ice, it was evident that Sylvester was in worse case, for his futile struggling left him half-drowned. "*Herr Gott!* Must I go after *him?*" muttered Andreas; but again he made a cautious way along the thick, green branches, and with a muscular grasp upon the collar of the drowning man, drew him too from under the treacherous ice and on to the safety of the strong tree trunk.

His loud, clear yodel attracted the attention of the skaters, and speedily help came to convey the unconscious man and the dripping, shivering girl to aid and warmth and shelter.

Up on the hillside the bell rang invitation that evening to all who would prepare for Midnight Mass. The lanterns that moved like glow-worms here and there on the pathway lit up the shadows which the bright moon left untouched. But in one of these shadows, unlighted, Sylvester waited until Andreas came near him. Then he spoke low: "This," he said, "is yours," and held out a paper.

Andreas started, puzzled, at his own letter to Gertrude.

"I took it from the hollow," explained Sylvester with effort. "She has never seen it. I—I owe my life to you. You may be more willing to pardon and give me your hand, for the Holy Child's sake, if I tell you that she cares not at all for me, but as her former playmate."

A great wave of joy surged over Andreas. He clasped Sylvester's offered hand heartily. "We used to be friends," he cried, "as well as neighbors. May we be so always." Both went on to their confession.

When Andreas came from Father Friedel a maiden, very pale and hesitant, stood in the church porch. "How can I thank you, Andreas," she began sweetly; but he interrupted:

"By reading this," and drawing her a little apart, by his lantern light, she read the letter.

"You need not answer now. Take your own time," he protested, still uncertain.

But she put her hand in his before her father and Sylvester and all the trooping villagers, and together they went in to the Christ Child's Mass.

THE PRAGMATISM OF WILLIAM JAMES.*

BY THOMAS VERNER MOORE, C.S.P.

THE development of Pragmatism by William James reads like the plea of a skillful attorney for a criminal with every *prima facie* evidence of guilt against him. The bald assertion that truth is an essentially variable quantity, that it has in it nothing stable and permanent, that what is really true to me may be false to you, sounds on the face of it to be wholly indefensible. It rattles with the noise of a falsehood. But when one starts in to read the plea of James, Pragmatism does not appear to be such a guilty criminal, and it takes some time and thought to see that, after all, Pragmatism *is* guilty and deserves the condemnations which so many philosophers have heaped upon it.

The first step in the development of the Pragmatism of Professor James is a point of method. What method has proved the most successful in modern research? Has it not been that which appeals to facts, that which has framed hypotheses and adopted those that fit in with the facts and discarded all the rest? What, then, has been the test of truth? The agreement of a given theory with facts. That theory is true which works out well, which most closely agrees with reality—and it is in so far true as it accords with the facts. The truth then of an idea is not to be sought in its accuracy of representation, but in its workability—not in that which is static, but in that which is dynamic. If an idea accounts for present facts and helps us to explain future events, then that idea is true; when it ceases to do this it ceases to be true, and becomes false. Truth, therefore, is not a constant and eternal quality of our ideas, but one that comes and goes with the development of our intellects.

* *The Meaning of Truth.* A Sequence to *Pragmatism.* By William James. Pp. xx.–298. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1909.

How do we know, when any given idea is proposed to our minds, that it is going to help us account for facts—how is it intelligible to us, how can we adopt it into our minds as something which is not contradictory? This we know by the idea's fitting into our previous conceptions. It sounds in our mental life a pleasing, harmonious tone. There is no jar or discord that accompanies its presence. We feel it to be true, we are satisfied with it. We adopt it without effort or strain. And in this way we assent to it as a true conception. But there comes a time when the idea no longer satisfies—then it ceases to be a true conception. Evidently, therefore, truth is not an absolute but a relative something.

> At each and every concrete moment, truth for each man is what that man "troweth" at that moment with the maximum of satisfaction to himself; and similarly, abstract truth, truth verified by the long run, and abstract satisfactoriness, long-run satisfactoriness, coincide. If, in short, we compare concrete with concrete, and abstract with abstract, the true and the satisfactory do mean the same thing. . . .
>
> The fundamental fact about our experience is that it is a process of change. . . . The critic sees both the first "trower's" truth and his own truth, compares them with each other, and verifies or confutes. *His* field of view is the reality independent of that earlier trower's thinking with which that thinking ought to correspond. But the critic is himself only a trower; and if the whole process of experience should terminate at that instant, there would be no otherwise known independent reality with which *his* thought might be compared (pp. 89-90).

At about this stage in the development of Professor James' doctrine the reader will commence to wonder just what he meant in the Preface when he quoted from his previous work entitled *Pragmatism*, and said: "Truth is a property of certain of our ideas. It means their agreement, as falsity means their disagreement, with reality. Pragmatists and intellectualists both accept this definition as a matter of course" (p. v.). Truth is the agreement of the idea with reality, and still if the subjective process of experience should terminate at any instant there would be no reality to tell whether or not the concepts

of experience were true. Time and time again Professor James insists upon truth as the agreement of the idea with reality. He even goes so far as to suggest that the war between himself and the intellectualists is one of words (Preface, p. xi.).

It almost seems as if he felt some kind of an obligation to profess a belief in reality which he does not hold—as if reality was one of a philosophic thirty-nine articles to which he had to subscribe. Were the work written all at one time one might think that it really was the plea of a skillful attorney to a jury—the reading public. This reading public is accustomed to look upon reality as an extra-mental object and will be somewhat reassured where they think that after all Professor James means that truth is just such an agreement. They will be puzzled by his sarcastic references to the *adaequatio intellectus cum rê*, and when finally his real meaning dawns upon them it will have been gradually realized and they will be less shocked and more ready to accept his opinion.

Such an intention could not have been in the mind of Professor James. The work is a reprint of a number of lectures and they follow each other in an almost perfect chronological order. But the effect of the continued protestations of belief in reality is the same as if they had been made with the express purpose of clouding the issue. In the lecture on Humanism and Truth he defines at last just what he means by reality. By Humanism he means a further development of Pragmatism strictly so-called. Strictly speaking, Pragmatism is only a method implying that "truth should *have* practical consequences" (p. 52). But the Pragmatism of Professor James includes Humanism, and there is no reason for distinguishing James the Pragmatist and James the Humanist. In the lecture referred to he writes that

1. "An experience, perceptual or conceptual, must conform to reality in order to be true." But what is this reality? What can reality be if it is not an extra-mental something to which the mind is conformed? This he answers as follows:

2 "By reality humanism means nothing more than the other conceptual or perceptual experiences with which a given present experience may find itself in point of fact mixed up" (p. 100).

Truth, then, is not the conformity of the intellect with reality, unless you mean by reality what Professor James means

by it, *i. e.*, not an objective world but your own subjective mental states. And if one admits Professor James' view of reality, then there is no escape from the conclusion that truth is the fitting of a concept into our past experience, that what may be true to one man is false to another, that there is no absolute truth, that all knowledge is in a state of flux, that the axioms and dogmas of to-day may eventually pass over into the rejected and unworkable hypotheses of some future day, near or dimly distant as the case may be. And it all seems to flow from the starting point, that those hypotheses are to be accepted as true which account for the facts and those rejected which fail to do so.

But as a matter of fact the Pragmatism of Professor James has nothing at all to do with the methods of modern science. It is not developed by these methods, nor is it a conclusion that is to be drawn from them. The Pragmatism of Professor James rests upon an enormous assumption—the assumption that outside of our mental states there exists no real objective being—the assumption that "viscera and cells are only possible percepts following upon that of the outer body" (p. 130); "that mind stuff itself is conceived as a kind of experience." Those who are prepared to admit that underlying appearances there is no substantial substance from which phenomena flow as effects from a cause, that underlying our own mental states there is neither a brain nor a soul that perceives, that there are sensations and that no one "senses," touches without any one or anything being touched, emotions and no one is affected, anger and no one is angry, motion and nothing moves—those who are prepared for such assumptions as these, those and those only can be logically forced to adopt the Pragmatism of William James.

It will be hard for some readers to appreciate the position of William James, without having a glimpse at its antecedents. James has no doubt been influenced by Wundt. Wundt, dissatisfied with materialism—which his experimental psychology had made all the more untenable—and at the same time unwilling to accept the old theory of a soul as the thing that feels and wills and thinks, looked about for a new theory, and adopted the bold assumption that the substrate of mental processes is neither brain nor soul. Neither materialism nor spiritualism is

right. There is no brain and there is no soul. Nothing exists but mental processes and the connection between them. The American mind revolts at the concept of thoughts without any one or anything thinking, sensations without any one or anything feeling, emotions without any one or anything being disturbed. The philosophy of Hume has influenced English and American students by first passing through the mind of Kant and then returning with a German flavor. But with the German philosophers of to-day and yesterday the concept of motion without anything moving is perfectly familiar; and they can assimilate it without the least mental indigestion. It is for many of them, therefore, a truth in the pragmatic sense of the word. The first step in the development of this concept was the Kantian doctrine that only appearances are known; the thing in itself—the substance underlying appearances—is unknown and unknowable. What is the nature of substance, whether or not, indeed, there are substances, are insoluble problems. Fichte took up the Kantian doctrine and pushed it a step further. He wanted to be intellectually honest and absolutely untramelled by prejudice. If we do not know that there is any such thing as substance, we have no reason to say that substances actually do exist, therefore let us throw aside the concept of substance and say that there is no substance—but only the "Ego" with its mental processes. And thus he arrived at his idea of action without anything acting—a contradiction which even his metaphysical mind could not brook, and in his later philosophy he gave up the idea and maintained the doctrine of really existing substance. But his first philosophy is one of the ancestors of the Wundtian doctrine of the soul—a doctrine of widespread influence which has cast its mantel over the literary psychologist of Harvard.

On the assumption that this doctrine is true some such theory as the Pragmatism of Professor James is logically the only one that is left open for us to accept. But if not, then Pragmatism is but the dream of an idle imagination. For, granted that there is nothing in the world but mental processes, my thoughts and your thoughts, my sensations and your sensations, my emotions and your emotions, granted that no mental process is aroused by an extra-mental object, that there are indeed no extra-mental objects, what then is the

only admissible definition of truth? Surely there is no such thing possible as the *adaequatio intellectus cum rê*, simply because there is no thing with which the intellect can correspond. If there is any such thing as truth it must be that which the empirical study of assent will reveal, *viz.*, that when a doctrine is accepted as true, it must be, because it fits in with the subject's previous convictions. Truth, then, is the agreement of a concept with previous concepts and not with an object outside the mind, simply because there is none.

But suppose there is an extra-mental object. Suppose that it is possible that James and Wundt and the younger Fichte are wrong one and all. Suppose for a moment that there is a substantial soul that thinks and that there are substantial objects about which it thinks. Suppose that there is such a thing as an objectively valid principle of causality and that in virtue of the validity of this principle the extra-mental realities are revealed to the thinking substance, what, then, must be our concept of truth? Must it not be that expressed by the old definition at which James pokes so much fun, the *adaequatio intellectus cum rê?* If this is the case, there is a distinct qualificative difference between a man's being right and merely thinking that he is right. Whereas if James is right the only difference is the length of time during which he will be satisfied with his belief. If there is any extra-mental reality, then a judgment of the mind, that such and such an object possesses such and such a characteristic, is not true unless *de facto* the object referred to has an extra-mental correlate corresponding to the predicate of my judgment. If, for instance, my predicate is "red," then there must be something in a real object by which it absorbs or transmits certain rays and reflects others which give rise to my sensation of red. That property may be something quite different from my sensation; but it must be a definite property distinct from that which causes green or any other color of the spectrum.

What applies to sensations applies also, *mutatis mutandis*, to historic truth. If there are real objects and real personages in history who did real deeds, then our personal likes or dislikes in the matter, our most deeply rooted habits of mind, have nothing to do with the proposition that a given character in history accomplished or did not accomplish a certain deed.

Professor James' view of historic truth can only be true on his own assumption—as to reality—if, indeed, it would then be true. He says:

> Moses wrote the Pentateuch, we think, because if he didn't, all our religious habits will have to be undone. Julius Cæsar was real, or we can never listen to history again. Trilobites were once alive, or all our thought about the strata is at sea. Radium, discovered only yesterday, must always have existed, or its analogy with other natural elements, which are permanent, fails. In all this, it is but one portion of our beliefs reacting on another so as to yield the most satisfactory total state of mind. That state of mind, we say, sees truth, and the content of its deliverances we believe (p. 88).

While it may be true that the assent of a given individual is determined by his previous mental habits and conceptions, one must not conclude that therefore truth is the agreement between one of his conceptions and the others. This conclusion is only valid on the assumption that to seem true and to be true are one and the same thing. If there are real personages in history, if Moses was one of them and actually did write what we now call the Pentateuch, it is true that he did so and our mental habits have nothing to do with the case whatever. If the mental habits of those interested in the Pentateuch should change so that future generations of believers should acquire most stable persuasions that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and still if at the same time Moses actually did exist and did write the works in question, the stability of these future convictions will not alter the historic truth of the fact.

The Pragmatism of Professor James depends at every turn upon the assumption of a theory of reality, and this the reader of his works should constantly bear in mind. Among the supporters and followers of the Wundtian theory of the soul James is like Zeno among the Eleatics. He is the *l'enfant terrible* of the school. Zeno by his very advocacy of his side reduced it to an absurdity. He carried the denial of becoming so far as to maintain that motion was impossible, that the swift Achilles could never catch up with the slow tortoise, and

that the arrow in its flight is certainly at rest. And so, too, James comes along with his Pragmatism. If there is no substantial soul and no substantial extra-mental world, but all is mental processes and the bonds between them, then there is no objective absolute truth. What is true to me may be false to you, simply because the idea that fits neatly into my mind is all angles and corners when the attempt is made to pack it into your intellectual compartments. What is true to me today may some time become false, for my conceptions can change and the idea that was once very becoming to me will have to be put away in the wardrobe, for it will no longer harmonize with my mental complexion.

Motion with nothing moving and the complete relativity of truth are not the only surprises in the philosophy of Professor James. There is another point which a pragmatic philosopher should have avoided with great care.

> The essential service of humanism, as I conceive the situation, is to have seen that *though one part of our experience may lean upon another part to make it what it is in any one of several aspects in which it may be considered, experience as a whole is self-containing and leans on nothing* (p. 124).

Professor James develops this formula, attempting to show that:

> [if it] be accepted, it will follow that, if there be any such thing at all as knowing, the knower and the object known must both be portions of experience. One part of experience must, therefore, either (1) know another part of experience—in other words, parts must, as Professor Woodbridge says, represent one another instead of representing realities outside of "consciousness"—this case is that of conceptual knowledge; or else (2) they must simply exist as so many ultimate *thats* or facts of being, in the first instance. . . . This second case is that of sense-perception (pp. 126–7).

The problem of sense experience is the final point that I would raise in this brief review of Professor James' recent work. Whence come our sensations? Professor James says that though one part of experience may lean upon another part, experience as a whole leans on nothing. Sensations

for such a view are very uncomfortable quantities. They cannot be directly dealt with. What, then, is to be done with them? The facts do not fit the theory—therefore so much the worse for the facts. But it would not do for a philosopher, who boasts of a theory whose chief recommendation is that of explaining facts, to say this quite so baldly. Consequently, he does not say that the origin of sensations is utterly inexplicable by a pragmatic theory of the mind, but that sensations are ultimate *thats* or facts of being. But do sensations commence to be? What causes them? Previous mental states or external stimuli? Certainly Professor James, as an empirical psychologist, should give an account of the origin of our sensations. As an empirical psychologist he will trace our sensations of sight to something termed ether waves, those of hearing to certain waves of what goes by the name of air, those of touch, hearing, smell, and taste to various specific stimuli. And these stimuli which antecede the sensation, are they or are they not mental states? If they are not mental states, and the *prima facie* evidence certainly is that they are not, then you have an extra-mental reality which is so abhorrent to the pragmatist. And if they are mental states, it certainly seems to be casting one common name over two very opposite quantities. One might indeed do this, but a profound difference will still remain between the sensation and its stimulus. The ether waves which vibrate without any eye to take cognizance of them, or any mind to perceive the sensations of sight to which they might give rise, these ether waves and the subject will remain distinct and must be so recognized no matter what terminology you may adopt. Given the sensations and a perceiving mind Professor James may elaborate a very complex psychology. He may explain emotions as the perception of organic sensations and be able to tell us that we do not weep because we are sorry, but that we are sorry because we weep. He may then tell us a great deal about the stream of consciousness. But when you take away from him the postulate of sensations and ask him, as a pragmatist, or a "humanist," if he prefers the designation, to explain just how it is that sensations arise in the mind, he can only say: "They must simply exist as so many ultimate *thats* or facts of being, in the first instance" (p. 127). There are no *objective* stimuli.

"Experience, as a whole, is self-containing and leans on nothing."

Experience is, indeed, in a continual process of change. One change arises from a previous change. Effect "a" arises from effect "b," and so on to effect "n." But while the whole series from "a" to "n" is caused, it has no cause, for it "leans on nothing." Such is the final contradiction at which the Pragmatism of William James arrives.

Still Professor James has for his theory great hopes. He dreams of his formula becoming "canonical" and "developing right and left wing supporters."

> Perhaps [he says] the rising generation will grow up more accustomed than you are to that concrete and empirical interpretation of terms in which the pragmatic method consists. Perhaps they may then wonder how so harmless and natural an account of truth as mine could have found such difficulty in entering the minds of men far more intelligent than I can ever hope to become, but wedded by education and tradition to the abstractionist manner of thought (pp. 297–8).

Perhaps! Perhaps the empirical interpretation of terms, which does away with an objective reality and asks our assent to that very concrete idea of motion without anything moving, may meet with universal acceptance. Perhaps it may, but there are no empirical grounds that lead us to expect that it will.

HERSELF.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

She hath it in her keeping, the house quietly sleeping—
When all the world is fast asleep she's keeping guard;
Her hands stretched in blessing have Heaven for possessing,
She and her Baby keep the house in watch and ward.

Withoutin fears and harm, the folk sleep and lie warm,
Since there are Two that keep the house the whole night long;
Against fire and danger and the storm's wild anger,
The pestilence that flies by night Herself is strong.

Her Son she is holding like a flower unfolding
'Twixt the sleepers and the evil that walks abroad;
She draws a line round them and her light to bound them
Under the shelter of her hands and the Eyes of God.

The children quietly dreaming of woods and waters gleaming
Wander all night in Paradise amid the flowers,
And wake up still smiling for the dream's beguiling
To her leading and tending through the daylight's hours.

There is love and no chiding in the house of her abiding;
There's a light that glows, none knoweth whence, in the air serene.
She who is Queen and Lady of her Son and Heaven already,
Herself is Lady of the House, its Mother and Queen.

THE CATHOLIC CONFERENCE AT MANCHESTER:

SOME IMPRESSIONS.

BY A SPECTATOR.

A GREAT Catholic gathering is always an inspiring occasion. It satisfies our natural instinct for solidarity as nothing else can. No other reunion, however intimate, can match it. A gathering of "old boys," such as that commemorated in the touching lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes, may stir fragrant memories and evoke kindly feelings; yet the sentiment is apt to be shallow and transient. An old man's genial musing on his vanished past is something very different from the ringing consciousness of participation in the Communion of Saints, the exultant brotherhood, the spiritual *camaraderie* of the sons of the true Church.

A scientific gathering, again, may be deeply interesting. It gives you something of a thrill to find yourself sitting next to the world-renowned German professor or French *savant* who is on the peaks of the subject up the lower slopes of which you may happen to be industriously pushing your way. As you exchange greetings you almost feel as though you were exchanging brains. Yet you are not perfectly at home with the affable stranger. There are spiritual barriers between you. His outlook on life, for all you know, may be widely different from yours. Not only may he wish your country at the bottom of the sea, but he may look upon your religion as an exploded superstition. You feel that you cannot take him to your bosom without some preliminary inquiries.

Even a patriotic gathering, delirious as may be its enthusiasm and honest its emotions, leaves the deepest in us still untouched. There is apt to be an element of self-glorification in our cheers, of Jingoism in our protestations, which gives us a twinge of conscience when we are back amid the prosaic routine of life. The deepest patriotism is almost afraid of popular rhetoric. "My country, right or wrong," is, as Mr. Chester-

ton points out, almost as unfeeling and disloyal an expression as "My mother, drunk or sober."

But the Catholic gathering! Well, in spite of hitches and misunderstandings, we feel that we are at one in the matter where unity is most intimate and most essential; and that we are furthering a cause, the most glorious which the heart of man may conceive. Our solidarity is the more complete because there is no element of selfishness in it.

The Catholic Truth Society has done a great work in England during the last twenty-five years. It has circulated millions of pamphlets and books, nailed a whole cargo of anti-Catholic lies to the counter, removed prejudice, promoted knowledge, fostered devotion. But one of the most useful things which it has done has been to provide the Catholics of England with an annual Conference.

At the Conference held in Manchester last September the Society celebrated its silver jubilee. The occasion was historic and gives us a suitable opportunity for estimating the strength of the Catholic Church in England, taking its bearings, and noting its relations to the social order, of which the rapid shifting in recent years has filled many with dismay and filled others with the hope of yet wider conquests for Catholicism. Such an estimate, to be adequate, would take us far beyond the limits of a magazine article. All we can do here is to record some impressions of the Conference, selecting a few features which appear to have special significance.

Manchester! Even in the somewhat depressing atmosphere of Cottonopolis itself we find ourselves weaving once more in imagination the parti-colored web of the city's eventful history. Far back into Roman times Manchester had its importance—a fact confirmed by recent excavation. Its Catholicity may be said to date from shortly after the conversion of King Edwin, when the little Saxon chapel of St. Michael was built in Aldport, near the modern Deansgate, thirteen hundred years ago. Many a place-name near Manchester enshrines the memory of St. Chad, the holy Bishop who ruled Manchester from the see of Lichfield. The fierce inrush of the Danes, the Norman Conquest, the slow building up of a stable social order in the Middle Ages—all these have left their mark on Manchester. Other memories come back to us as well, for in the late sixteenth century the diocese had its martyrs, priests and lay-

men, barbarously put to death for upholding the Pope's supremacy or for exercising sacred functions. Can we forget James Ball, the renegade priest, who like St. Peter, atoned for his betrayal of his Master by martyrdom? We read how the old man, when the death sentence had been passed upon him, thanked God and spoke thus to the judge:

> I beseech you, my Lord, for the love of God, add also to your former sentence that my lips may be pared and my finger ends cut off, wherewith I have heretofore sworne and subscribed to heretical articles and injunctions, both against my conscience and the truth.

A glimpse of the Free Trade Hall starts a fresh train of associations—Cobden and Bright, the triumph of the "Manchester School" of Liberal Economics (now happily giving way to an impulse towards that social solidarity which the Church has ever fostered)—the days of the merchant princes, when vast fortunes were piled up and the workman was caught in the new machinery. And again, as our tram speeds by a fine Catholic Church standing in the highway, we are reminded that the ancient Faith is coming out into the streets once more, and that the three hundred thousand Catholics in the diocese represent a spiritual and social force which is yearly growing more effective in its beneficent action.

Manchester's drab streets this week may well send our imaginations scampering back across the centuries. The place has been rushed by modern commerce as the Danes rushed it of old; but there are signs that spiritual forces are abroad which may end by civilizing commerce as the Popes civilized the barbarian. Ever and anon the martyr's purple flashes its challenge to a materially-minded people, for twelve Bishops are here for the Conference. About the Free Trade Hall the Catholic stream is running strong—priests from all Lancashire, students and workers from London, women from the mills, delegates, officials, visitors from everywhere.

We catch a sight of Abbot Gasquet, who has snatched an interval from his great work of revising the Vulgate (a monumental piece of scholarship to which Catholic America is contributing resources, and will, we trust, contribute yet more); the learned Abbot of Farnborough, keenly interested in the

progress of Catholicism in the land which shelters him in exile; Bishop Vaughan, but lately come to work in the diocese once ruled by his illustrious brother; Father John Proctor, the Provincial of the Dominicans; the Archbishop with his grave smile; Mr. Britten, the busy Secretary to whom the Catholic Truth Society owes so much; Miss Fletcher, who has organized the flourishing "Catholic Women's League"; and many others, priests and laymen, men and women, who are shaping the religious and social and intellectual forces of Catholicism in the country.

Sunday the 19th opens with pontifical High Masses in the various churches and special sermons from noted preachers. In the afternoon some eight hundred members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul occupy the Holy Name Hall and hold an interdiocesan meeting of the Liverpool and Salford Councils. The Society has already done a great work in England, and a gathering such as this should do much to extend its influence.

The Conference proper is introduced by a meeting on Monday evening, in the Large Free Trade Hall, the chief feature of which is the address by the Archbishop of Westminster. The occasion is generally taken by the Metropolitan to publish some weighty pronouncement on the relation of the Catholic body to the public authorities, or to indicate the policy to be followed in matters of Catholic organization. Hence it is always looked forward to with considerable interest and has indeed become an event of national importance. In the present instance his Grace deals with two important topics in a manner which is likely to have far-reaching effects.

The first concerns the question of Catholic organization. Already the suggestion had been made that the annual Conference, organized by the Catholic Truth Society, should be extended so as to become a thoroughly representative Catholic Congress, securing the co-operation of the various Catholic organizations. But this suggestion had been tentative and its promoters scarcely ventured to hope that any immediate action in the matter would be taken by ecclesiastical superiors. The Archbishop, however, sweeping aside the objections of the timorous, definitely advocates the institution of a Congress, and points out in detail the manner in which the various Catholic forces in the country might combine towards its realization.

> I feel that we cannot, in this Jubilee year of the Catholic Truth Society, show in a better way our appreciation of the position which these Conferences, to which it gave birth, have attained, than by resolving to realize now the complete hope of those who first conceived the idea of an annual Conference, and by determining to hold in future a Catholic Congress in the full sense of the word, wherein all our Catholic societies, without exception, shall have their place, in order that once a year at least there may be, as it were, a review of all our forces, and a complete survey of the work which lies before them. Two years ago I should have hesitated to make this suggestion: to-day I make it without any diffidence at all. . . .

It need scarcely be said that the Archbishop's proposal, in spite of the practical difficulties which its realization may involve, opens out a perspective of Catholic solidarity and effectiveness in England which may well cause future generations to look back to the Manchester Conference as a landmark in the history of the Church in that country.

In the second part of his address the Archbishop deals with the Education Question, and administers a dignified rebuke to the Government.

The mornings and afternoons of Tuesday and Wednesday are devoted to the reading of papers in the Lesser Free Trade Hall. After the first paper one becomes accustomed to the surroundings and settles down into one's place like an undergraduate in a familiar lecture-room. The first inspection reveals a large and somewhat dingy room, well filled: in front a distinctly dingy stage with its dinginess thrown into contrast by the blaze of Bishops and other resplendently robed dignitaries who occupy it. In the centre of the stage is a table at which the Bishop of the diocese presides, with the Archbishop on his right and the reader of the paper on his left. The latter forms the variable element in the picture and has to endure the scrutiny of the curious with as much self-possession as he can muster.

The first paper is looked forward to with pleasant anticipations which will not be disappointed. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P., is announced to discourse on Socialism. Both theme and speaker are eminently suited to the occasion. Seated in the hall are many priests and laymen who can testify to the havoc which

Socialism is making in the spiritual lives of the people. Socialism will not do! That much is evident. Yet how show the essential wrongness of a system which looks at first sight like the legitimate reaction of the democracy against the heartless economics of the last century? The task is one for a man who combines the training of an historian with a vivid insight into Catholic ideals and a firm grasp of Catholic principles. Such a one is Mr. Belloc, dear to the Oxford Undergraduate, welcome relief in a prosy House of Commons, writer on Everything and Nothing, naturalist of the children's wonderland of Beasts, pilgrim of the Path to Rome, biographer of Danton and of Robespierre, and half of that incomparable animal the "Chesterbelloc" at which Mr. G. B. Shaw delights to hurl his challenges.

Mr. Belloc, indeed, has something written on the paper which he holds in his hand, but it does not seem to matter. Most of his address appears to consist of glorious interludes, sudden takings of the audience into his confidence, abrupt hammerings-out of a newly-suggested thought. There is no studied oratory about it. The whole performance is seemingly casual, but astonishingly effective. Now, with head thrown back and eyes upon the ceiling, the speaker pursues his theme as though thinking aloud; now, with an emphatic gesture of contempt, he sweeps modern capitalism and modern Socialism alike into that pulping machine, the wide utility of which he has demonstrated in his matchless book, *Dr. Caliban's Guide to Letters*. He stands like Plato's spectator of all time and all existence (or, let us rather say, like one who sees with the eyes of the eternal Church) and declares the essential shoddiness of what claims to be triumphantly stable, the lurking falsehood in what claims to be universally true. Clean-shaven, massive, almost Napoleonic of head, French in his quickness of thought and brilliancy of logic and form, English in his humor and practical sense, Mr. Belloc is a magnetic personality, and Manchester sees him at his best.

Other papers follow: on Christian Democracy; on Social Study; on the Sociologcial Aspect of the Education Question; on the Comparative History of Religions; on the Rationalist Propaganda; and on the Catholic Truth Society. Among the readers of papers are Abbot Gasquet and that distinguished young scholar the Rev. Cyril Martindale, S.J., who crowned a career of exceptional brilliancy at Oxford by carrying off the

Ellerton Theological Essay Prize founded by an Evangelical clergyman. He is the editor of the admirable series of penny pamphlets on Comparative Religion published by the Catholic Truth Society—pamphlets which deserve a circulation as wide as that of the garbled science which has called them forth. His paper elicits from the Archbishop a warm eulogy and a weighty pronouncement on the need of prosecuting the study in which Mr. Martindale has already done such good work.

Here, then, is a matter in which the Manchester Conference marks a step in advance. The attention of the Catholic body has been definitely and authoritatively called to the need of providing and circulating popular apologetic literature dealing with the comparative history of religions and of fortifying Catholics against insidious attacks on their faith. The question had previously occupied the minds of individual students; now, we may hope, it will be made the subject of general endeavor. The Conference has revealed a weak spot in our defences. It will be our own fault if we do not strengthen it.

Another idea which has become, as it were, conscious and articulated in the mind of the Catholic body as the result of this Conference, is that of the need for concerted social study. Here, again, we see the immense value of these annual gatherings—a value which will be considerably increased when, as the Archbishop desires, the Conference shall be enlarged into a Congress. In the present instance the need for such study was realized more or less distinctly by a number of isolated social students and workers. As soon as it was publicly stated it met with instant recognition and acceptance. The widely diffused and scarcely formulated desire to establish intercommunication between Catholic social students took definite shape and acquired gratifying momentum. About a score of leading Catholics, including clergy and laity, and representing most of the existing Catholic associations, found themselves eagerly discussing ways and means, and making provisional arrangements for an organization which should promote the concerted study of social questions in schools, clubs, study circles, and so forth, provide and circulate literature, found bureaus in Manchester and London, and by these and other means intensify the social consciousness of the Catholic community. The distinguished Rector of Oscott, Mgr. Parkinson, found himself unanimously called upon to preside over the movement; and

fields of work as well as details of method rapidly suggested themselves under the stimulus of the enthusiasm evoked by the Conference. As to the need of the new organization there was general agreement, publicly endorsed by those who have had intimate experience of modern social conditions. The summons of Pope Leo's Encyclical on Labor, the need of applying Catholic principles to a dislocated social order, the dangers of a Socialism which can only be met by offering an alternative scheme of reform, the duties of citizenship—all these and other motives were at work to foster interest in, and secure support for, the new Society. Should it meet with the success which its promoters anticipate, some account of its methods may be offered on a future occasion to readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It would be premature to describe what is in the stage of experiment and tentative effort.

We may mention yet a third definite result secured by the Conference in the course of its deliberations; namely, an increased regard of the havoc which is being wrought by the Rationalist Propaganda and a determination on the part of Catholics to supply a more effective antidote than they have provided in the past. The Catholic Truth Society called attention to the matter long ago, and has done all in its power to grapple with the situation. We may instance the widely circulated sixpenny editions of Father Gerard's *The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer* and of *The Key to the World's Progress* by the late Mr. Charles Devas. But, valuable as these efforts on the part of the Catholic Truth Society have been, they bear no proportion to the floods of rationalistic literature with which the working classes are being deluged; and it became necessary to call the attention of the Catholic body once more to the importance of prompt and united action. Nothing could have been more stimulating than the paper read on the subject by Mr. Leslie Toke—a paper which may be commended to the serious perusal of Catholics in all countries where the blight of rationalism is settling on a restless people. To supply anti-rationalistic literature on anything like an adequate scale requires careful organization and considerable generosity. The Catholic Truth Society may be trusted to secure the former condition; the need of the latter was impressed upon the audience in a practical fashion by the Bishop of Southwark, who stood at the door of the hall at the conclusion of the meeting

and persuasively extracted a substantial amount of gold and silver from the people as they filed out, declining coins of less precious metal on the ground that the episcopal hat would be unequal to the strain.

A word must be said about what was, in the opinion of many, the most significant feature of the Conference. *The Catholic Women's League* is an institution which, during the few years of its existence, has accomplished an astonishing amount of valuable work. Some account of its progress may be found in *The Month* for May, 1909, and its quarterly organ, *The Crucible*, will be familiar to some of our readers. Founded by Miss Fletcher, in 1906, the League has now a membership of over a thousand women, not counting the members of half-a dozen flourishing branches. It runs an excellent information office in London (28 Ashley Place, Westminster), organizes lectures and debates, and performs a variety of other useful functions too numerous to specify. Its ideals may briefly be summed up as follows:

> More efficient work for the Catholic cause among lay-women. Their more direct moral and intellectual influence in combating the anti-religious propaganda of the day. The growth of experience and knowledge by co-operation. The prevention of that waste of time, money, and energy, which results from overlapping and isolation. The increase in the number of social workers. The providing of practical training in social work. Solidarity and a habit of concerted action among Catholic women.

At the Manchester Conference the *Catholic Women's League* organized a mass meeting for women. The speeches and papers reached a high level of excellence, and included contributions by Miss Fletcher, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, and Miss Zanetti. Over a thousand women were unable to find admission to the hall, so large was the audience. Did space permit, it would not be difficult to indicate the value to the whole Catholic body of the increased solidarity among Catholic women which was both manifested and fostered by this mass meeting.

These, then, are the main practical ideas which may be said to have emerged in the course of the Conference, namely, the desirability of enlarging the scope of the Conferences

themselves, the importance of increased attention to the study of the history of religions, the need of concerted social study, the development of the anti-rationalistic propaganda, and a sense of increased solidarity among Catholic women. Should the notions thus clearly grasped and unanimously assented to at the Conference translate themselves into practical action during the course of the next twelve months, the Conference may well deserve to be called historic.

We may conclude by recording a few impressions of other scenes witnessed during the Conference—scenes common, perhaps, to all great Catholic gatherings of the kind, and bearing no special relation to particular national wants. Yet we can scarcely pass them over, for they show us on a large scale the daily life of the Catholic Church and the fulfillment of her divine commission to teach the world.

The Free Trade Hall is packed from floor to ceiling with children. Marshalled in excellent order, they have poured in at the entrance and now occupy every seat. The white *cornettes* of the good Sisters of Charity stand out like lilies in beds of primroses. On the platform is the Archbishop, the Bishop of the diocese, various other dignitaries, and Father Nicholson! Father Nicholson is the children's orator *par excellence*, invariably requisitioned on occasions such as this. After some touching words from the Archbishop, in which he begged for the children's prayers, Father Nicholson rises to talk to the children, or rather to talk *with* them. The idea of talking with several thousand children may appear somewhat astonishing. In most cases the experiment would result in a pandemonium. But Father Nicholson can play on a vast audience of children as on an organ, and evoke the most orderly music. One moment they will be shrieking with delight at his graphic representation of a boy burning his fingers, to be checked in an instant by the lifting of a hand; at another they will yell in concert their protestations of loyalty to their faith. ("That's the noise that killed the Education Bill," said my neighhor, with a catch in his voice); a moment later they will be parrying the Father's efforts to catch them tripping in their religious instruction. In short, they are enjoying themselves thoroughly and are having their imaginations impressed with a scene which may help them in later years when they find themselves battling with the world's seductions or dis-

couraged by its indifference to higher ideals. Two such meetings take place in order to accommodate the Catholic children in the local schools.

One more scene. This time the Free Trade Hall is occupied by men—save, indeed, for the thousand women who have been unable to find room in the lesser Hall for their own meeting and are meekly admitted to the men's mass meeting. The audience is put into a good humor during the first part of the programme by the efforts of a popular entertainer. Then the Bishop of the diocese rises to introduce the orator of the evening, Dr. Keane, O.P., upon whom, as the chairman puts it, the mantle of Father Thomas Burke is generally recognized to have fallen.

The distinguished Dominican then rises; indeed, it seems as if he will never have done rising, for nature has gifted him with a colossal figure, made all the more impressive by the graceful habit of his Order. His theme is Catholic Truth, and he holds his hearers from the beginning. The hand of the clock sweeps round the dial (was it twice?) unnoticed as, with impressive gesture and range of voice, which rises to thunder and sinks to the softest modulation, the orator speaks of the beauty of Catholic Truth and the cowardly attacks showered upon it from all sides to-day. Round after round of vociferous cheering breaks the thread of the discourse. The audience are moved to a degree seldom witnessed in this staid country as they see a sight none too common in these days—that of a man stirred by deep feeling and able to express and communicate it by the medium of the rolling periods and sonorous phrases and dramatic gesture which we associate with the greatest orators of a bygone age.

Here must end these somewhat disjointed notes of what was in many ways a remarkable gathering. Shortcomings might, of course, be pointed out and disappointments recorded, but it would be an ungrateful task to dwell upon them here. The situation of the Catholic body in England is at present an anxious one, and we need not dwell apon the internal causes which give reason for the anxiety. We shall do better to fortify ourselves with the reflection that the Conference did much useful work, opened out valuable fields for Catholic activity, and impressed upon many an increased devotion to the sacred cause of Christ's Church.

JULIANA'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

BY PAMELA GAGE.

IT was a pity in a way about Juliana Lynam, said the kindly neighbors, for the woman meant well. Her meaning well had resulted in making miserable the lives of some half-dozen people. There was first her brother-in-law, Felix McCarthy—perhaps he was not exactly her brother-in-law, for Marcella McCarthy, Felix's dead wife, had been only the step-sister of Juliana. There was his old mother, who was helpless with rheumatism in the lower limbs, who sat in her fireside corner knitting rapidly and listening with a kind of patient anguish to Juliana as she flounced hither and thither, scolding the children, harassing the servant, driving out the dogs, screaming at the hens, and generally making life hideous for everybody, while throwing out a hint—not at all a dark one—now and again about them who sat doing nothing and weren't worth the bread they ate. There were four small McCarthys, whom Juliana was incessantly scolding and shaking when they got in her way. These, however, had learnt, as such oppressed things will, to keep out of Juliana's way, and once free of the house they contrived to be happy enough, forgetting their tyrant.

There was another person whom Juliana fretted and worried, although she was not under the McCarthy roof, and that was a near neighbor, Nannie O'Keeffe.

Now Nannie was a delightful creature, although she was no longer very young, and bright silver hairs were showing amid her nut-brown tresses. She was soft and laughing, tender and lovely, and changeful as the Irish skies. It was a thousand pities she should have been sacrificed to her brothers and grown into old-maidenhood. Not that Nannie would have accepted that point of view. She was tremendously proud and fond of her boys, who were now doing her credit in various honorable walks of life. If she was a bit lonely and empty-handed and hearted for them in the old farmhouse, where she was now alone after having reared them all, she made no complaint. Presently they would be sending their babies home to her. Meanwhile she had everybody's children within reach to love

and to be loved by; best of all were Felix McCarthy's children, when only she could carry them off to Ballingarry for a little while.

She had passionate impulses of pity too for Felix and for old Mrs. McCarthy; often the tears flashed in her eyes over them; and yet she was one of the first to say that it was a pity for Juliana, the creature, so it was, to be annoying herself and everybody else, seeing that she meant nothing but everybody's good.

It was not always easy to get hold of the children, for Juliana had a somewhat unaccountable antipathy to Nannie O'Keeffe, whom the whole world loved. The children on their outings were forbidden to wander towards Ballingarry, where there was always a tender welcome awaiting them. If Nannie ran in to sit a while with the old granny in the chimney-corner, Juliana would make such a banging of pots and pans, such a hustling and driving and shrieking at the live-stock and the humans within reach, that the two could hardly hear each other speak; and after a fretted hour or so the old woman would make despairing signs to Nannie to be going, and Nannie would get up and go quietly away, often without the civility of a parting nod from Juliana.

The old woman in the chimney-corner, who knew many things when Juliana would permit her to think, could have told Nannie O'Keeffe the cause of Juliana's antipathy. Juliana was jealous, or so the old woman thought. When Juliana had come swooping down on them after poor Marcella's death, and grasped all authority into her two hands, she might or might not have had an idea of consoling Felix in time. There was no reason against a man marrying his step-sister-in-law. But if she had any such idea, she had set about the best way of defeating it. She had harassed poor Felix—a big, fair, handsome fellow, with a constitutional inability, it seemed, to hold his own against a woman—dreadfully. He adored the children and was devoted to the old mother. To see these helpless creatures oppressed had often almost brought him to the point of resisting Juliana. The thing that had kept him short of the point was the feeling that Juliana, according to her lights, was doing her best. It was because she did too much for him and his that she was ill-tempered and made the house a misery for them all.

For Juliana had an unfortunate love of housewifery. It manifested itself in an incessant whirlwind of cleaning and tidy-

ing. She was afoot at an unearthly hour in the morning, and spent her days in an incessant fatigue. None of them could live up to Juliana's standard of cleanliness. The children who dirtied their pinafores and muddied their boots, poor Felix who brought his pipe and his brogues into the newly-polished rooms, the old woman who required so much doing for her, the easy-going Irish servants, were at least as great a fret and worry to Juliana as she was to them.

She had been pretty once, with a fair, sharp prettiness, bound to be spoilt in time by shrewishness. Marcella had been gentle and insipid, and had left little mark on her husband's life either in her presence or her departure. But in those latter years of Juliana's rule, Marcella shone a gentle saint by comparison; and Juliana had lost all her prettiness through her incessant fretfulness.

There had been a time long ago, before Marcella was dreamt of, when Felix McCarthy, who was a friend and intimate of the O'Keeffe boys, had been head over ears in love with Nannie. He had spoken, or tried to speak, but Nannie was too much taken up with her boys to listen. How could she leave her boys, with so much to be done for them, to marry any one? Felix had perhaps been too easily repulsed. He had gone away and troubled Nannie no more with his suit; and presently, meeting Marcella Lynam, her kittenish prettiness and large, languishing eyes had put Nannie out of his mind for a brief foolish season, at the end of which he found himself married to Marcella and bound to make the best of it and think no more of Nannie.

There were times when he sought refuge with the old friend who had never been his sweetheart, resting for a while in the peace of her kind, charming presence, in the quietness of her shabby, comfortable old house, where the fire always burnt brightly and there was an armchair by the hearth for a man to loll in while he smoked his pipe. Why, Nannie O'Keeffe's parlor was redolent of vanished masculine presences. The boys had lounged there as they would and had desired nothing better. Looking about him, Felix McCarthy could recall Tom and Larry and Fergus and Hugh, who were far away, and Bryan, who was dead. What good days and nights those had been, when they were all boys together and brought their work and their play to Nannie's parlor, and were never rebuked for any of their slovenly, masculine ways.

He was standing one wet December morning with his back to the fire in Nannie's parlor. Nannie sat and sewed at a tiny garment for Tom's first-born. Looking down at her bent head, with its neat division, Felix noticed for the first time how silvery Nannie's hair was becoming, although it still waved and curled as it had done in her girlhood.

It was restful to see her sit and sew. She was wearing a little muslin apron with tiny scarlet bows on the shoulder-straps. It struck Felix that an apron like that was a pretty, comfortable, womanly thing, not a bit like Juliana's check overalls, that rustled wherever she went. Nannie's voice was rich and low. It matched the warm brown of her complexion and her brown eyes. When she smiled at him, with a flash of white teeth, her eyes smiled too; little golden lights awoke in the depths of them and played there till the sweep of her heavy lashes covered them again. She had rather thick eyebrows, as is usual in the Irish beauty of her type. Juliana had thought them ungenteel. Felix wondered how any one could object to them.

Nannie was smiling now because they were planning, like a pair of conspirators, all sorts of merry things for Christmas. A most extraordinary thing had happened—a thing so bewilderingly strange and delightful that Felix had had to run across from the field, where he was supposed to be superintending farming operations, in order to spread the news to Nannie.

Juliana had intimated her intention of spending the Christmas away from home. A genteel friend of hers, whom she had known up in Dublin before she came down to slaving for an ungrateful family, a Mrs. Finnegan-Flanagan—Juliana insisted on the double name—was taking Juliana to spend the Christmas holidays in England, at a place which was described in the advertisements as being a nobleman's mansion in a splendid park of fifty acres. Riding, shooting, golfing, hunting, motoring, were to be among the out-door diversions. Dancing, theatricals, bridge tournaments, a Christmas Tree, among the indoor ones.

"I have never had a holiday since the day I came to look after you, Felix," Juliana had said, with the air of injury which conveyed that every one else's life was made up of holidays. "I suppose you'll be able to get on without me?"

"Indeed, we will," said Felix with a heartiness he was

only made aware of by Miss Lynam's glowering eye. He tried to make it up by a stammering speech to the effect that Juliana had earned a holiday if ever any one had; but she was beyond propitiation.

"You seem well-pleased to get rid of me," she said with asperity. "It would serve you right if I wasn't to come back to you at all. A nice way you'd be in then. As Mrs. Finnegan-Flanagan says, 'tis a great foolishness for me, so it is, to be slaving after your children when I might be enjoying myself; and me with a bit of money of my own, too."

It was true that Juliana had a bit of money of her own; and it had suffered no decrease during the years she had kept house for her brother-in-law. Indeed, it had seemed only in the justice of things to her that she should repay herself for all her hard work out of the money she administered; and she did not rate her own value too low, so that Felix was often puzzled to account for the discrepancy between the sums of money he gave out for the housekeeping and the rather scanty supplies of food and other things which Juliana provided.

He went through the scene now for Nannie O'Keeffe, with a leisurely humor, which was none the less delightful because it was somewhat rueful.

"Sure, God help her, the creature," Nannie said. "Isn't she always wearing the life out of herself, all to no end? I'm sorry for her, so I am; but I don't know"—she said the words with a conscious deliberation—"but what I'm sorrier for you and the children, Felix, to say nothing of your mother. It's a pity she wouldn't be staying away altogether."

A little color came to her face as she said it; but Felix, stupid fellow, did not see it.

"Anyhow, we'll have fine times this Christmas," he said. "'Twill be the good, old-fashioned Christmas we'll be having. The children don't know yet that she's going. What at all will we do to make them happy, Nannie?"

"There's many a thing we can do," said Nannie, the color ebbing away again from her cheek. "But, sure, God bless them! they're that lovable that they'd be happy enough with just you and me and the granny. 'Tis a pity they couldn't be happy their own innocent way."

A day or two before Juliana took her departure Felix had to leave home on business which would keep him away the better part of a week. He was a little alarmed about how

Juliana would take it, for she was a person apt to stand on her dignity, and it was likely that she would expect her brother-in-law's escort as far as Dublin.

However, when he broke the news to her, accompanying it with a propitiatory offering of a five-pound note, Juliana was oddly gracious. She bid him not be thinking about her. She would be quite safe in the train. Girls of her dignity of bearing would be safe anywhere. He might expect her back about the third week in January, well braced up in mind and body to take the direction of his troublesome household once more.

He came home on the appointed day with an unwonted sense of exhilaration, and walked across the bog by a short cut to his house. The short December day was closing in with a cold light in the western sky, which was reflected in the pools of bog-water. He whistled as he walked briskly along. He was very glad to be coming home with Juliana away. When he had had a meal and time to wash his hands and face and change his clothes, he thought, he'd go to see Nannie. There were a number of parcels at the station waiting to be fetched across to his house, parcels containing the most wonderful things for the children, toys and sweets and games, such as were forbidden under Juliana's austere rule—a story-book apiece, a warm shawl and the stuff for a new dress for the old mother, a trifle for Nannie herself—weren't they old friends?—just a pretty old brooch picked up out of an antique shop, which he had felt would delight Nannie. She hadn't many to think of her now since the boys had left her. She was a very pretty woman still. Why shouldn't she have pretty things like the other women?

Within sight of his own door a sudden chill fell upon him. Where were the children? They were always used to see him from afar off and to troop out to meet him, forgetting to be sedate, despite Juliana's scoldings.

Now there came only Grip the terrier; and he walked mournfully, with a dejected tail that scarcely wagged. The stormy gleam in the sky fell lower, died out beyond the distant hills. The wind sprang up and sighed dismally.

The house windows were dark. Not so much as a gleam of fire light in them. He had a sudden foreboding. It looked as though some one were dead in it.

He hurried on. The half-door leading into the kitchen was open. There were plain signs of Juliana's absence, for a

brood of chickens clucked about the kitchen. The boldest of them were on the table, where some food lay, left apparently from the maid-servant's midday meal. Except for the fowl the kitchen was empty, empty and disordered, only a few sparks showed in the gray ash on the hearth.

He went on further, opening the door to the parlor. The children must be out to tea. Why, of course, they were gone down to Nannie's. And Biddy, the careless hussy, had slipped away to the village, leaving the old mother all alone.

Yes, there she was in the dark corner by the fire. Her face looked towards the door eagerly as he entered. He heard the click of her rosary-beads. The fire fell in and a little flame spurted up. There were tears on the old face.

"Have the children left you by your lone self, mother?" he said. "That worthless Bridget! Why, your fire is nearly out and you have no light." He leant forward and took the two old hands in his own, fondling them tenderly. "You're quite cold, God help you!" he said. "They're bad little children, so they are, to leave you by yourself. Is it gone over to Nannie's they are?"

To his surprise the old woman began to sob—somewhat to his alarm, too. What did it mean? Surely nothing could have happened to the children!

"Whisht, mother," he said, "you're frightening me. Where are the boys and the *girsha?*"

"They're far enough away, Felix. I told her you wouldn't like it, that it 'ud be the lonely house you'd come home to. Sure, I've been that low-spirited since they went that I didn't mind what that girl Bridget did. She's been in and out like a dog at a fair ever since. Och, the desolation of it!"

A wild idea suggested itself to him.

"It isn't likely Juliana would be taking them with her?" he said slowly. "She was never one for children."

"Not she," said the old woman shrilly. "She's put them all to school. 'Tis in the convent in Dublin they are—a hundred miles from you and me. I was to tell you she considered it was for the best. 'Tis running wild they'd have been without her. She's had it in her mind for some time. Sure, she always had her own way with you."

He did not hear the implied reproach. He was moved to anger at last; and it shook him as a big wind shakes a tree.

"My children!" he said. "My children! That woman—"

And then, perhaps fortunately, he was inarticulate.

Bridget, coming in a little later, found the master with a sterner mood upon him than she had imagined possible. He had made up the fire and lit the lamp, and was searching about for the materials to make his old mother a cup of tea.

He swept Bridget off her feet with the whirlwind of his wrath, thereby exciting in her an admiration and attachment which his gentleness had never provoked. When he had reduced her to an abject humility he handed her over the teapot, and, forgetting that he himself had not eaten, walked out of the house.

He knew what he was going to do, although as yet he could barely collect his thoughts. He was going to fetch the children back to-morrow, and he was going to break Juliana's rule. She had gone too far this time; and her reign was at an end forever.

Mechanically his feet took the way to Ballingarry. The storm had got up and the wind was shrieking about him as he walked, but he was hardly conscious of it. A few drops of rain fell, the precursors of a wet night.

He was within a few yards of the white wall with green palings a-top, behind which the long white house under its thatch stood prettily surrounded by a garden. An outside car met him coming from the opposite direction. The light of the lamps flashed on his face and the driver of the car pulled up. It was Father Tom, the parish priest.

"I hear the children are gone to school, Felix," he said. "Wasn't it very sudden? And they so little! Surely you could have kept Nora and Rody at home? I'm not saying a word against the nuns up in Dublin, but we've a very good convent school of our own."

His voice was slightly offended. Father Tom expected to be consulted in the affairs of his parishioners, and this sending the children to school particularly affected him.

Felix came forward and laid his hand on the rug that covered Father Tom's knees. His hand yet trembled with the passion that had swept him.

"'Tis the cold, unnatural father you must think me," he said, "to be ready to do without them. Let alone that it would break my old mother's heart. It was that woman, Juliana." He spoke the name as though he could hardly en-

dure to do it. "If I was to let myself go, Father Tom, maybe you'd rather not be hearing me. Sure, I've been a poor fool all these years, and no wonder the woman despised me. 'Tisn't the children will go out of it, but Juliana Lynam. I'm going to Dublin by the night mail."

"Quite right, quite right!" said Father Tom heartily. "Juliana took too much on herself, a great deal too much. They're but small to be outside the four walls of their father's house. Where would they be but in it? The old granny's terribly fond of them, God help her! 'Tis a pity now they couldn't be having a mother instead of Juliana."

He looked slyly at Felix's agitated face, on which the lamp cast its lights and shadows.

"You were going to tell Nannie about it?" he said in a voice which he tried in vain to rob of any suggestion. "Quite right, too. Nannie'll console you. She's a good girl is Nannie, God bless her! 'Tis a shame she shouldn't be making some man happy. She's thrown away at Ballingarry, by her lone self, so she is."

Felix looked up at him suddenly and a wild surmise dawned in his eyes. It was as though he were looking on new heavens and a new earth.

Father Tom laughed gently to himself, then touched up the horse.

"Well, good night, Felix"; he said "and good luck! I'll look in to-morrow evening to see if the children are any the worse for their travels. You'll be home with them by five o'clock."

After he had driven away, Felix McCarthy stood for at least three minutes staring into the light that was flooding all his soul and all his life. Was it possible that Nannie should be his after all for the asking? Nannie who, he realized all at once, was the one woman for him, had always been the one woman for him! No wonder he was blinded by the sudden light.

He came in on Nannie a few minutes later, Nannie, warm and sweet in fire-light, just sitting down to her tea. She looked up at him as he came in, and there was a smoldering fire in her eye for which he loved her none the less.

"You didn't know about it?" she said. "Juliana said you knew. They were crying fit to break their hearts as they went. I know they nearly broke mine. I went down to see

them, whether Juliana liked it or not. Will you let me take the granny over here? 'Twill be the sad Christmas for her."

Felix advanced a step or two to where she stood on the hearth-rug. All the fury seemed to have died down in him in the happy peace of her presence. He bowed his head till it rested on her shoulder, and said very gently:

"Don't leave us to Juliana any more, Nannie. Sure we all want you—the old mother and the children and I. 'Tis the wretched life she's led us."

"I thought you'd never ask me, Felix," she said in a whisper at his ear; and he felt the sudden glowing of her as though he held a rose in his arms.

Juliana came home earlier than was expected. She had quarreled with Mrs. Finnegan-Flanagan, and she was extremely annoyed at the non-receipt of letters from home; besides which, the nobleman's mansion had proved a delusion and a snare, and Juliana was heartily glad to get out of it.

She returned unannounced, nursing her wrath to keep it warm, and quite unsuspicious as the mail train flashed by her somewhere between Holyhead and Chester that it was carrying a letter which would have made her return to Kilmore quite unnecessary.

She was driven from the station by Andy Dumphy, the most taciturn of his kind, and your Irish carman is abnormally taciturn by nature, only coming out of his shell unwillingly to entertain the stranger who expects it of him. Andy sat, a wooden image of taciturnity, on the side of the car, parted from Miss Lynam by her stack of luggage. It was no use asking him questions. Juliana was unpopular with the poorer neighbors. Her lips tightened as she sent Andy a thought. There would be a tussle presently over the fare. Juliana always disputed payments.

However, for once, Andy said nothing as she tossed him a coin. He had driven her straight into the farmyard instead of approaching the house by the hall-door way. The kitchen was lit up brightly. There was a roaring fire. It was still well within Twelfth Night; and the holly and ivy were yet up. A piece of beef was turning round on the spit before the fire. A strange girl, in a neat cap and apron, was in the kitchen.

Juliana stood and stared. It gave Andy Dumphy an op-

portunity to whisk down her trunk with a willingness he had not often shown in her service. He had it on his shoulder and was following her as she lifted the latch of the parlor door. Andy was able to tell it all afterwards, discarding his taciturnity for the occasion.

Juliana had whisked into the parlor to demand the reason for these extraordinary happenings, and Andy was close on her heels and had set down the trunk at the foot of the staircase which led from the parlor to the bedrooms above.

What Juliana had intended to say can only be guessed at, for what she saw struck her dumb. The round table was set for a meal, with a white cloth upon it, highly polished glasses and silver, flowers and fruit as a centre piece, and the hanging lamp above it swathed in a perfect forest of holly with its scarlet berries. There was a roaring fire. In the chimney-corner sat the old granny, furbished up incredibly, and looking as blessed an old lady as could well be imagined.

The four children, who ought by rights to have been at school in Dublin, were sprawling on the hearthrug, playing with their toys and with Grip, the Irish terrier, who was never allowed into the house under Juliana's reign. Recognizing her, Grip wagged his tail deprecatingly and looked all manner of apologies for being alive.

In the midst of the group, side by side, sat Felix McCarthy and Nannie O'Keeffe. There was an unmistakably gala air about them. Nannie was wearing a dress of a soft lavender color which became her amazingly. They sat hand in hand. So sudden was Juliana's entrance that they still sat in that lover-like attitude for fully thirty seconds under her unfriendly eyes.

At last she found words.

"It's easy to see I wasn't missed," she gasped. "Yet all these years I've slaved, doing my best for my sister's children. Why are they here and not at their good school?"

Felix stood up, putting Nannie away from him with a tender gentleness, and stood between her and Juliana, as though he would intercept Juliana's wrath.

"Indeed you meant well, Juliana," he said in his deliberate, gentle voice. "But it wasn't always as good as you meant it to be. I've written to you. I suppose you didn't get the letter. You're very welcome to stay a bit, if you're

disposed to be friendly. You see, Nannie and I were married last Wednesday. We've just come back from a bit of a honeymoon. It might have been longer if we could have made ourselves happy away from the old mother and the children. I took the children away from school, Juliana. It was well-meant, but how could you think we'd be happy without them?"

Juliana put her hand once or twice to her throat while her brother-in-law made his leisurely speech. She looked around the room, bright as it had never been in her time, with all the good things in use, the linen and the glass and the silver, which she had kept jealously locked up. They had all seemed amazingly happy when she had broken in upon them. Now they sat with a little cloud of consternation on their happiness, for the moment, because she was there and furious.

"I hope you've had a pleasant holiday," went on Felix, "a very pleasant holiday, Juliana. You'll take off your bonnet and have a bit with us? Andy'll be taking up your boxes."

Andy advanced a step or two, but Juliana turned round upon him.

"Stay where you are, man!" she said furiously. Then she made an ironical bow to Felix McCarthy. "I've had a very pleasant holiday, thank you," she said. "After all my slavery for you! It's going to be all holidays with me from this minute. Andy Dumphy, take back my boxes to the car."

"Sure, where would you be going to, Juliana?" her brother-in-law asked amicably. "There isn't a train out of here till ten o'clock. Sit down, woman, and eat a bit before you go."

"You poor creature!" responded Juliana; and having hurled that shaft she flung open the parlor door and stalked forth majestically, never to return.

"I'm not sure but what she was right," Felix said when the sound of the car-wheels had died in distance and the children had begun to play again. "'Twas the poor creature I was to be putting up with her so long. I wonder you ever looked at me, asthoreen."

He slid his arm about his wife's yet slender waist and pressed his lips on her hair, while the old mother gazed at them with a smile like a benediction.

"Sure 'twas a pity," said Mrs. Felix characteristically, "the creature having her holiday spoilt."

CATHOLICS AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY EMILIE LOUISE HALEY.

THE world must admire the wise solicitude of the Church for the welfare of her children, as manifested in her constant watchfulness in the matter of their reading. While she recognizes the blessings of literature, she does not fail to see the dangers lurking in immoral and irreligious writings. While the Public Library exercises a praiseworthy vigilance in excluding from its collection books of doubtful moral tone, still it cannot be expected to show that strict care which Catholic principles require, and by which the mind and the heart are equally safeguarded. The man of religious faith must avoid not only the immoral book, but also the irreligious book. This leads us to the consideration of a subject of vital importance to the Catholic public and to the library authorities as well, namely, the selection and care of Catholic literature in Public Libraries.

In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for July is expressed the opinion that the establishment of Catholic libraries is a thing impracticable. In view of this the Catholic public should be more willing to consider the advantages held out by the Public Libraries, which are ready to supply to Catholic readers the literature they require and invite Catholic patronage, not only to increase their already wide usefulness, but also to vindicate their claim as impartial disseminators of knowledge and truth. That libraries organized to supply general wants may likewise respond to special needs necessitates a new order of requirements, but the efficiency of prominent libraries in meeting these requirements has already been demonstrated—notably in the city of Cleveland, where a highly satisfactory system has been instituted. The writer may be pardoned for setting forth in outline, at least, an account of the effort which has there been made for perfecting this system.

The library authorities have endeavored to provide a fair representation of Catholic books in the Public Library, and are always ready to give particular thought and care to the choice

of Catholic literature. About a year ago a special effort was made to care for the library wants of the Catholic people with systematic care. This work has been placed in charge of Catholic assistants. One of these has supervision of Catholic institutions in the city, with a view to supplying the books required by all classes of the Catholic reading public. It is evident that such a person should have perfect sympathy with the principles of Catholic education, and a thorough understanding of that for which the Catholic educators are striving. The experiment thus far has been successful, and has received the cordial endorsement of pastors and teachers. Under this supervision Catholic colleges, schools, clubs, and reading circles, as well as the general public, may receive the most efficient service, especially in all reference work pertaining to Catholic subjects, and, as a result, clubs and reading circles are deriving great benefit from the Library. The representative of the Library visits them, prepares lists, and supplies them with collections of books, according to their needs. A peculiar feature of the work is the Sodality Library. The librarian deposits in the Sodality room a collection of a hundred books, to be changed every three months. These are not all professedly Catholic books, a fair proportion deals with general literature, and some with well-chosen fiction; every book in the collection, however, is passed upon by the Catholic supervisor, and is perfectly safe for the young Catholic reader. One of the members of the Sodality is responsible for the collection and has charge of the loan system.

Perhaps the greatest help has been given to the teachers and students in the colleges and schools, to which the Library has really become an adjunct. In the preparation of all supplementary work, debates and literary competitions, the teachers and the Library supervisor co-operate. The teachers are familiar with the resources of the Library on all subjects required by the students, and the Library authorities strive to meet the needs of the schools and colleges. The grammar schools are visited at regular intervals, the wants of each teacher noted, and the required books are supplied from the Library. This plan provides for the establishment of a deposit station in every school. In some instances a strict supervision is kept of the children who visit the Library, and reports are made to the principals of the schools regarding the

conduct and reading of the children. This close association with institutions soon made it apparent to the Library authorities, that a number of Catholic books must be added, in order to provide for the increasing patronage of the Catholic people. A choice of books for adults was made, and these books, subsequently added, form the foundation of an excellent Catholic Library in the collection for older readers.

In the early stages of the undertaking a request was made to the Cleveland Public Library for a list of the Catholic books in the Library. The librarian had the list compiled by a Catholic assistant. While previous lists of Catholic books were used as references, they were not accepted without verifying every author in the Library. It sometimes happens that authors listed as Catholics are, upon investigation, found to be not of the faith, and hence the research required in this cause has been well worth while. Further, this list has the advantage of annotations on books in the religious and various other classes; namely, short comments and criticisms. This list of Catholic books will be distributed to all Catholics in the city, through the combined efforts of the Public Library and a local council of the Knights of Columbus. Besides listing the Catholic books in the Library, a supplementary list in every classification was made of the desirable books which were wanting. These books were purchased, in order that the list might be truly representative. A list of these new Catholic books was published in the local Catholic newspaper. They are books of standard worth, and when it became known that they had been added to the Library the demand for them was most satisfying. In this case, the supply created the demand, and the experiment was equally as successful as in the work with the institutions where the demand created the supply.

During the year the compiler of the catalogue of Catholic books gave a series of talks on Catholic literature, and the worth and characteristics of the Catholic books added to the Library. These talks were given to the heads of the departments and to the librarians at the branch library which had the largest collection of Catholic books. While employed on the catalogue, the compiler devoted some time to the main circulating department. Here it was her duty to meet, among others, all grades of Catholic readers, and to make known to them the resources of the Library, particularly in Catholic literature.

The study of Catholic literature is a specialty, and covers a wide field of general knowledge. There are degrees along which the reader must advance; as, for instance, some will find interest in Newman's *Apologia*, or *The Stonyhurst Series*, while others must be led step by step from the lighter fiction, through interesting and enlivening biographies and essays, on to ethics and religion. In thus fitting the book to the individual need, the circulation of books becomes a mission, and possesses great possibilities.

The reading public, no matter of what religious belief, is beneficially served by the wise selection of Catholic books. To one who knows the contents and value of the introduction of Pastor's *History of the Popes*, that rare study of the Renaissance in Italy, how satisfactory it is to be able to give it to the club-woman who wants "just a study of the attitude of the Romish Church towards the Renaissance of letters in Italy," and one's experience is rich with such instances. And so, in Cleveland, the attempt to solve the problem of circulating Catholic literature has received a hearty welcome; the extent of the work, its wide-spreading influence, its glorious opportunities, and its sure reward are being realized. Thus far, the good work has been confined principally to the children and the schools. To reach out and to serve the large body of Catholic men and women, to acquaint them with the resources of, and to aid them to use, the Library which they help to support, and which they have the right to use, is the further hope of the Library authorities.

The ideal solution of the problem of how the Public Library may benefit Catholics lies in the perfect co-operation of the Public Library authorities and Catholics. The part sustained by the Public Library in this plan of co-operation is principally to furnish Catholic books. And this should be done, not because they are demanded and used, but because every reputable Public Library should, for its own sake, include the representative Catholic books. Surely the Catholic Church and its numerous religious institutions and its members have held a vastly important position in the world's history. No one would attempt to deny the influence of the Church in all ages. Therefore, every Public Library, in order to attest its worth and its thoroughness, should have on its

shelves all the best Catholic books; the books that explain the philosophy and the teaching of the Church; Catholic authors narrating the life of Christ; books of Catholic devotion; Catholic lives of the saints and of the popes; Catholic essayists; Catholic historians and the best Catholic fiction; Catholic reference books and the leading Catholic periodicals; and this class of literature should be supplied absolutely regardless of its possible use by Catholics. The traditional opinion that the purchase of Catholic books should be regulated solely by the demand for them must go by the board.

In a Public Library, into which pours the "annual cataract of literature," it is but just to expect a fair representation of Catholic books. The same policy that is followed in general book selection should be observed in selecting Catholic books. A certain percentage of the general fund is used for the purchase of books. The book reviews and the publishers are studied with a view to selecting the desirable new books in every class; also the requests of the public are considered and granted, with certain exceptions; in this way every class of literature is continually being enlarged. Take, for instance, the minor subject of foreign missions; a reader asking for the latest publication in missionary work would be sure to find it in a Public Library, no matter how far distant the scene of the mission or how obscure the author. And this collection is provided for a very small fraction of the reading public. It is only a certain class of Christians who zealously watch the progress of foreign missions; and yet the Public Library very properly supplies them with the latest publications in this sub-division of literature. Catholic literature certainly constitutes a very large and important class and should surely receive as much consideration as is given to less important subjects. Therefore we are convinced that with regard to Catholic books, the same policy should hold as with regard to books on other subjects. That is, Catholic books should be procured by the Public Library not because they may be used, but because they are requisite, in order that the library may have a representative collection on an important subject.

It must also be apparent that for the efficiency of the Public Library in this field the choice of a Catholic librarian to have supervision of Catholic literature is a necessity, in view of the practical impossibility of any one not imbued with the spirit of Catholic culture and ignorant of the Catholic

viewpoint fulfilling the requirements of this position. Experience proves the value of Catholic librarians; this has been recognized by the Librarian of Cleveland, who believes that the entrance of qualified Catholics into this field is advantageous to the Public Library. These Catholic librarians must possess the general qualifications of the librarian, and in addition to this a knowledge of Catholic literature and sympathy with Catholic educational principles. Particular stress should be placed on the importance of Catholic children's librarians. They must have all the training of the children's librarians, and, besides this, special culture along Catholic lines of thought, to enable them to guard the reading of Catholic children.

An unusual interest has been awakened all over the country in regard to the work with children in Public Libraries. This field is most fertile. To children what a storehouse a library is! How they revel in its treasures, how they browse there and take in every idea, and accept as truth, not, to be disproved, the merest fancy couched in the simplest words. It is in childhood that we are least critical, and it is then that the seeds of truth and falsehood become imbedded for life. It is in youth that the mind is most receptive, and is most credulously satisfied with the printed page. It is difficult to alter an impression obtained in childhood. How many of us have striven at some time to correct a wrong impression, the never-failing retort being: "But, I read it in a book." Therefore Catholic educators, before endorsing the movement, wisely insist that the Catholic children receive in the libraries books which will promote their spiritual welfare. They maintain that the child's mind cannot subsist on a sawdust diet, and that infidelity will surely be the outcome of a careless and unsubstantial reading.

We know that the Public Children's Library is chosen with particular care for the moral tone of books; at the same time it is advisable that the distribution of these books to Catholic children should devolve upon a Catholic; for only a Catholic mind can detect the insidious attacks upon the Catholic religion found too often in juvenile books. Infinitely more important than the choice of a book for a certain grade, or the placing of an enticing myth into the hands of an eager child, or the selection of the latest book on toy-making for the boy of mechanical bent, more important a hundredfold is the particular care required of the conscientious librarian to protect the heart and mind of a Catholic child against the innuendoes of irre-

ligious or bigoted writers. These provisions on the part of the Public Library would work wonders in the practical solution of the problem of how Catholics can safely be supplied with books in Public Libraries and, in all reason, would remove all hesitancy of the Church authorities in sanctioning unrestricted use of the Public Library by the faithful.

And now what shall we expect from the Catholic public when the Library has done its share? In a word, the use of the books. It is unnecessary to urge this point, since time and again Catholic leaders of thought, lecturers, journals, and federations have insisted that Catholics manifest an intelligent interest in the Public Library. This principle, however, may be laid down—that whatever contributes to the general culture of Catholics will also foster the use of the Public Library. Catholic reading circles and guilds, as they are formed for educational purposes, should profit by the means of culture offered by the Public Library. Through Catholic societies the use of the Library should be systematically encouraged. The Knights of Columbus have done good work in many places by obtaining Catholic lists. They no doubt realize that the listing is a small matter compared to the circulating of the books. Every parish, through its school or a society, may become a centre of library interest and share in the advantages of its system. With the children, especially, education and familiarity with the library will proceed hand in hand if the school authorities feel an absolute trust in the books and their distribution.

An idea arising from experience in the work suggests that a committee of Catholics working with the Public Library authorities would do much to bring about a perfect sympathy between Public Library authorities and the Catholic public. The personnel of this committee is important, and for that reason it would be advisable that the choice be made by recognized Church authorities; they should be cultured, earnest, wide-awake, forming a working committee able and willing to give time and aid to promote the library interest of Catholics.

It is the hope of all interested that the happy solution of this problem along these or other lines will be reached in the near future, and that a perfect understanding and confidence will be established between the members of the Church, the patron of learning in all ages, and the Public Library, which has been aptly termed "the people's university."

CANADA'S FIRST CHURCH COUNCIL.

BY A. E. BURKE, D.D.

THE Church History of our continent has been enriched by one more National Council. The First Plenary Council of Canada, which will be known technically as the "First Plenary Council of Quebec," closed its deliberations on All Saints' Day with a solemn signing of the decrees and the ever-touching ceremony of the "Kiss of Peace." The Council assembled together a great representative body of churchmen, in the Basilica of our Lady in the Mother See of Canada, under the distinguished presidency of his Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti, Papal Delegate.

Quebec is a venerable French centre—not over large, and retaining many of the marks of the seventeenth-century civilization which cradled it. Its citadel and ramparts still bespeak the warlike ages which we would fain hope have passed away forever. It is well equipped with religious institutions—all the Orders are found here and the congregations, which are a later growth of ecclesiastical polity, have houses and schools on every hand. Its great seat of learning, Laval University, eloquently expresses the firm and devout Norman French mind in education. The University possesses every advantage found in progressive university centres, and shelters a little army of sound and enthusiastic scholars, who go forth into all the walks of Canadian life, and successfully hold their own against all competitors. The place is essentially religious in its atmosphere, and, while the Council added some extra brilliancy to the ecclesiastical side of its life, it brought little in the line of ceremony that even the plainest resident of Quebec had not in ordinary life seen over and over again within his city walls.

There had been considerable discussion as to where the Council should be held. Some favored Quebec, some Montreal, some Ottawa. The quasi-primatial character of the Quebec see doubtlessly influenced the Pope to call it in Quebec, and his wisdom was understood by all the fathers—even those who

were at first most opposed—long before their deliberations were brought to a close. There was no other city so universally Catholic; no other where the heads of the Church and State could work in such perfect accord; no other in which the slightest inclination of the delegates would command so completely the pious attention of a whole populace.

The Dominion of Canada has, within two-score years, grown rapidly from a few scattered provinces to a great, self-sufficient nation. The portions of the new Dominion, which were considered by most people a dreary waste when the first transcontinental railway was built to keep faith with our Western-most provinces, constitute to-day the home-seekers' paradise. Those vast, rich plains, yellow with wheat crops, are now the world's largest granary. The wealth of the field is beyond comparison with that of the rich gold mines, or of the forests, now so highly regarded, and the teeming treasures of lakes and seas. The people flowing into these regions in large numbers require the Church's aid. Indeed, it is in this very portion of the continent that the destiny of the Catholic Church of Canada will have to be worked out. The Church has been there many long years, it is true. She has extended missionary care to the red man, and ministered to the adventurous *coureur de bois* and the half-breeds whom rude conditions scattered over the prairies. But a new, a more highly-organized, and a more exacting civilization has come with the colonist flood of late years, and the Church has to meet their many wants, has to have many priests who will dispense the word of God, has to take this great people and their possibilities of progress, and lead them to Christ.

As the work of the Council, there were the varied and vital necessities of a national Church to be considered with regard to the old organized provinces, and the new ones, still unorganized throughout the territories. Therefore, the Holy Father in his wisdom called together this First National Council of Canada, and bade all the prelates from the ice-bound regions of the North, whose human intercourse is confined almost entirely to the Indian and half-breed; from the mountain fastnesses of the Pacific, from the sweeping prairies, from the older portions known once as Upper and Lower Canada, and from the sea-washed divisions of the Atlantic coast. They all assembled, some from thousands of miles away, and with their theologians

and advisers set themselves to the consideration of the Catholic problem as it presented itself to them in this favorite land of religious freedom and progress.

From the very outset fortune smiled upon their endeavors. Having solemnly invoked the Holy Spirit, and formerly opened the sessions, a message was sent to the Holy Father, and the precious reply that his Holiness vouchsafed in return was an augury of the good which the Council was to effect for the welfare of the Church. Another message was sent to the King, and the answer despatched by his Majesty augured equally well for the good the Council would effect for the well-being of the State. It was new to be told by the King, in these gracious terms, how he appreciated Catholic duty: "I thank your Excellency, and the Archbishops and Bishops associated with you, for your telegram of loyalty, which is in harmony with the best traditions of the Church of which you are the Hierarchy, and of the Dominion where you are assembled. It is my constant desire that religious and civil liberty should always be enjoyed by my subjects in all parts of the Empire."

And what has the Council effected? Nobody can discuss its decrees until the Holy Father has approved them. It is well understood, however, that the system of legislation enacted by the Baltimore and Latin American Councils has been followed with the *addenda* and *restringenda* which the necessities of the Church of Canada demand. There will be a statement of doctrine, as is common to all the Church Councils, and an accommodation of disciplinary canons; endeavors to promote Church progress in every way; and, above and beyond all, in value and urgency, the pointing out of national dangers to faith and morals which must be grappled with heroically at once, so that the vigor of our Catholicity and its purity may shine forth before all peoples. The missionary needs in the modern sense have also been burnt into our brains, and the new methods will get more support and encouragement in the future, as the only sure way of saving precious souls to the faith.

This Council lasted over six weeks, and therefore was one of the longest national Councils on record. Its deliberations were most harmonious and able throughout. It seated 190 members in all, including over thirty archbishops and bishops, four administrators, fifty prelates, a dozen heads of communi-

ties, and many theologians and officials. Without exception all devoted themselves assiduously to the work of the Council.

The offices which the Most Reverend President of the Council discharged were highly commended. All marveled at his grasp of the complex matter under consideration, his versatility of genius, and his natural aptitude for the government of large and difficult assemblies of men. In the end the bishops approached him, declared their admiration for his conduct of affairs, and presented him with a full purse of gold to enable him to carry the precious decrees of their Council to Rome for ratification. His generous soul, rejoiced though it was at this expression of fealty and affection on the part of brother bishops, could not permit him to retain the gift, and so he passed it over, amidst a scene of deepest emotion, to one of the prelates charged with relieving the immediate necessities of the great body of Ruthenian people now so badly beset by the wiles of proselytizers in the West.

The Canadian Church rises up strong and vigorous from this Council. Great work still lies before her doubtlessly, but closely united to the Chair of Peter, the purity of her faith, now to be proclaimed everywhere, must make easy the loyalty of her own children to her, and help immeasurably in the conquest of the innumerable souls which still yearn for consolations she alone can afford. As Mgr. Begin, speaking from his pulpit as the Council adjourned, so well said: "I have confidence, my brothers, that from all this there will remain more than an agreeable and passing memory. It will be for you all to make it consoling and durable. We were asked before the Council to pray the Holy Ghost to descend upon us and fill us with His light. I ask of you after the Council to pray still that this same Sanctifying Spirit may remain with us. During the exacting days now drawn to a close we have all learned together to love better the Holy Church of God. May we all in the future, by our words and works, as by our example and virtues, strive to extend more and more her beneficent reign throughout this blessed land!"

New Books.

MAKERS OF ELECTRICITY.
By Potamian and Walsh.

If one were asked to supply a text to express the spirit of Dr. Walsh's labors in the field of Christian Apologetics, it would be hard to find a better one than Philip's practical answer to Nathanael's query, whether anything good could come out of Nazareth: "*Come and see.*" Nathanael was simply repeating a foolish proverb which had fixed itself in his mind, not because he had any proof for it, but because he had heard it so often. Philip's answer was that of a plain man who had gotten hold of the facts and was sure of his ground.

In every age there are many such question-begging phrases which gain currency because most people are too lazy to examine them. "Near-Thought" is "Mr. Dooley's" happy title for such phrases; and Gelett Burgess would surely rank most of them in his list of "bromidioms." "The conflict between religion and science" is one of these forms of thoughtless speech which is frequently on the lips of modern Nathanaels. And Dr. Walsh, the man with the facts, has been persistently urging the invitation of Philip: *Come and see.*

In the present work* he has secured the collaboration of Brother Potamian, of Manhattan College, a man whose scientific attainments have made his name justly celebrated. The biographical plan which the authors have adopted enables them to combine in pleasing and harmonious form three important fields of knowledge: science, history, and religion.

The selection of names has not been made with reference to a pre-arranged apologetic plan; a glance over the list will show that it includes the greatest of those who have contributed in a vital way to the development of the science of electricity. Thus, for instance, we find Columbus, Franklin, Galvané, Volta, Coulomb, Oersted, Ampère, Ohm, Faraday, Clerk-Maxwell, and Lord Kelvin.

The religious value of the work consists in showing, in the words of the authors, that "Every one of these men was a

* *Makers of Electricity: The Lives of the Men to Whom We Owe the Great Advances in Electricity.* By Brother Potamian, F.S.C., Sc.D. (London), Professor of Physics, Manhattan College, and James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Dean and Professor of the History of Medicine at Fordham University School of Medicine, N. Y. Illustrated. New York: Fordham University Press.

firm believer in the great truths of a Providence that guides the world, a hereafter of rewards and punishments, and the necessity that man is under of rebinding himself to God in religion. Most of them were Catholics, and some of them, like Galvané, Volta, Coulomb, and Ampère, devout adherents of their religion. Faraday, Clerk-Maxwell, and Lord Kelvin were profound believers in all the great truths of religion: men of strong, beautiful character, who loved their fellows and were beloved because of the unselfishness of their Christian charity towards all."

The studies have been divided about evenly between the two authors, each of whom develops his topic in his own way. The variety of style is rather agreeable. In this connection it is interesting to observe that it is the scientific note which dominates in the work of the Christian Brother, and the apologist note in the work of the Doctor of Medicine. This is as it should be. It disarms criticism, and affords in itself another proof of the contention of the authors that devotion to religion and to science is a double, but not a divided, duty.

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.

An extremely valuable history of *Catholicity in Philadelphia* comes to us from the pen of Joseph Louis J. Kirlin, priest of that archdiocese.* The narrative has its beginnings before the coming of William Penn, and traces the labors of the pioneer Catholic missionaries, the brave, troublous days of the Revolution, the Hogan defection, the "Native American" riots of 1844, and that steady organic growth which has borne its fruit in the great diocese as it stands to-day. The mass of material sifted and employed in the preparation of the work is astounding, and the temperately judicial tone of its author on all controversial points is a matter for congratulation.

An Appendix of particular local interest contains a brief but detailed history of every parish in the Philadelphia archdiocese: while the incidental accounts of the Venerable Bishop Neumann, and of the Russian Jesuits (during the suppression of Clement XIV. and Pius VI.) make their appeal to all who are interested in Church history during modern times. Father

* *Catholicity in Philadelphia from the Earliest Missionaries down to the Present Time.* By Joseph L. J. Kirlin. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey.

Kirlin has wisely aimed "to consider the Church not as a thing apart, but as a vital factor in the city's life, influencing and being influenced in its turn by the various elements of a great and growing municipality"; consequently, he produces a work of reference with real vitality and human interest.

SOME RHYMES—AND A ROSARY.

If any reader is looking about for the successor to John Boyle O'Reilly and James Jeffrey Roche, let him observe that the popular—and not improbable—claimant to their poetic mantles may be found in Mr. Denis McCarthy. A second and enlarged edition of the latter's early poems is with us,* containing all of the former favorites, and several felicitous additions—notably "The Fields of Ballyclare"; "The Caged Songster"; "The Fortune Fairy"; and a "Song of Beauty." These verses, and the best of the old, create a standard to which the young poet must, one of these days, more exclusively cling. For to perpetuate in a volume experiments like "Cheer Up," or merely topical verses (however noble their "purpose"), is dangerous business. If, as has been asserted, almost every Irish priest is potentially a great preacher, it is equally a fact that in almost every Irish writer there is the making of a true poet. Such are the fire and grace and pathos of the Celtic nature! None the less, after the initial spark of inspiration, genius is mainly, as de Maupassant put it, *long patience.*

A word of eulogy must be given to the suitable and beautiful typography of *The Book of the Lily*,† a little volume mainly in praise of the Blessed Among Women, but including miscellaneous verses of equal merit. The effect of the poems is not incomparable to that of a cool hand upon the brow, or of quiet candlelight in the dusk which follows after a weary day. The lyric ecstasy and white heat of emotion which are essential to such great religious poetry as shall subdue even the unreligious, are not here. But there is a pleasing sense of verbal music, a tender and cloistral devotion, and the dignity which comes of simple and soulful things. The opening poem, "Immaculate," will recall to many readers the atmosphere of Aubrey de Vere's *May Carols.*

* *A Round of Rhymes.* By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

† *The Book of the Lily; and Other Verses.* By a Sister of the Holy Cross. Notre Dame, Indiana: Ave Maria Press.

RECOLLECTIONS.
By Washington Gladden.

Washington Gladden—that name has a familiar and grateful sound to the Catholics of the United States whose memory is keen of the troublous events of half a generation ago. It is a name which bears associations of liberty and rejoicing which lie deeper than the obvious puns that it suggests. In the sudden outbreak of anti-Catholic hostility known as the A. P. A. movement, his was the strongest voice raised in the Protestant pulpit in defence of American principles of liberty of conscience. He spoke out boldly when the vast majority of his brethren were either fanning the flames of bigotry or keeping silence through fear.

In this book of reminiscences* he narrates the events of those times and his own share in them briefly and modestly. Speaking of the growth of this "epidemic of unreason and bigotry," he pays a deserved tribute to the attitude of those who were the object of attack:

> It cannot be said that the Roman Catholics had recently done anything to excite this antipathy: all their tendencies had been in the direction of more friendly relations with their Protestant neighbors. And while this fury was in the air, their behavior was, for the most part, altogether admirable. They endured, with great forbearance, the monstrous falsehoods which were told about them; they waited patiently for the day when the mists of suspicion and fear would clear away.

And, in concluding the subject, he says:

> I have lived through two of these epidemics of religious rancor, about forty years apart; I sincerely hope that our country has seen the last of them. Our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens have earned the right to be protected from such proscription. There is no reason to suspect them of any unpatriotic purposes. They are bearing their part in the promotion of thrift and order and intelligence. Any attempt to discredit or disfranchise them on account of their religious beliefs ought to be resisted by every intelligent American.

Viewing the book at a wider range, one is not surprised

* *Recollections*. By Washington Gladden. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

to find that this incident in Dr. Gladden's public career, which looms so large in a Catholic estimate of him, is only one among many manifestations of a large-minded and generous public spirit. Passing over his religious opinions, with which we have no immediate concern, and viewing him as an American citizen, we find in him a man who has taken an active part in every great public movement during the last half-century, and, in the main, on the right side. He is a fine American type, not only in his loyalty to principles such as made him champion the cause of Catholics, but in his idealism, his optimism, his unfailing confidence in the ultimate good sense of the people in a democratic state, and in the final triumph of right.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By Low.

For making a study of the characteristics of a people, there are certain advantages in being a foreigner. Experience of another set of ideals and institutions stimulates inquiry and affords a standard of comparison. This is, perhaps, the reason why a Frenchman and an Englishman, de Tocqueville and Bryce, have been able to write studies on our form of government which rank among the most judicious and discerning. Of course there are foreigners and foreigners. This country has had to endure the sort of criticism that ought to be published with the title "America From a Car-Window"; and there have been works written on American Catholicity which could properly be entitled "The American Church Viewed From the Eiffel Tower."

Mr. Low is not of the latter sort. He is an Englishman who has lived in this country for twenty years, and has had abundant facilities for observation through his residence at the national capital as correspondent for an English newspaper. If any fault can be found with his attitude,* it is that he is more profoundly impressed by the share of the Puritan element in the determination of our national history and ideals, than many of us would be willing to concede. He is, however, strongly of opinion that there is a distinct American type of nationality which is not to be considered, either as the survival of the Puritan element or as a mere amalgam of races. The work is an attempt to discover the main factors which have

* *The American People: A Study in National Psychology.* By A. Maurice Low. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

determined this national type. The factors considered are climate, geographical conditions, and, at much greater length, the characteristics of the various groups of early settlers. In his treatment of these groups he errs, as we have stated, in his estimate of the Puritans. The names of Washington and Jefferson, to mention no others, should have been enough to give him pause.

From a Catholic point of view, Mr. Low's work presents agreeable aspects. *Obiter dicta*, such as a reference to Cranmer as being "venerated for his saintly character," may be read smilingly by one who read recent Protestant estimates of that sinister politician, though such remarks may raise a doubt as to Mr. Low's knowledge of general history. But in dealing with the Catholic share in establishing the principle of religious toleration in America he speaks in no uncertain tones. Whatever may have been the motives of the founders of the Catholic colony, he says: "the fact remains that Maryland, in the seventeenth century, was the only place on the American continent under English rule in which religious sects were unmolested." And, speaking of the general attitude of Catholics towards the civil power in this country, he says:

> There has never been any clash of authority between the Catholic hierarchy in the United States and the temporal power; no American Catholic has served Church and State with a divided allegiance. . . . Catholicism in America has not destroyed or weakened the fibre of American Republicanism; from a small beginning the Church has grown and become a mighty instrument in the development of American character, but it has been accomplished without the direct participation of the Church in politics.

THE SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE. By Fuller.

Mr. Fuller presents in this volume * a history of one phase in the development of our political institutions. It is a timely work, for the whole country is interested in the vast increase of power which the presiding officer of the House of Representatives has obtained since "Czar" Reed first took the chair, and contemporary discussions of legislative

* *The Speakers of the House.* By Herbert Bruce Fuller, A.M., LL.M. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

events centre around the dominant personality of Speaker Cannon. Mr. Fuller's book is not a technical disquisition on parliamentary problems. It is a very readable narrative of the leading events in the House in which the Speaker's office has been involved. In this regard he deserves great praise for the deftness with which he selects from the vast amount of material in Congressional Reports only such portions as lie along his particular line of inquiry. The temptations to digress must have been great, but he has resisted them. The result is a well-knit presentation of the history of the Speaker's office.

The personal characters of the different occupants of the Chair are described in a succession of delightful *vignettes*, which are marked by precision and sureness of touch. Henry Clay he considers as the greatest of American Speakers. He handles in an impartial way the question of Reed's rulings. By the way, he quotes some of the caustic remarks of the burly Czar, such as: "The Senate is a nice quiet sort of a place, where good Representatives go when they die"; "A statesman is a successful politician that is dead"; "The right of the minority is to draw its salaries, and its function is to make a quorum"; "The trouble with that gentleman is that he fails to realize his true relation to the stellar universe."

A few selections from his description of Speaker Cannon will afford a good idea of the author's gift of characterization.

> His ideals are not exalted; he lacks imaginative or artistic genius. His mental attitude reveals the lack of such broadening influences as education, culture, and travel in early life. . . . A superlatively intense partisan, he believes firmly in but two ideals—his party and his religion. . . . Cannon is in all ways temperamentally a Conservative. It has been well said that had he attended the caucas on Creation he would have remained throughout loyal to Chaos. . . . He has a rare and courageous indifference to public opinion. He scorns to quibble, he has no sympathy with those who dissemble. . . . His studied unconventionality is his chief personal characteristic; medium-sized, with a quaint, ruddy face, lighted generally with a kindly smile, chin whiskers, and thin white hair and piercing gray eyes; at banquets he drinks champagne from his water glass, tilts his chair back against the wall and smokes the finest cigars in the style popular at the cross-roads store.

In a brief prologue Mr. Fuller discusses the character of the Speaker's functions in different periods of the history of the English House of Commons. Incidentally, he gives an answer to the puzzle of giving the title of Speaker to the one man in the House who is not allowed to speak. Originally the Speaker was considered as the mouthpiece of the Commons in all communications to the sovereign or the nation. Later on, the office became an instrument of tyranny, as the Speaker was selected to impose the royal will on the Assembly. In England at present the Speaker is merely the moderator of the proceedings and is supposed to be above party feelings. In America the office was originally intended to be a moderatorship; but we have been gradually reverting to an earlier English phase, the only difference being that the Speaker serves the interests, not of a King, but of a Party.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. By Pesch.

The Christian commonweal owes a debt of gratitude to the family of Pesch, which gave three sons to the Society of Jesus: Tillman, the author of this book,* an eminent philosopher; Christian, one of the best of our living theologians; and Heinrich, who has edited this work of his deceased brother.

The Christian Philosophy of Life is a valuable contribution of Catholic thought. A good deal of the religious literature which comes to a reviewer's hand is secondhand and commonplace. But at the very first inspection of this book one gets a sense of power, and that feeling does not diminish as one goes on. One sees that here is a book that is not a thing of borrowed shreds and patches. It is the work of one who "scorned delights and lived laborious days"; who "sees life steadily and sees it whole." He has read; he has studied; he has meditated; and, most of all, he has lived what he teaches. It is the result of years of clear vision. It is full, not only of Christian principles, but of Christian living. Religion is no thing of mere abstract phrases for him. It is primarily a life, but a life led by one who possessed, in eminent degree, the faculty of analysis and statement. The great think-

* *The Christian Philosophy of Life: Reflections on the Truths of Religion.* Translated by M. C. M'Laren. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co.; St. Louis: B. Herder.

ers, philosophers, poets, and dramatists are laid under contribution for his view of life, but with a Catholic-mindedness that finds the good in them and rejects the evil. There is nothing new in the principles set forth by him. The whole view of life is Catholic, which means old and tried and true.

The style is direct and clear. The work wins by lucidity and sincerity of thought rather than by ornament. The ideas are close-packed, but never disorderly. The topics treated are numerous. The paragraphs are short and pithy, and at times they are but single sentences phrasing apothegms worthy of À Kempis. Naturally, it is not "easy reading." We are warned by the author that deep reflection is necessary for the task to which he invites us—but it is supremely worth the labor. It is a book for the meditation of a thoughtful Catholic; a book to recommend to a serious-minded non-Catholic in search of religious truth.

The laborious work of a translator generally receives only a passing word of praise, but in this case a double superlative is due—it is most excellently well done.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY. By Denifle.

Vicar General Brossart deserves the thanks of the Catholic community for his excellent rendering into English of this contribution to social philosophy written by the great Dominican historian, Father Denifle.* The storm of impotent fury raised around his history of Luther and Lutheranism, the recognition given to his work in the world of scholarship, and his regrettable death while on his way to receive deserved honors from the University of Cambridge, are matters of recent history.

The present work is a magnificent expositition of the eternal Catholic principles which the Church has ever used to guide her attitude towards civil society and the social movements in history—God and right first and last, be the consequences what they may; the interests of eternity vastly more important than those of time; the same moral law for men as statesmen and men as individuals; Christ as the model of mankind, and the true Savior of society as well as of souls;

* *Humanity: Its Destiny and the Means to Attain It.* A Series of Discourses by Rev. Henry Denifle, O.P. Translated from the German by Very Rev. Ferdinand Brossart, V.G., Covington, Ky.: Pustet & Co.

the Church as His representative on earth; the dominance of Christian ideals in the State, the family, and education.

The lectures which make up the work were originally delivered (at Gratz, in Austria) in 1872. We are told that Father Denifle revised them in later years, but they bear unmistakable evidences of the earlier date. They are the work of the young philosopher rather than of the ripe historian. They contain general statements without that array of facts and distinctions which one might expect of a man who had been making an accurate study of the endless variety of social institutions. Thus the expression "modern state" is very loosely used. If all the points in the indictment against it are to be taken collectively, the term can be strictly applied only to the form of godless tyranny which masquerades under the name of a republic in France. The United States is, in a certain sense a "modern state." Is it such in the opprobrious sense? True, it is not the ideal state, but then the ideal state has never existed in actuality. Practically, with our judicial system guaranteeing personal and ecclesiastical rights, we have no ground for dissatisfaction. And, frankly, American Catholics have not the slightest desire to modify the principles of government, though they are anxious to inject their moral and religious ideals into the legislation and life of the American Republic. We do not mean to say that Father Denifle's argument is directed against the practical acceptance of the conditions which we enjoy; but merely that a student of historical facts might be expected to supply the needful distinctions in presenting his principles.

The tone of the work also reflects the despondency of the sad '70's. We are told that Leo XIII. made use of the ideas here presented in his famous Encyclicals. But there is lacking in the work the fresh and hopeful spirit in face of the conditions of the age which that great Pontiff inspired in the Church. Father Denifle believes, of course, in the final triumph of religion; but he thinks that matters must become far worse before they begin to be better. In this country a more hopeful spirit sustains us. We may be deceived by it, but hope is a better stimulus to energy than despondency.

But, turning once more to a consideration of the work as a presentation of the religious view of human life and society, one forgets the local point of view, and rejoices in its warmth

of Catholic conviction, its insistence on the things of eternity, its strong setting forth of the need of Christian ideals and faith for the social salvation of humanity.

THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

Professor Davis, of the University of Minnesota, has issued this outline story of the Roman Empire* to meet the needs of students of the later history of the West who are not familiar with the conditions and institutions which had so large a share in determining the character of European civilization. The work is brief, clear, and readable. Succinct and suggestive paragraphs, treating of social, economic, and moral conditions in the various stages of imperial history, save the book from the danger of becoming a mere record of events and dates. The method, however, does not escape the defects incidental to summarizing historical judgments in brief space. The last chapter, especially, on "Christianity and the Empire," is open to criticism.

O-HEART-SAN.

O-Heart-San is a delicately phrased little story † of a Japanese girl, by Helen Eggleston Haskell. It is dainty and quaint as a Japanese carving. The conclusion, however (the little lass grows up and becomes a nurse in a hospital at Tokio), while eminently satisfactory from a strict ethical point of view, is unartistic. It is like reading the story of a poet's dream, and finding on the last page that it is an Evangelical tract.

CHRISTOLOGY.

The distinctive purpose of this little pamphlet ‡ is to prove the divinity of Christ from historical data against Rationalists and Modernists. Meeting these adversaries on their own ground, and laying aside the proof of Christ's divinity from His miracles and other supernatural manifestations, the author takes the New Testiment as a mere

* *An Outline History of the Roman Empire (44 B.C. to 378 A.D.)* By William Sterns Davis, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† *O-Heart-San.* By Helen Eggleston Haskell. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

‡ *What Think You of Christ? An Historical Inquiry into Christ's Godhead.* By Bernard J. Otten, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

historical book, and from it deduces a striking proof of the divinity of Jesus Christ.

The pamphlet very neatly sums up the theological proofs from the Synoptists, St. Paul, and St. John, that demolish the Modernist position. We recommend this readable pamphlet to all who would like a clear summary and defence of Christ's divinity against Modernism.

DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE.

This is one of the collection of excellent theological pamphlets published under the name of *Science et Religion.** That alone is a sufficient recommendation. Add to this the fact that it is a translation from English into a language already rich in books and articles treating this same question, and we must acknowledge that it really has great merit. It is a translation from the Introduction of Oxenham's famous *History of the Dogma of the Redemption.* While his treatment of the principle of theological developments has not attained the success of Cardinal Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*, it presents a striking originality and is well worthy of our serious consideration. The translation is enriched by a valuable bibliography and notes, which brings the original essay in touch with recent writings on this important question.

A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY IN THE NORTHWEST.

A recent article in the Catholic press, under the caption "Show us Your Works," declares that Catholics do not give sufficient publicity to the remarkable works they are quietly carrying on for the good of the community. The work of our sisterhoods especially, the writer contends, should be made better known.

We have in this volume† a partial fulfillment of his wish. It is a record of the trials and triumphs of a community which, not long after its foundation in Quebec, was invited by Archbishop Blanchet to assist in the pioneer work he was doing in the Oregon Country. The tale is told with a sweet and modest simplicity which heightens the effect of the record

* *Le Principe des Développements Théologiques : Henry N. Oxenham.* Traduit de l'Anglais, avec notes, par Joseph Bruneau, S.S. Paris: Librairie Bloud et Cie.

† *Gleanings of Fifty Years: The Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary in the Northwest, 1859–1909.* Portland, Oregon: St. Mary's Academy.

of courage and efficiency which it contains. Archbishop Christie writes an introduction in which he pays a warm tribute to the sisters and to his zealous predecessor, Archbishop Blanchet.

MEMOIR OF REVEREND WILLIAM McDONALD.

This work * is a tribute of respect and gratitude paid to a worthy pastor of souls by a member of a religious community which shared in his labors. It is not merely an intimate portrait of the work of a good priest; it is a contribution to the history of the Church in New Hampshire, and a setting forth of the means by which Catholicity made itself at home in that once hostile region. In this case the main factor was the character of the holy and public-spirited pastor. But it is interesting to note that, as far back as 1865, he felt sure enough of the fair-mindedness of the community to organize a series of lectures for non-Catholics in a public hall. Fathers Hewit, Deshon, and Young first gave a mission to the Catholics in the church. Father Hecker then followed with lectures to non-Catholics in Smyth's Hall. The reports of the lectures, dug up from the files of the Manchester *Daily Union*, are good outlines, presented with a fairness that is a credit to the journal that published them.

The work is well gotten up, the numerous photographs being a particularly interesting and valuable feature.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

This work † is highly commendable, as being at once interesting and calculated to give younger readers an intelligent appreciation of good literature. In touching on religious questions the author is fair and impartial, though one might complain of the misleading mildness (p. 99) which barely hints at the persecutions under Elizabeth. There are a few notable omissions, such as Lingard, Francis Thompson, and W. B. Yeats, and the valuable studies of Mr. Wilfrid Ward are not included in the bibliography relating to Newman. Also the author might have said something of the

* *Memoir of Reverend William McDonald, First Pastor of St. Anne's Parish, Manchester, N. H.* By a Sister of Mercy. Manchester, N. H.: Mount St. Mary's.

† *English Literature.* By William J. Long, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co.

medieval precursor of *Robinson Crusoe* and of the alleged predecessors of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. But where are the later English versions of the Bible, the Rheims, the Douay, and the King James? This last especially occupies as literature a commanding position in the opinion of Catholics as well as of Protestants, yet it is only incidentally mentioned. *Westward Ho* is printed with a mark of exclamation (a common error which ought not to be found in a text-book). By limiting himself to the literature of England the author has made his book less useful for American readers.

CHRISTIAN ÆSTHETICS. By Loisel.

We Catholics are better at doing good things than at talking about them. It is in accordance with a fine spiritual counsel, but we carry it too far. We organize vast works of charity, but write few books on social economics. We have produced the best art in Europe, but it is non-Catholics who analyze its principles. M. Loisel is therefore a rightful heir entering into his patrimony when he steps into the field of æsthetics.* And, indeed, as he shows, there has arisen a danger that the "squatters" in our territory will try to oust us from our claims.

M. Loisel discovers in contemporary French thought two conflicting tendencies with respect to art. One is to make art take the place of religion; the other is to sacrifice both art and religion as being in the way of the progress of science. The chapters in which the author treats these views: "The Impotence of Art as a Religion"; and "Science Versus Art"; are the finest in the book. The reader cannot help seeing how here, as in so many other cases, the "Catholic wholeness" of our views of life makes them so much wider and saner than the knot-hole perspectives of even brilliant men among our adversaries.

Only the smaller portion of M. Loisel's book is controversial. The bulk of it is devoted to a discussion of the philosophy of æsthetics, the principles that underlie the formation and perception of form, rhythm, and style, as expressed in the arts of poetry, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture. In an appendix is found a good bibliography of works in French bearing on general æsthetics.

* *L'Expérience Esthétique et l'Idéal Chrétien.* Par Armand Loisel. Paris: Bloud et Cie.

THE PONTIFICATE OF PIUS IX.

This is the French translation* (made at the instance of Pius IX. himself) of the work by the Roman Jesuit, which only now, after the author's death, is being given to the public. It was begun as the first part of a complete history of Pius IX., but when, in 1867, it was ready for publication, the author began to realize the difficulties besetting one who attempts to treat fearlessly and impartially of persons still living and of events yet fresh in men's memories. As he saw that such a work might do more harm than good, he determined not to proceed with it; and while even then he might have gone on with the publication of what had been already written, dealing as it did with a period sufficiently remote, he preferred not to leave behind him an incomplete production, and so the proof-sheets—for it was already in press—were set aside.

It had, however, two special claims to survive. In the first place it was the product of an extensive—one may say exhaustive—study of written sources, supplemented by personal knowledge; and, secondly, it had been revised by no less a personage than the very Pope of whom it treats, whose marginal notes, corrections, etc., were embodied in the text. For these reasons it has rightly been deemed too important to be allowed to perish.

The ground it covers is not unfamiliar. Beginning with the election of Cardinal Mastai-Ferretti in the Conclave of June, 1846, the author treats of the amnesty granted by the new Pontiff, together with the extravagant and not wholly sincere manifestations of joy occasioned thereby, and then describes the attempts at industrial and educational improvements within the Papal States, the relations with the Powers, especially as regards Switzerland and Austria, and the gradual insidious growth of the movement which culminated in the Revolution of 1848. The flight to Gaeta is narrated in an appendix (also corrected by Pope Pius IX.) taken from P. Bresciani's novel *The Jew of Verona.*

The reader must remember that the book as we have it now is just as it was going to be issued in 1867, and that in view of this the judgments of men and of events cannot be

* *Les Premières Pages du Pontificat de Pie IX.* Par Raffaele Ballerini, S.J. Rome: Bretschneider.

attributed to any sentiment of hostility aroused by the loss of the Temporal Power and the subsequent attitude of the Italian Government. The author wrote at a time when the tranquil possession of the Papal States rendered needless an ex-parte attack on the enemies of the Papacy. The book cannot, therefore, be regarded as a piece of special pleading, but must be taken as a straightforward, and, in a sense, contemporary account of a much-misunderstood Pope. At the same time the author does not conceal his sympathies; on the contrary, he plainly declares on which side they lie. "Je veux dire," he says in the Preface (p. xiv.) "ma partialité envers le Pontife, auquel je suis indubitablement attaché par des liens de toi, comme catholique, d'observance, comme sujet, et de dévoument, comme membre d'une institution spéciale qui professe pour le Vicaire du Christ une obéissance encore toute spéciale." But he makes of these very sympathies a claim on the reader's acceptance, since the Sovereign he loves and obeys is, of all rulers, "le plus candidement ami du vrai." Such naïveté ought to disarm the most exacting critic.

Although a "serious" work, the book reads at times almost like a novel. The style is simple and vivid, and the references, etc., are sufficiently numerous for the student without giving the work too learned an air for the general reader. There are a few errors of typography, *e. g.*, the placing of the Congress of Genoa at Geneva (p. 74); but the printer's work is, as a whole, well done, and the phototype reproduction of the original corrections in the hand of Pius IX. lend an added interest.

AT THE ROOT OF SOCIALISM. By Power.

The ineffectiveness of many of the current brief refutations of Socialism is a source of much disappointment to the thoughtful reader. Either too many features of the Socialist programme are dealt with, or defects are emphasized which exist in the present system as well as in Socialism. In the one case the criticism is so sweeping and superficial as to be of little practical value; in the other case it frequently leaves Socialism apparently stronger than before. Neither of these faults vitiates the lecture delivered by Father Power*

* *At the Root of Socialism.* A Lecture Delivered Before the Social Democratic Federation. By Rev. M. Power, S.J. London: Sands & Co.

before the Socialists of Edinburgh. He devotes his attention mainly to the single point that the capitalists and other proprietors whose goods would be confiscated according to the programme of the Glasgow Socialists, would not submit quietly to this process of spoliation. As a consequenee, the new Socialist State would find itself burdened from the outset with such a quantity of discontent and strife as to belie all the rosy prophecies concerning the Socialist millenium. Father Power's arguments for this counter-prophecy are likely to appear convincing to the average man, as well as to the serious thinker who is not caught in the meshes of an *a priori* doctrine of historical and social development. The author's defence of the superior claims of the inventor is not so pertinent, because most Socialists do not now hold that all producers should be rewarded equally. His "Apologia for the Natural Law" is good as far as it goes, but it does not attempt to define how far the natural law has been abused and violated through the existing legal titles of property. It is these abuses that give vitality to the Socialist attacks on the institution of property in land and capital. Similarly, the author's criticism of the "right to work" is inconclusive, inasmuch as it considers this claim merely as asserted against the employer. As a matter of fact, it is against society, or the State, that the right to work is commonly put forward. The present Archbishop of Tuam is not often credited with large democratic sympathies, and yet he recently gave unqualified assent to this interpretation of the right to work. If the modern State is to do its full duty toward the working classes, it must at least provide those economic conditions in which employment will be possible for all who need and seek employment. One of the best features of Father's Power's pamphlet is its unvarying good humor.

RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES.

Worthy of note as a model of good editing is a little volume* in Houghton Mifflin Company's "Riverside Literature Series," which reproduces Washington's Farewell Address and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration. The editor, Professor Foster, of

* "The Riverside Literature Series." *Washington's Farewell Address and Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by William Trufant Foster, Professor of English and Argumentation in Bowdoin College. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Bowdoin College, has compressed in narrow limits a large amount of well-selected information bearing on the occasions of the orations, the speakers themselves, their oratorical style, bibliographical references, etc. The lists of "Questions and Exercises" will prove helpful and suggestive to teachers of argumentation.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK IN GERMANY. By Plater.

When the papers bearing this title were appearing anonymously in the *Dublin Review*, they were attributed by some persons to the editor of that magazine. This was a sufficiently high compliment to the young Jesuit author who, we believe, is not yet a priest. Should any other articles be published unsigned in this magazine on the social question they will probably be ascribed to Plater rather than to Ward. The former has for some two years been doing splendid work in this field—the best work that has been done by any English Catholic since the death of Charles Devas. The four articles in the *Dublin Review* become in this reprint* four chapters, three of which describe the achievements of the German Catholics, while the fourth seeks to apply German lessons to English conditions. In the first chapter the author presents a striking and sympathetic picture of the zealous, able, and fearless initiator of the German Catholic social movement, Bishop Ketteler, together with a brief description of the obstacles that he had to meet and overcome. He quotes one statement of the bishop which finds a much wider acceptance now than when it was first uttered:

"If we wish to know our age we must endeavor to fathom the social question. The man who understands that knows his age. The man who does not understand it finds the present and the future an enigma." The author's account of the organized activity of the German Catholics gives abundant proof that much of their success was due to their adoption of the point of view emphasized in this quotation. The first annual congress of German Catholics was held in 1848, and had for its chief purpose to obtain liberty of worship and of education. Within a few years these congresses had become the reunions of all kinds of societies and associations for religious, moral, educational, and social improvement. All of these enterprises

* *Catholic Social Work in Germany.* By Charles D. Plater, S.J. London: Sands & Co.

have flourished and increased to a degree that is truly remarkable. In 1861 the number of subscribers to all the Catholic periodicals of Germany was less than 60,000; at present it is about seven million. The Volksverein, which grew out of the annual congresses, and which was intended to "keep the Catholics of Germany in close and constant touch with social movements," has now more than six hundred thousand members. It has twenty thousand trained workers or promoters, who spread Catholic social doctrine, both written and oral, among its members. Through its central bureau it gives courses of instruction in social science and practice, and distributes about fifteen million pieces of literature during a single year.

These are merely a few of the more striking facts of the movement which is so well described in the little volume under review. In the final chapter the author attempts to answer the question as to how far German methods may be utilized by the Catholics of England. Many of the recommendations of this chapter will be found suggestive to American Catholics who have some conception of the need of similar action in our own country.

A LIFE OF CHRIST.
By Mary V. Merrick.

The excellent work done in behalf of poor and neglected children by the Christ Child Society, founded by Miss Mary V. Merrick in Washington only a few years ago, and which seems destined, under her direction, to spread throughout the country and even beyond, is sufficient proof of her force of character and ability to succeed in great undertakings; we need not be surprised to find therefore in her rendition into English of *A Life of Christ for Children* * something well worthy of praise and commendation. This book is quite in line with her other work, being intended to bring within easy grasp of children the life and teachings of our Lord.

The original work was a series of stories from the Gospels, related to her grandchildren by Mme. de Ségur. These stories, committed later to writing, comprehend the entire Gospel history of our Lord. They are told in dialogue form, in which the grandmother tells the incidents almost exactly as related in

* *A Life of Christ for Children as Told by a Grandmother.* Adapted from the French of Mme. La Comtesse de Ségur by Mary Virginia Merrick with a Preface by the Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

the Gospels. The questions and comments of the children furnish occasion for the explanation of difficult words and passages, and for interpreting parables and allusions, as well as for the imparting of instruction in Catholic doctrine.

The following is, in part, the story of the Sermon on the Mount.

> *Grandma:* It was springtime in Judea; the lilies were blooming in the fields, the vines and figtrees were green upon the hills, and the birds were singing. A great crowd had followed Jesus and seating Himself on the hilltop, while the people crowded in the plain, He spoke to them in a beautiful discourse, which is known as "The Sermon on the Mount." "Blessed," He said, "are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."
>
> *Henrietta:* What does poor in spirit mean?
>
> *Grandma:* The poor in spirit are those who do not seek for greater wealth and gain, and who do not set their minds and hearts on riches, and wish all power for themselves.

Miss Merrick seems to have mastered the art of adapting her language to the capacity of the child mind, an accomplishment not at all easy to attain.

Although written primarily for children this book may be read with interest and profit by older people. Teachers of Sunday-Schools can find in it many helpful suggestions, as well as useful materials for familiarizing their pupils with the life of the Savior. It will furnish to parents also a convenient means of instructing their children more fully in the truths of religion. But it will be of especial value to those who live away from cities and in places where there is neither religious instruction in the schools nor any regular opportunity to attend Sunday-School. It is to be hoped that the book will receive as wide a distribution as it deserves.

In our November number we gave John Lane & Co., London, as the publishers of G. K. Chesterton's *George Bernard Shaw*. The work is published by John Lane & Co., New York City.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (16 Oct.): Miss Louise Imogen Guiney sketches from original sources the charming life of St. Frideswide, whose name in Saxon means "the Bond of Peace." She is "the only saint whose life and death are connected throughout with Oxford," and is the patroness of both the city and the university.——The Roman Correspondent details the history of the interdict of Adria.——The Apostolic letter of our Holy Father on the Franciscans, defines the relation of the various branches to each other and grants certain privileges. ——Address of Mr. James K. Britten delivered before the recent conference of the Catholic Truth Society at Manchester. After narrating its origin, history, and work, he makes an appeal for moral and financial aid.

(23 Oct.): The characterization of Ferrer's execution as "murder" by the *London Daily News* is examined editorially and shown to be unfounded from reports in other London papers.——Miss Guiney narrates the varying fortunes of St. Frideswide's cultus through the dark period of the Reformation and down to our own day. ——Maria A. Degani suggests that the French teaching orders seeking refuge in England, instead of entering fields already crowded, should open "a training course in manual pursuits and housecrafts for pupils leaving elementary schools."

(30 Oct.): An Editorial on the French Government's violation of neutrality in the schools and the latest measures looking to a complete and absolute state monopoly of education.——Miss Guiney narrates the history of St. Frideswide's cultus outside of Oxford.——A letter of Father Tyrrell to Bishop Herzog of the Old Catholics, in which he repudiates the Councils of Trent and the Vatican, and declares his opposition to the Papacy.——"The Intellectual Claims of the Catholic Church," Dr. B. C. A. Windle's address delivered before the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

The Month (Oct.): "The Clergy and Social Work" considers the nature of the various social works practised by priests in France and Germany. It points out how

these works, whether from a moral or from a material standpoint, have proven beneficial to the working classes. ——Rev. Joseph Keating, in an article entitled "The Rationalist as Prophet," reviews a late book, *The Decay of the Church of Rome*, by Joseph McCabe. The latter bases his arguments on statistics which Father Keating condemns as founded on an arbitrary system. Father Keating quotes several passages from the book to show that its author is prejudiced toward, and misinformed about, matters Catholic.——"The Economy of Religious Orders," by Rev. Joseph Rickaby, considers the economic effects of Religious as teachers and as nurses. ——Rev. J. H. Pollen writes on "Italy and the Counter Reformation." This article is a review of *The Religious Life in Italy During the First Years of the Company of Jesus*, by Father Venturi. The writer considers at length the moral and political condition of the country at the time when the Jesuits first came to Italy.——In the preceeding number Rev. Herbert Thurston considered the injustice now done to the Catholic missionary enterprises of former ages. In the current number he takes up the question of the early Anglican efforts, which received such praise at the recent Pageant. He maintains that the evidence goes to show that the Anglican claim of long and laborious years of missionary toil among the savages is not established.——"The Stonyhurst Rubens," by W. P. Baines, describes a painting found in the gallery of Stonyhurst College. It is said to be a genuine Rubens, though not of the usual worldly type, and represents the Four Western Doctors of the Church. Together with a minute description of the painting, and a photograph of it, the author gives a short history of the supposed artist.

(Nov.): The article "A Catholic Society for Social Study," by Charles Plater, deals with a new organization composed of eminent Catholics, both clergy and laity. The object of this society is to furnish the Catholics throughout England with useful information and valuable literature. It is part of the scheme to establish clubs and, as far as possible, to bring the peoples of different sections into communication with

one another.——"The Belgian Patronage System," by Frederick O'Connor, describes the clubs for men and boys scattered throughout Holland. These clubs were founded and are under the supervision of Catholic laymen. The author claims that these clubs have proved effective in checking the spread of Socialism.——Father Thurston's "Book, Bell, and Candle" is a consideration of anathemas. It shows the mistaken notions generally held concerning them. The author points out that the motive for the accumulation of these was to strike terror into the hearts of the people, rather than to inflict the punishments enumerated.——"A Zealous Lover of the Sacred Heart," by Ymal Oswin, is a sketch of the life, the labors, the sufferings and death of Louise Terèse de Montaignac, one of the first secretaries-general of the promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer.

The Hibbert Journal (Oct.): Rivalry between "Germany and England," says Adolf Harnack, need not ultimately and necessarily lead to war; these nations are indispensable to each other, which is the secret of peace. Science will promote mutual understanding and uproot chauvinism. ——An authoritative discussion of the Emmanuel Movement, by the Rev. Samuel McComb, under the heading "The Christian Religion as a Healing Power." He emphasizes its distinctness from Christian Science; its active co-operation with trained physicians; its efforts confined to functional disorders; its insistence upon the fact of the sub-conscious and upon the inter-dependence of the mind and the nervous system: upon the movement's ethical and philanthropic character.——The Rev. John Naylor, writing of "Luke and Ancient Medicine," propounds the question how far Luke's supernaturalism affects his accuracy as an historian, and answers that, even if his interpretation of miracle stories be doubtful or wrong, the event may have happened.——The Rev. Alfred Fawkes thinks that the Catholic Church will slowly but surely crumble under the attacks from "the most important life- and thought-tendency since the Reformation—Modernism."——"Ptolemaic and Copernican Views of the Place of Mind in the Universe," by Professor S. Alexander. In analogy with the Ptolemaic and Coperni-

can views as to the relative importance of the earth in the universe are the views that mind is the central reality and that mind is merely a distinctive property of a certain group of physical things. The author says that the former is predominant, but that the latter is abroad in some forms of realism.——Professor Borden P. Bowne praises Darwin as a model investigator, but says that "most of Darwin's particular crude claim has passed away. Organic connection and unity must be found not in the space and time world, but in the world of thought."——Sir William Collins, in "Crime and Punishment," shows the failure of "the present allocation of social offenders and defectives," and says that "it is on the moral plane that we must work if we are to reconstruct character and not merely regulate conduct."

The Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): "The Moravian Church and the Proposals of the Lambeth Conference," by Rev. W. N. Schwarze. The writer feels that church unity, while desirable, is not immediately practicable, since the Moravians do not consider the episcopate as essential, and also because parity between the Moravian and the Anglican clergy is not recognized in the proposals. A General Moravian Synod has, however, since adopted resolutions preparing the way for reunion.——A writer on "The Problems of Morals in France" quotes from the rationalists: "Without God we have not been able to put forward an efficacious morality." "Pharisaism has become the order of the day," and makes reform impossible.——F. B. Jevons, in "The History and Psychology of Religion," denies that fear, although predominant, was the only emotional reaction of which the religious consciousness was at the beginning capable, but claims that to substitute love for fear has been the exclusive prerogative of Christianity.——"Gnosticism and Early Christianity in Egypt," says P. D. Scott Moncrieff, were curiously mingled until the sure establishment of the episcopate in Alexandria and the rise of the school of Clement.——A description of the development of the Jewish doctrines of "Eschatology and the Kingdom of Heaven"; how Jesus Christ fulfilled all that was pure in their expectation, as He does that of all other races, ancient and modern.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Oct.): Under "The New Knowledge and Its Limitations," Rev. P. Coffey, reviewing the advances that have been and are every day being made in the science of chemistry, states that these discoveries but enhance the value of the argument from design for the existence of God, and urges how important it is that believers in God should familiarize themselves with the scientific facts, lest they be "distorted to serve as seeming supports for infidelity."——Rev. J. F. Hogan, in "The Lay College at Maynooth," concludes his refutation of the charge that the college was founded for the laity as well as for the clergy, and that, "by crafty contrivances and machinations the clergy succeeded in 'grabbing' the establishment and elbowing the laity out.——In his first article on "The Words of Joan of Arc," R. Barry O'Brien gives a brief account of the "Maid's" early life and of the motives which impelled her to espouse the cause of her country, and traces her career from Domremy to Orleans.——"A Curate in England" writes on "Some Features of Catholicism in England." He objects to the spirit of gloom which seems to permeate the columns of the Catholic press of the country.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (Oct.): Rev. Leslie J. Walker, S.J., in "Truth and Toleration," answers an attack upon infallibility by Dr. F. C. S. Schiller. Father Walker says that "an infallible authority is the only sure criterion of progress," and that "it is not a hardship to have to obey dogmatic decrees in a society in which the qualification for membership is faith." Nor is infallibility inconsistent with toleration, since "no one is to be constrained to embrace the Faith."——"Fair Prices and Methods at Auctions," by Rev. David Barry. ——Rev. T. Slater, S.J., says that the "Repetition of Extreme Unction" to the same person in the same sickness oftener than once a year is against the universal practice since the Council of Trent.——By the words "He shall be saved, yet so as by fire," St. Paul speaks directly of Purgatory, according to Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., as well as of temporal tribulation; he speaks also of the last judgment and of the conflagration which will precede it.——Both "Scholasticism and Modern Thought,"

writes Rev. P. Coffey, have their difficulties. If the former is indefinite about *materia prima*, so is the latter about ether. But "Scholasticism must be modernized, reformed, supplemented, harmonized with modern science —it must become Neo-Scholasticism if it is to influence modern thought."

Le Correspondant (25 Oct.): "Socialism and the Conquest of the Peasants," by Joseph Bois. "The peasant loves his soil"; according to the author these few words express more forcibly than any long discourse, the chief obstacle in the path of the Socialists.——"The Religious Crisis of the French Revolution," by De Lanzac de Laborie. ——"The Union of South Africa," says E. de Renty, "is virtually accomplished. Its constitution was approved by the English Parliament on the 20th of last August."——"A Victory," a short story by Dorlisheim. ——Jules Guillemot contributes a critique of "The Prefaces of the Younger Dumas," and of Edmond About, Victorian Sardou, and Edouard Pailleron.

Études (5 Oct.): The origin, work, the extent of the secrets known by, and the relations with the government and clergy, of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament, a seventeenth-century charitable organization of France, in the light of documents recently edited, are described by Joseph Brucker.——Jules Grivet joins issue with Henri Bergson over certain philosophical conclusions of the latter. In his attempt to prove the freedom of the will, Bergson, is said to fail, because he does not understand the true nature of man. Grivet claims that man is free because he is reasonable and can will all that reason shows to him to be good.——Michel d'Herbigny continues an account of the life and writings of Vladimer Solaviev, the Newman of Russia.——Salvation among the Hindoos, writes Pierre Carty, consists in the liberation from the chains of existence which is accomplished by true knowledge. The means for obtaining this are described as, at their best, only preternatural.

(20 Oct.): A summary of the legislation effected by the Belgian Catholic Congress at Malines, in September last, is contributed by Joseph Boubée.——It is the opinion of Gabriel Huvelin that there are two distinct accounts

of the creation and the deluge in Genesis. Such a theory is said not to conflict with inspiration, nor with the reality of the main facts.——Joseph Brucker continues his article on the Company of the Blessed Sacrament, relating its various charitable foundations throughout France, in Northern Africa, and the Far East, especially in hospitals, refuges, and prisons.——In 1823 Father Fortis, S.J., forbade the Jesuits of France to teach seven propositions chosen from "The Essay of Fénelon." The latter resented the action, and the correspondence that followed between him and Father Godinot, the Jesuit provincial, is given in full by Paul Dudon.——Lucien Roure criticizes experiments with the medium, Eusapia Palladino.

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Oct.): In the "Paulinism of Mark," E. Mangenot, begins an analysis of M. Loisy's theory, according to which the Gospel of Mark, in its present form, was not written by a disciple of Peter, but by a partisan, if not a disciple, of Paul.——"The Congress of Psychology at Geneva (August 3-7, 1909) and the Study of Religious Phenomena," by Jules Pacheu, is, in part, a report of the Congress, but it deals especially with the tendency of certain Positivistic scientists to dogmatize on the non-existence of the supernatural. ——J. Bricout reviews a *Manual of Apologetics*, by P. Etienne Hugueny, O.P. This is the first volume of a work entitled *Catholic and Critic*. The work is highly praised for its excellent composition, its wisdom and moderation, for its success in combining severe critical methods with correctness of language and elegance of style.——Under the heading, "The Philosophical Chronicle," E. Lenoble reviews *The Systems of Philosophy or Affirmative Philosophies*, by Ernest Naville; a *Text-Book of Psychology*, by William James; and a volume of *Essays on Cognition*, by George Fonsegrive.——A pastoral letter of the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of France sets forth their mind relative to the "Rights and Duties of Parents regarding the Schools."——"The Sexual Morality of the School," is a reprint of a conference of M. Malapert.

La Revue des Sciences Ecclésiastiques et La Science Catholique

(Oct.): Abbé J. B. Verdier treats "The Relations Between Church and State," or the public rights of the Church and liberty of conscience; the Concordat as seen at Paris and at Rome. The demands of the Cardinals in 1905 for a loyal understanding and application of this working basis for co-operation has proven utterly futile.——Em. Nevent continues "The Structure of the Psalms."—— "The Gregorian Restoration and the Solesmes School," by Norbert Rousseau, continued. The points argued are as follows: "The work of Solesmes does not contradict the 'Gregorian Melodies' of Dom Pothier; it is a licit work, authorized, though not officially approved; it is strictly scientific and traditional; it is æsthetic and practical."

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Oct.): "The Duties and Rights of Parents Relative to the Education of their Children," is treated by X——, who, from the pastoral letter of the French Episcopate, desires to show how the State, although it can aid and assist parents, yet can never supplant them in the education of their children.——"Monsieur Tyrrell; or, the True Religion of the Modernist," by Chanoine Beaurredon, based on the volume *Am I a Catholic?*—a reply to Mgr. Mercier on the seat of authority in the Church.——"Are Women More Moral than Men?" is the question Theodore Joran undertakes to discuss in his article: "Feminism in the Order of Moral Realities." He answers that, in this matter, the sexes are on a par.

Revue Thomiste (Sept.–Oct.): The opening article, by Dom Renaudin, O.S.B., on "St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Benedict," may be summarized under the following headings: The Influence of Monte Cassino in the training of St. Thomas; His devotion to St. Benedict and his appreciation of the Benedictine rule as manifested in his works; His friendly relations with the Benedictines.—— A. D. Sertillanges, in the "Principles of Nature According to St. Thomas," discusses at length the Thomistic theory of the constitution of matter, and shows its relation to ancient naturalism and the modern Dynamic Theory.——"The authentic Writings of St. Thomas" is continued.——R. P. Petiot writes on "Pascal's Theory

of Knowledge." A correct understanding of Pascal's thought is said to depend on the clear distinction made between reason and intelligence, and between the will and what in his terminology is meant by the heart.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (21 Oct.): "Literary Oppositions Among German Catholics." A. Baumgartner, S.J., discusses R. V. Kralik's answer to accusations raised against him by Muth. The writer agrees with Kralik that Catholic *belles-lettres* should have a religious and Catholic spirit as well as a national and artistic one.——"The Devotion to the Person of Jesus Christ Reviewed Historically, Down to the Beginning of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart." H. Bruders, S.J., sketches the development of the interest taken through the Christian ages in the devotion to Christ's person—as we see it reflected in epic and lyric poetry, in painting and architecture, in processions and particular devotions, and in Eucharistic Congresses. The devotion to the Sacred Heart has brought the devotions both to the historical and the Eucharistic Jesus into a complete harmony.——Julius Bessmer, S.J., in an article, "The Cult of Decadence," discusses pathological literary tendencies on the example of Paul Verlaine, and the great interest taken in him by many modern writers.——St. Beissel, S.J., concludes his "Contributions to the History of Prayer-Books," by discussing the types of prayer-books used since the seventeenth century, and by calling attention to the superabundance of cheap prayer-books used at the present time. The liturgies of the Church are the best example and the most wholesome source for prayer-books.——Otto Pfuelf, S.J., concludes his paper "An Impartial Word About the Inquisition." The political and social development of the Christian world led with almost automatic precision to the establishment of the Inquisition. The Inquisition was not an arbitrary introduction, but a judicial progress. It did not introduce severer punishments, but restricted the existing ones and brought them under legal control. The main object of the inquisitors was to bring back the erring and to secure the protection of the faithful and innocent.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Oct.): Amaury de Cibaix presents an "Essay in Religious Psychology," treating the problem of evil, man's present fallen state, and his search for happiness.——"Notes on Jewish Thought in the Time of our Lord," by G. Bardy, concluded. The author says that the apocalypses proclaimed the sorrows of this world, which they announced as providentially determined by God and the glories of the world to come, the date of whose arrival they definitely settled. These books appeared under the name of some venerable person like Enoch and claimed authority above canonical writings.——E. Mangenot, writing of the "Reality and Glorified State of Christ's Risen Body," says: "The Gospel narratives cannot be explained by interior visions; the fact of the Resurrection of Christ in corporeal life must be taken or left. The hypothesis of pneumatic objective visions cannot satisfy the modern conscience, which rejects everything supernatural. It cannot explain the empty tomb and it makes God the direct cause of a serious optical delusion."——"Meditation on the Rosary," by Ph. Ponsard, is a defence of external religion and of the use of matter in our redemption, as it had a share in man's fall.——H. Lesêtre reviews the origin, object, and lessons of the feast of All Saints.——Collective Pastoral Letter of the Bishops of France on the rights and duties of parents in the matter of education.

La Civiltà Cattolica (16 Oct.): "Theosophic Motives of Credibility for the Gospels." This article shows how irreligious, anti-scientific, and immoral are the general principles of theosophy, by which the famous Annie Besant claims that her communication with the spirits of the other world have confirmed in part the story of Christ's life in the Gospels and in part discredited it.——"The Duty of the Family in the Correction of Youth." The writer lays bare the disordered conditions of the social body to-day, resulting from the prevalence of public life over the private; of society over the family, and claims that juvenile criminality is the result of divorcing Christ and religion from the schools.——"The Activity of Catholic Ladies in Italy." A new society has been organized in Rome by the Princess Lady

Christina Bandini, with some of the wealthiest women in Rome and in various other Provinces, in order to alleviate the sorrows and miseries of the poor.——"Popular Action in France." The purpose of this Catholic action in France is the defense and propagation of sound social doctrine. The founder of this work is the Abbé Leroy.

España y América (15 Oct.): P. A. Blanco gives his third paper on "Mendel and his Scientific Work," summing up the precautions used by the Augustinian in his experiments upon plants, and presents tributes to his accuracy from Cuenot, Bateson, Biffen, and Mayer.——P. C. Fernández, O.P., continues his "Exegetical System of St. Thomas Aquinas." He says that St. Thomas undeniably admitted a plurality of literal senses in the Scriptures, as did his master, St. Augustine, or at least that such a plurality is not repugnant.——P. M. B. Garcia is enthusiastic over a visit to a popular New York theatre, and quotes approvingly the words of Van Dyke: "The people of the United States are most idealistic, engaged in a tremendous materialistic task."

Razón y Fe (Oct.): V. Minteguiaga, following the example of the prelates of the ecclesiastical province of Bourgos, appeals to the civil power for a law repressing anti-social and anti-religious propaganda, as evinced by the Barcelona riots.——R. Ruiz Amado, in answering the charges about "The Excessive Number of Monks," refers to the much greater number of bachelors and of depraved persons in Spain, the preponderance of women over men even favoring many women's entering convents, and then declares that celibacy is not a crime against nature, when freely chosen and freely persevered in.——"The Use of Sweet Wine at Mass," and various theories of fermentation, with ecclesiastical opinions and permissions, by Eduardo Vitoria.——N. Noguer describes the regeneration of the Italian province of Trent by co-operation.——Concluding "Notes on the Eucharistic Apostolate of St. Ignatius."

Current Events.

France.

The relations of France with foreign Powers have undergone but little change. Some anxiety was felt for a time that the co-operation and mutual understanding with Spain as to Morocco was being endangered by the warlike operations against the Riffs which have been carried on so long. Apprehensions were beginning to be felt that these operations might be the prelude to more ambitious projects. Rumors were abroad that compensation for the loss of her colonies was to be obtained by the conquest of a part of Morocco, and that this was the goal of the King's ambition. The former Commander-in-Chief of the French army during the operations in the neighborhood of Casablanca, General d'Amade, gave public utterance to these fears, by declaring that Spanish activity was imperilling French interests in Morocco. The fifty or sixty thousand men whom Spain had sent to Africa indicated projects, the General thought, that were of greater importance than the policing of Melilla, projects which threatened to interfere with the securing by France of an outlet from Algeria to the Atlantic Ocean.

These utterances of a General on the active list, if they had remained unnoticed by the French government, would have implied its approbation, and would consequently have brought an end to further co-operation between France and Spain. The Minister for War, therefore, felt that it was his duty to inflict upon the over-zealous General the penalty of placing him, as they call it, *en disponibilité*, that is to say, putting him upon the unemployed list of the army for six months, with the pay of his rank, and the possibility of being reinstated. The Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, declared in public that he recognized the loyalty of Spain to her engagements, that she had kept within the sphere which had been defined by treaties, and that she had given formal assurances that it was her intention to respect all the clauses of the Treaty of Algeciras. Those treaties, M. Pichon declared, secure to France a free outlet through Morocco from Algeria to the Atlantic. There seems, therefore, no reason to think that discord will arise between

France and Spain, and still less reason for believing that Germany is promoting what does not exist.

There is reason, however, to anticipate a revival of the conflict between Morocco and France. Mulai Hafid, the Sultan who a short time ago was a humble suppliant for recognition by the Courts of Europe, has already undergone that deterioration which the possession of power so often brings about. Not content with inflicting upon his own subjects tortures so many and so horrible that they have called forth the remonstrances of the Powers, he has of late been subjecting to unjust treatment the protected subjects of other powers, and particularly of France. Moreover, he objects to pay the bill which has been incurred by the recent operations round Casablanca, at least he has up to this deferred payment. He seems anxions, too, that France should evacuate both Casablanca and Ujda. He has sent an embassy to Paris to negotiate, but this embassy seems more desirous of talking than of coming to any decision.

The French, therefore, are becoming impatient, and it is not at all improbable that the near future will see a resumption of active operations against the Sultan. With reference to other countries France's relations are in the same state as before, although there is reason to think that the Tsar's visit to the King of Italy, and the *rapprochement* between Italy and Russia indicated thereby, may have the effect of bringing Italy and France into closer relations.

The last Session of the Chambers previous to the Election next spring has begun, and the political campaign has been inaugurated. M. Briand's ministry will, in all probability, remain in power and conduct the election, although it would be rash, considering the large number of various parties existing in the Chamber, and the possible permutations and combinations of these parties, to feel sure. M. Briand himself seems to be growing in influence. He has become an eloquent and persuasive orator, manifesting an appearance of fairness and moderation which is lacking to the Extremists on either side, and if he has not abjured the Socialism of which he was once the ardent defender, he recognizes fully that it is not yet within the range of practical politics. In the speech which he made at Périgueux before the beginning of the Session, which was meant to be an exposition of his policy, conciliation and toler-

ation were declared to be his guiding stars. The Republic was not only to be strong, but it was to be made capable of being loved by all Frenchmen. The adhesion and support of all was to be attracted so powerfully as to render opposition to the Republic an antiquated absurdity. The French Republic must be, he declared, the Republic of all Frenchmen, including Catholic Frenchmen, for he has repeatedly recognized that even these have the rights of French citizens. The broadest toleration and freedom of speech and of religious opinion were incumbent upon the government. Workingmen's pensions, the encouragement of national industries, security and confidence, as the condition of all prosperity, were to be the immediate aims of the government. The relations of capital and labor, the conflict between which he could not bring himself to believe was to be eternal, would be dealt with to the best of the ability of the government, in the hope that a radical solution might gradually be evolved; towards which solution profit-sharing seemed to him to present hopeful promise. The undue devotion to the local interests of their own constituents, which has been a source of abuse in the past, rather than to those of France as a whole, rendered it necessary to inculcate upon the electorate the necessity of remembering that a deputy once elected is no longer their own mere local deputy, but a deputy of France.

A strong movement has been begun for a reform of electoral methods in order to prevent these selfish local interests just referred to from exercising undue preponderance. The substitution of what is called the *scrutin de liste* and of proportional representation for the existing method of *scrutin d'arrondissement* is being advocated as a means of effecting this desirable object. A leading member of the Cabinet, M. Millerand, has publicly advocated this plan, and it has the support of representatives of every shade of political opinion, from the Extreme Right to the Socialist Left. The fact that so prominent a member of the government had given support to the proposed Reform, led people to expect that the Ministers would, during the present session, advocate its adoption. M. Briand, however, although not in any way an opponent of the measure, declared that it was impossible, in the short time that remained before dissolution, to make so great a change. The country had not had time to understand the meaning of

the proposal. Moreover, it would be bad party policy at the present time, from the Republican point of view, for it would strengthen the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left. The majority of the Chamber accepted this proposed adjournment, and M. Briand's speech was ordered to be placarded throughout France. But the organizers of the movement will resolutely continue their campaign, and it seems likely that, during the coming elections, the question will be paramount among the election cries.

M. Briand's declared devotion to toleration, even towards French Catholics, made at Périgueux, was soon put to the test, and does not seem to have stood that test. The text-books used in the State Schools are, in many cases, of so anti-religious a character that no religious Protestant in this country would allow them entrance into his house, much less make them the authoritative guides for his children. Such at least was the case some years ago, and we have no reason to think that they have improved. The Bishops of France felt bound to condemn the use of such books, just as every conscientious parent in this country is doing every day. Moreover, many of the teachers in the French schools aggravate the difficulty and not only pervert the children, but violate the law as it stands. The Bishops, allied with laymen, have successfully sought the protection of the courts—so successfuly that a bill is being introduced to protect the teachers in their wrongdoing.

That the Bishops should have taken these active steps has raised a great outcry, and there were those who felt that the principles enunciated by M. Briand should lead him to take their side. For Catholics, he had often said, were French citizens, and had all the rights of French citizens. But, no; the supremacy of the *École Laïque* must be maintained, and any one and anything that conflicted with this supremacy was to be suppressed. And so M. Briand expressed his agreement with the proposals of M. Doumergue, the Minister of Education, and promised to give his support to them. These proposals have for their object the exemption of the teachers from legal prosecution. Not satisfied with this, M. Doumergue has warned the teachers to take no account of any summons that may be addressed to them by the clergy or by associations of parents, asking them to withdraw from the hands of the pupils

the regular text-books which the Bishops have condemned. The poor children, too, who obey their parents are to be visited with disciplinary penalties.

This is the way in which, when it comes to the point, liberty and toleration are understood in France. It is well to remember, however, that it might, perhaps may, be worse. The Catholics are, at present, allowed to have their own schools. But there is a party in France, of which M. Combes, not long ago Prime Minister, is the leader, which advocates the entire suppression of these schools, and the making it unlawful for any one to teach, except under the control of the State. How numerous this party is we do not know, nor whether it will increase or decrease in numbers. This depends upon the greater or less resistance which is offered to it by the people of France and to the way in which the resistance is offered. There is a fair prospect that an effective mode will be found of counteracting what is in reality a despotic form of government. It has been suggested that Catholics, genuine Liberals, and decent people of all parties, should unite in a policy of justice and conciliation, and this suggestion has been approved by a large number of Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, including the Archbishop of Toulouse. In view of the approaching elections the Bishop of Nancy has issued a manifesto approving of a policy which, had it been adopted years ago, would have averted many evils. He counsels the faithful of his diocese to draw a sharp distinction between the defense of religious interests and the defense of the political interests of the country, the confusion of which in the past he knew had been frequently disastrous. "It is my conviction," he said, "which is constantly becoming more profound, that in France the clergy ought not to take part in electoral fights. By doing so it would compromise its mission, which is higher, which is essential—its mission as an apostle, as a savior of souls. . . . I affirm that public opinion in France is opposed to such intervention of the clergy, and that none of the political parties would agree to it." No surer way, indeed, to secure the defeat of religious interests can be found as things are now than for the clergy to support them by interference in elections. The mere suspicion, M. Julien de Narfon affirms in the *Figaro*, that the clergy are attempting to govern the consciences of their flocks, is an asset of considerable value to the enemies of religion, and the

higher the source of the intervention the more disastrous are the consequences.

The Bishop, however, is not in favor of total abstention from the political defense of religion; while carefully abstaining from organizing a party, Catholics should make use of their votes in all cases and on behalf of the candidates most likely to do the best service to religious interests, without scrutinizing too closely their political creed. The one who would oppose the spirit of persecution in all its forms should be chosen for support. The Catholic Press, the Bishop declares, has been as great a sinner in the tone of its polemics as have been its opponents; without wishing to suppress "controversies which though fiery, remain courteous," the Bishop is convinced that it would be "a glaring contradiction to speak of an understanding and of common action while persisting in personal attacks and in violent accusations." This conciliatory political movement, advocated by the Bishop, ought to be promoted by an active spirit of conciliation rather than by the usual organization of committees. Conciliation is a state of mind rather than a cast-iron party programme, a virtue not of this world. The Bishop finally advises his flock not to yield to the feeling which is widespread in Catholic circles, that "things must be worse before they become better." The wise course is to use every available means to make them better at once. Abstention from the polls, he declares, has always been one of the cankers of French Parliamentary institutions.

Germany.

The seventh of October was the thirtieth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty between Germany and Austria-Hungary which, by the subsequent adhesion of Italy, eventuated in the Triple Alliance. The exact terms of the Treaty have not been published, but its results have been manifest. The maintenance of peace for so long a period is to be attributed to it. It has, in fact, formed the foundation of European politics for three decades. According to the *Cologne Gazette* this league between Germany and Austria has passed into the blood of the peoples. The relation of Italy to the other powers is not so close, nor is it clear that the two Powers are satisfied with its attitude; and it is all but certain that Italy is not satisfied with the position in the

Alliance which Germany and Austria would have her to take. There are those who think that the recent visit of the Tsar to the King of Italy may initiate a new grouping of the Powers. The *rapprochement* between Italy and Russia which has resulted from the visit seems incompatible with the objects of the Triple Alliance.

No year passes in Germany without the issue of a new loan. The fresh issue is not so large as that of the previous year, although it is for a considerable sum—about one hundred and twenty-five millions of dollars. It would be a mistake to think that, however unsatisfactory the process of making additions to the indebtedness of the nation may be, these additions are an indication of the poverty of Germany. Experts in finance affirm that the Empire is well able to bear even greater burdens. That it can raise a loan at all indicates the possession of resources; there are nations so poor that no one will lend to them.

The Socialist Party, in spite of all the opposition offered to it, continues to make further progress. At Coburg and in Baden and Saxony it has been winning electoral victories. In Baden those victories were won at the expense of the Centre-Conservatives, whose vote decreased by 14 per cent, while the Liberal vote was 8 per cent less than at the last elections, the increase of the Socialist vote is given at 71 per cent. In Saxony the number of Socialists is 21 times as large as in the previous Parliament—21 Socialists instead of one. In Berlin itself they have been sucessful at three by-elections It is reported that the Imperial Treasury contemplates the adoption of what many look upon as a socialistic expedient for raising revenue. It has requested the Federal Governments to furnish information with regard to the introduction of an Imperial unearned-increment tax capable of yielding five millions a year. Upwards of a hundred municipalities for their own local purposes have already adopted this tax; the proposal that it should be adopted as an Imperial Tax was first made by the Conservatives.

Austria-Hungary.

Austria-Hungary has been celebrating its own anniversary—that of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, although so great is the degree of internal disorganization in the Dual Monarchy that neither of its two Par-

liaments has ratified the act of annexation. The promised Constitution has not yet, so far as we have learned, been proclaimed, although it is said to have been prepared and approved of by the two Governments. Of the events which led up to the annexation corrections are being made of the accounts which appeared at the time. In particular, the well-known Austrian historian, Dr. Heinrich Friedjung, has made an effort to place Count von Aehrenthal's conduct in a more favorable light.

The danger of war having been averted, the various nationalities have resumed with renewed vigor their internecine quarrels. In Bohemia the conflict between Germans and Czechs has been so fierce that the Diet has had to be prorogued without doing a stroke of work. In the Diet of Carniola at Laibach Slovene Liberals assailed their Catholic opponents with missiles filled with sulphurated hydrogen. In Hungary the dissensions are so bitter that for six months it has been impossible to form a ministry. The Diets of Lower and Upper Austria, Salzburg and Vorarlberg, have voted measures establishing German as the only official language in these provinces. On the ratification of these provisions by the Austrian Cabinet, the two Czech members resigned. The high treason trial, which has been going on at Agram for some nine months, resulted in the condemnation of some of the accused. This was a part of the conflict for supremacy between the Magyars and the Slavs. The former alleged that there was a treasonable conspiracy of the latter; and although the case completely broke down, it was felt necessary, for reasons thought to be for the good of the State, to inflict penalties on those whose guilt had not been proved. The remarkable thing is that this supposed State-necessity was looked upon as a sufficient justification of such a proceeding.

As a consequence of the recent unwonted activity, the peoples of Austria, already overwhelmed with taxes, are to have a large additional burden imposed upon their shoulders. The avowed deficit is very large, even without taking account of the building of Dreadnoughts which is contemplated. To meet it further taxes are to be imposed, an increased duty on spirits, a successive duty on inheritances and gifts of from 1¼ to 18 per cent; an increase of the income tax, and of dividend taxes. Bachelors, and others who have only one person for

whom to provide, are to be made to contribute on this account to the support of the State, as well as all drinkers of mineral and soda waters. And no one is to be allowed either to make or sell matches except the State. All these increases are irrespective of the cost of the Dreadnoughts which it is proposed to build.

Russia.

In Russia there has been no notable change. The Constitution is still in existence, although it has many enemies. The Tsar has regained popularity, and can not only venture to go through the streets with safety, but is cheered by the people on his public appearances. He is, for the first time for many years, to pass the winter in St. Petersburg. Anxiety has been felt about Finland, that a second attempt was to be made upon its privileges, and even that a part of it was to be incorporated into Russia. But there seems to be reason to think—strange to say—that in the conflict that has arisen the Russian government may be in the right. Finland belongs to Russia by conquest from Sweden, although in the treaty by which the latter country relinquished its former province, certain privileges were conferred on the Finns. The question which has now arisen concerns the extent of these privileges. Some of the Finns seem to exaggerate, and to give an extension to them beyond all due bounds. Their claims are analogous to those of the Independence Party in Hungary. They wish to have no other bond to Russia except the personal bond, which consists in the fact that the Tsar is Grand Duke of Finland. The Russian Ministry and the Duma are to have no power over any Finnish institution. This claim is resisted by the Russian government, who declare that, while willing to maintain all the privileges really granted at the time of the union of Russia and Finland, it cannot go further. Finland was a province of Sweden, she cannot claim to be more than a province of Russia, although autonomous.

An Imperial Rescript has been published withdrawing from the competence of the Finnish Diet all imperial military legislation, and handing it over to the Duma; imposing also a contribution for the support of the army. These measures are meeting with strenuous opposition in Finland and troops have been sent in view of a possible uprising. The President of the

Duma, M. Homiakoff, is reported to have said that, had the question arisen ten years ago, he would unhesitatingly have said that Russia was wrong; but that at present it was impossible to pass judgment.

Italy.

The visit of the Tsar to the King of Italy, which has been due for many years, is, as every one acknowledges, an event which may have far-reaching consequences. The almost ostentatious way in which his Imperial Majesty avoided even passing through Austrian territory is looked upon as indicating that the alienation between the two countries is as great as ever. The result of the visit, as declared by the best authorities, is the attainment of complete accord between Italy and Russia on all Balkan questions. How Italy can be in perfect agreement with both Austria and Russia in these matters, inasmuch as the two latter countries are in direct opposition one to the other, passes the wit of man to see; and in what way the inevitable disagreement will be manifested is an object of interest for the near future.

Greece.

The revolution which has taken place in Greece, by which constitutional methods have been overridden although not destroyed, is in many ways similar to what has taken place in Turkey, but in one very important respect different. In both cases it was the army which caused the reforms to be made, and in both cases their motive was the same—the humiliations to which the antecedent *régime* had compelled their country to submit from foreign powers. The difference between the two cases was that the government overturned in Turkey was the loathesome despotism of Abdu Hamid, while in Greece the offending authority was a parliament of the most democratic form.

Greece, since attaining its freedom from the rule of Turkey, has been a constitutional monarchy and its legislative chamber, elected by universal suffrage, is but one and has no senate or House of Lords to control it. The King, too, has, by the admission of all, acted always in a perfectly constitutional way, never resisting the advice of his minister nor exercising any initiative of his own. And yet things have been so mismanaged

that the country has seen the necessity of acquiescing in the practical seizure of all power by the Military League. This League has dictated to the Chamber more than a score of laws, and the Chamber has obediently passed these laws, without discussion, when the League wished there should be none; with a semblance of discussion, when such was the will of the League. While seizing power themselves, the attempt of Typaldos to do the same on behalf of the junior officers of the Navy was promptly crushed with the co-operation of the League. The defeated mutineers are not to be tried by Court-martial, but, as being a political offense, they are to be handed over to the Civil Courts. Perhaps Spain would have been better advised if its government had acted in the same way with Señor Ferrer.

The Congo.

There seems at last to be good ground for looking forward to a settlement of this question. The Belgian Minister for the Colonies has laid before the Chamber a plan which gradually revokes the decrees which established the central feature of the system hitherto in force—the ownership by the government of the natural products of the country. The natives are to be granted the right to take the produce of the soil in the Domain. This is to be accomplished in three stages—the last of which is to be July 1, 1912. How the *Concessionaires* are to be treated has not yet been announced, but an investigation is to be made to ascertain whether it may not be advisable to make fresh arrangements with these companies,

With Our Readers.

PRESIDENT TAFT was present at the recent celebration of the golden jubilee of St. Aloysius' parish, Washington, D. C. It is an interesting fact that fifty years before President Buchanan was present at the dedication of the same church. President Taft's words at the celebration are in striking contrast to the policy of relentless tyranny against the Church pursued for years past by the government of France. The President declared that separation of Church and State in this country did not mean that there was hostility between the two.

Pius X., during an audience lately given to some French pilgrims, denounced the recent religious persecutions in France. "In that country," said the Holy Father, "where the State is the arbiter of religion, war is being waged against the Episcopate, the clergy, and the faithful, who are prevented from performing their duty, while the rights of citizenship are denied them."

That the persecution is a deliberate and cold-blooded attempt to root out every vestige of religion in the coming generation of French men and women is evident from the following extract from the *Daily Post* of Birmingham, England. The article was written by their French correspondent :

"French families of good old Huguenot stock are as grieved at what is going on as Roman Catholics themselves. At their Consistories, at their meetings, in their temples, in their homes, the note is one of lamentation ; and, if I venture on a statement that may appear paradoxical, it seems to me, from facts that have come under my personal notice, that French Protestants and French Catholics have been brought into sympathetic contact with each other by the anti-Christian wave. It is the first instinct of common action against a common danger, and will certainly grow.

"This very week I have been appealed to by a distinguished Protestant family, well known in French society and in consistorial circles, to do my utmost in the press to call attention to a grievance that affects the sanctity of the Christian home. It is this. At the lycees the teachers give the boys on Saturday afternoon so many lessons to prepare for Monday morning that the Sundays are taken up in studies, and, as a consequence, divine worship, the catechism class, associations with parents, are interfered with. Altogether it is an indirect method of secularizing the whole week, instead of six days. My friends are not alone ; a number of their co-religionists share in the same discontentment, and it helps what I have been

saying when I add that in the movement of protest that is being formed the Protestant pastors are seeking the active support of the Catholic priests."

Yet Dr. Henry van Dyke, who lectured during this year at the Sorbonne, has some encouraging words to say about the present conditions in France:

"Despite the many injustices of the Separation Law and the friction between Church and State, in my opinion the outlook for the Catholic Church in France is brighter than it has been in many a long year. The very hardships the Church is suffering are making for good, and in the rural districts a devotion is being roused in the hearts of the peasantry which will be the Church's strength in years to come."

* * *

APROPOS of the statement that the late Father Tyrrell would have found a peaceful home in the Anglican Church, it is interesting to read the words in the Anglican organ, *The Church Quarterly Review*, written by the Professor of Pastoral Theology in King's College, London: "If he had joined us, what would he have found? Freedom from obscurantism in pulpit, press, and council? Clear solutions of his two great problems, 'What is revelation?' and 'What is Church authority?' Absence of legalism, Medievalist, Protestant, and Erastian? Seperiority to shibboleths, a text, an Article, an Act of Parliament, a point of ritual, a dogmatic symbol, the catch-words of the third, or fourth, or sixth century, or of that line across Church history, mythical as the 'line' of the equator, which is called the undivided Church? We trow not."

* * *

AN interesting and instructive address, that should inspire many workers, lay and clerical, in the missionary field to-day, was delivered at the Eucharistic Congress held in Cologne, by Bishop Clancy, of Elphin, Ireland. He recalled the fact that the famous John Duns Scotus once lived in Cologne and labored in the Franciscan monastery there; Scotus died there in 1308, and there he is buried. Ireland bore the light of the Gospel and the blessings of Christian civilization to almost every people on the continent of Europe. Columba crossed to Iona and he and his brethren were the apostles of the Picts and Serbs of North Britain. St. Fiacre preached around Meaux, in France, and so popular became pilgrimages to his shrine in after years that the hackney coach which conveyed travelers thither received and still bears the saint's name. St. Killian won his crown of martyrdom at Wurzburg; and Livinus suffered unto death in Flanders. St. Donatus died a bishop of Lecce,

in the then kingdom of Naples. St. Virgilius became Bishop of Salzburg, in Austria; and St. Fridolin evangelized Spain. It was fitting, indeed, that the bishop should recall to the Christian world its indebtedness to the "Island of Saints and Scholars," to whose agency, under God, the preservation and, in many places, the inception of the Church's faith is indisputably due.

* * *

ONE of the most important and efficacious means of spreading abroad Catholic truth is Catholic literature; and Catholic literature that is within the reach of the people: that is written by authoritative and capable hands, and yet phrased in language to be understood by the people. When one surveys, even for a moment, the conditions of, and the problems that confront, the Catholic people of our land, there is no more crying need than this. To know and be guided by right principles in the increasingly acute social difficulties that confront us; to know our Faith and its definite teachings amidst the storms of doubt, of criticism, of questioning that every one of us must in some measure weather; to have the inspiration in our daily life that comes from a personal knowledge of our inheritance as Catholics, is a necessity that has been put before us with emphasis by the Holy Father, the bishops, the priests, throughout the land; not to mention the lesson of our own personal experience. Anything done to further the spread among our people of wholesome Catholic literature is certain to bear its good fruit for time and eternity.

* * *

READERS of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be pleased to know that thee ditor of *The Lamp*, with all his associates, at Graymoor on the Hudson, six men and twelve women, have been received into the Catholic Church; and that the Society of the Atonement will continue its corporate existence. *The Lamp* will be published monthly as usual. Its editor and the members of his Society have our heartiest good wishes.

* * *

THE two papers on Catholic writers and their difficulties, by Miss Guiney and Miss Repplier, in our last issue, have attracted wide attention. Apropos of a statement in Miss Guiney's article, we have received the following letter:

NEW YORK, November 15, 1909.

To the Editor of the Catholic World:

In her contribution to the very interesting discussion of the question of "Catholic Writers and their Handicaps," which you

print in the November number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, Miss Imogen Guiney says: "It is not we Catholics of vast America who are manning the yards nor driving the engines of our own great new venture, the Encyclopedia."

It is not polite to contradict a lady, but, in the interest of historical accuracy, will you allow me to say, as a compromise, that Miss Guiney's nautical figure is ill-chosen. If she had said that some of the cargo was imported she could stand on the manifest, but as to the craft itself, she is sadly out in her rating.

From keel to topmast the vessel *is* the production of Catholic America. American capital financed the enterprise; American-born editors, with one exception, have directed its progress so far. It was my privilege, during the production of the first five volumes of the Encyclopedia, to have immediate supervision of the "engine-room" and the condition of "the yards"; and, having signed in the crew of another craft now, I can, without impropriety, testify that to the zeal, ability, and careful work of my former associates of the working staff, is due in great measure that finished form of the Encyclopedia which has won such universal commendation. With one exception they were all American-born and trained in American schools and colleges.

While the Encyclopedia is catholic in every sense—in range, treatment of subjects, and in the selection of writers—the fact must not be obscured that we owe it to purely American enterprise and direction. Hence, as a witness from the inside, I beg leave to dissent from Miss Guiney's assertion in regard to the details that have accomplished this success. Very truly yours,

THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CENTURY COMPANY, New York:
Great Hymns of the Middle Ages. Compiled by Eveline Warner Brainerd. Pp. xxxvi.-122.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The Life and Times of Bishop Challoner, 1691-1781. Vols. I. and II. By Edwin H. Burton. Price $7 net. *Orpheus With His Lute.* By W. M. L. Hutchinson. Pp. 292.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
A Compendium of Catechetical Instruction. By Rev. John Hagan. Part I. and II. Price $4.25

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Heavenly Heretics. By Lyman P. Powell. Pp. 139. Price $1.25. *San Celestino.* By John Ayscough. Pp. 346 Price $1.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
It Never Can Happen Again. By William de Morgan. Pp. 687. Price $1.75. *The Demagog.* By William R. Hereford. Pp. 364.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—*Continued.*

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
The Temple. By Lyman Abbot. Pp.171. Price $1,25 net.

JOHN LANE & Co., New York:
The Holy Mountain. By Stephen Reynolds. Pp. 309. Price $1.50.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:
The Courage of Christ. By Henry C. Schuyler. Pp. 127. Price 50 cents.

SHERMAN, FRENCH & Co., Boston, Mass.:
The Prison Ships; and Other Poems. By Thomas Walsh. Pp. 115. Price $1.

THOMAS J. FLYNN & Co., Boston, Mass.:
The Woman Who Never Did Wrong. By Katherine C. Conway. Pp. 140.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
Piano Compositions. By Ludwig van Beethoven. Edited by Eugene d'Albert, Vol. I. Price, paper, $1.50; cloth, $2.50.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
Farming It. By Henry A. Shute. Ill. Pp. 248. Price $1.20 net. *Why American Marriages Fail.* By Anna A. Rogers. Pp. 214. Price $1.25. *The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth.* By Frank A. Mumby. Pp. 354. Price $3. *Travels in Spain.* By Philip S. Marden. Pp. 434. Price $3.

RICHARD G. BADGER, Boston, Mass.:
The God-Man; or, The Life and Works of Jesus. Poem in fifteen parts. By Rev. Henry Losch, M.D. Pp. 182. *Under the Mulberry Trees.* A Romance of the Old Forties. By Theron Brown. Pp. 504. *The Lash.* By Olin L. Lyman. Pp. 241. Price $1.50. *Shawnie Wade.* By Sarah J. Prichard. Pp. 143. Price $1. *Christus Centuriarum.* By James Davidson Dingwell. Pp. 59. Price $1. *Waters From an Ozark Spring.* By Howard L. Terry. Pp. 64. Price $1. *Elizabeth of Boonesborough.* By Pattie French Witherspoon. Pp. 122. Price $1.50. *The Spirit of the South.* By Will Wallace Harney. Pp. 227. Price $1.50. *The Haunted House.* By Henry Percival Spencer. Pp. 49. Price $1. *Mary's Adventures on the Moon.* By A. Stowell Worth. Pp. 157. Price 75 cents. *Three Thousand Dollars.* By Anna Katharine Green. Pp. 157. Price 75 cents. *The Automatic Capitalists.* By Will Payne. Pp. 150. *The Beginnings of New York.* By Mary Isabell Forsyth. Pp. 69. *The Countersign.* By Claude P. Jones. Pp. 305. Price $1.50. *Apologies for Love.* By F. A. Myers. Pp. 401. Price $1.50. *Folded Meanings.* By Susan C. Hosmer. Pp. 55. Price $1. *Alcestis.* By Carlotta Montenegro. Pp. 107. Price $1.25. *Changing Voices.* By R. D. Brodie. Pp. 64. Price $1. *The Shepherd Who Did Not Go to Bethlehem.* By S. Alice Ranlett. Pp. 115. Price $1. *The Guest at the Gate.* By Edith M. Thomas. Pp. 139. Price $1.50.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
A Damsel Who Dared. By Genevieve Irons. Pp. 327. Price $1.60 net. *The Principles of Eloquence.* Pp. 367.

CHARLES A. ROGERS BOOK COMPANY, Louisville, Ky.:
The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky. By Hon. Ben. J. Webb. Pp. 594.

THE ANGELUS COMPANY, Norwood, London:
The Catholic Diary for 1910. Pp. 384.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., London, England:
Quick and Dead. Pp. 71. *Some Papers of Lord Arundell of Wardour.* Pp. 284.

SANDS & Co., London, England:
Catholic Social Work in Germany. By Charles D. Plater, S.J. Pp. 137. Price 35 cents.

R. & T. WASHBOURNE, London, England:
Life of St. Gerard Maiella. By the Rev. O. R. Vassals-Phillips, C.SS.R. Pp. 232. Price 1*s.*

P. LETHEILLEUX, Paris, France:
Les Enfants que l'on Pleure. Par l'Abbé J. Brugerette. Price 3 *frs.*50. *Nos Morts au Purgatoire—au Ciel.* Par l'Abbé J. A. Chollet. *Le Glas Souvenir des Morts.* Par l'Abbé E. Thiriet. Price 3 *frs. Doctrines Religieuses des Philosophes Grecs.* Par M. Louis. *Le Modernisme Sociologique.* Par l'Abbé J. Fontaine.

E. PEILLART, Abbeville, France:
Une Bonne Affaire. Par M. du Campfranc. Price 2 *frs.* 50. *Suzel et sa Marraine.* Par M. Auqueperse. Price 1 *fr. Paroles de Jeanne d'Arc.* Pp. 168. Price 0 *fr.* 25.

THE

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A CATHOLIC PRINCIPLE AND THE CRITICISM OF SOCIALISM.

BY HUBERT HULL.

When a Society is perishing, the wholesome advice to give to those who would restore it is to recall it to the principles from which it sprang. . . . The first and most fundamental principle, if one would undertake to alleviate the condition of the masses, must be the inviolability of private property.—*Rerum Novarum.*

SOCIALISTS lament occasionally that the criticism of their proposals is inadequate. This sounds paradoxical; but there is no reason why it should not be perfectly sincere. Socialists possess in large measure the two great conditions of success, faith and enthusiasm: they believe firmly that they have found a solution of the problem of poverty, a way out of the horrid economic maze; they are unweary in making this discovery known, truly apostolic in their zeal for controversy and discussion. They are convinced that, suitably presented to mankind, its truth is self-evident; that in proportion as it becomes a living principle in men's minds and enters the warfare of ideas, struggles with one idea, combines with another, gains a fresh application from a third, is seen from new angles and in new lights, in a word, in proportion as it develops in the popular mind, its acceptance will inevitably extend. They are firm in their faith, and criticism they know is not the enemy but the servant of truth. For nations and men, for policies and dogmas, opposition is necessary for true growth. Criticism is the fire wherein falsehood is consumed, and truth made strong.

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But, though this lament may be sincere, is it reasonable? It is not, certainly, if we measure criticism by the gallon of ink, or the square yard of paper. At irregular intervals, in papers and reviews, a large amount of space is occupied with the discussion of Socialism; it fills perorations with sound and fury, and to the politician the word "Socialism" is as great a godsend as Asia Minor to the traditional schoolboy. But in great measure the discussion is merely parthian and irritatory, inconsistent and vague, and where it is based on any discoverable philosophy, that philosophy is such that no Catholic can accept. The whole controversy goes on like a fight in the dark. If we put on one side the Catholic opposition, based as it is on quite definite teaching and tradition, neither inconsistent nor vague, we may agree that the Socialists' lament is reasonable as well as sincere.

There can be no question about the Catholic attitude. Its antagonism to Socialism is constant and recognized.

The attempt is sometimes made to denounce this antagonism as misconceived and unfair, as based on the exaggerations and extravagancies of individual Socialists, and unconnected with the essence of the Socialist creed. Now, it may be freely admitted that the Socialist idea, that by which Socialism is Socialism, is not of necessity bound up with anti-Catholic or irreligious tendencies or teaching. At the same time it is undeniable that the Socialist movement is, *de facto*, generally irreligious and anti-Catholic, and that the Socialist idea is put forward as based necessarily on a theory of society and a philosophy equally opposed to all Christian teaching. Where this is the case the denunciation of Socialism as atheistic or immoral can hardly be considered misconceived or unfair.

But Catholic antagonism to Socialism is not based merely on errors accidental to and separable from the essential proposition. On the capital question Socialism says "Yes"; and the Church says "No." With this primary divergence, this paper is concerned. Its object is to give some account of the criticism offered to Socialism by two of the most brilliant publicists in England; both, it is asserted, ex-Socialists, both keenly democratic, both basing their criticism on Catholic teaching and Catholic tradition. The controversy can hardly fail to be of interest and use to students of Socialism: Mr. Belloc's and Mr. Chesterton's opinions are worthy of notice on both sides of the Atlantic.

Catholic tradition and teaching are the same everywhere; the problems of one country are adequately understood only in the light of the experience of others. The principal source from which this sketch is drawn is a sporadic controversy in the *New Age*, the most forceful and intelligent of English Socialist papers, between November, 1907, and May, 1909.

But here, even at the evident risk of making an untimely digression, before proceeding to the actual discussion of the root-principle, it is proposed to sketch, as briefly as possible, the outline of a novel argument elaborated by G. K. Chesterton in the course of the controversy. It is not of the essence of the main argument, but it does bear upon it, and being novel is worthy of some notice.

The peculiar evil affecting England, asserts G. K. Chesterton, is that the government is oligarchical. Socialism can be no cure, since the probability is that a Socialist system will be oligarchical also. "A small, rich, and generally trusted class . . . are the masters of England; they will probably be the masters of any big political reform, including Socialism . . . because they will be the paymasters."* He sketches the probable course of the establishment of a Socialist state. "It will begin with sweeping and really impressive public schemes which require the handling of large sums of money, and the politicians will jolly well handle them. It will begin, let us say, with the organization of all employment, and the politicians will pay themselves for organizing it. It will begin with the state-feeding of all children, and it will not be the children who are best fed."†

Now the first part of the proposition, the statement that the peculiar evil affecting England is government by an oligarchy, is not challenged. It would be difficult to do so. G. K. Chesterton supports the second part, that the Socialist state will probably be oligarchical, by an ingenious historic parallel. He asserts that ever since it came into being—that is, ever since the destruction of Catholicism—the English oligarchy has managed to retain power by being always on the side of progress. "Perhaps you do not exactly know what the word means—nor do they, nor does anybody. But, in a general way, it means this: being in sympathy with that turn which books and bookish people, the hypotheses of science,

* *New Age*, April 29, 1909. † *Ibid.*

the fairly educated hopes and some of the sincere needs of the time, are all taking at a given moment. This is the secret of the English aristocracy; they always seize the fashionable fad and run it without being faddist. . . . It has always put itself at the head of every march—and made it march slow." The lewd and epicurean aristocracy of the sixteenth century, he asserts, took up the new intellectual thing which was Calvinism, and with its help broke the Stuarts. In the nineteenth century they took up Manchester Individualism, and with its help crushed the Chartists. To-day they are "luxurious, lonely, and utterly anti-social, but they are throwing themselves into Collectivism because it is the new intellectual thing and by its help they may break all the brazen voices that are beginning to tell them that an ordinary Englishman might possibly manage his own affairs."*

There is the argument. The essence of the evil is the rule of an oligarchy. Socialism is no cure, for in a Socialist state the oligarchy will probably remain.

To it there are two replies. It is objected, first, that such an idea is inconsistent with the actual schemes of Socialists, that Democracy is implicit, if not in their definitions, at least in their aspirations.†

G. K. Chesterton rejoins by denying that Socialists are full of democratic feeling. He agrees, however, that if the assertion means that the Socialist system would be called a democracy, it is probably true. But he makes a most apposite reminder. "There would be no legally established oligarchy under Socialism. But there is no legally established oligarchy now. [We trust] everything to the Churchills and call it Democracy. Why should we not trust everything to the Churchills and call it Socialism?"‡ The appeal to the dogmas of Socialist societies is beside the point. The argument is political, not about "perfect Socialism, but about what is likely to happen."§

The second line of reply to G. K. Chesterton's argument is by a parallel drawn from the French Revolution. Where "France in her need found her military commanders," the Socialist state will find its industrial commanders, "in the fields, the inns, the workrooms of the people."

G. K. Chesterton retorts that this is no answer at all. His

* *Ibid.* † *Ibid.*, March 25, 1909. ‡ *Ibid.*, April 15, 1909. § *Ibid.*, April 29, 1909.

position is "that a very active, plausible, and intriguing group will increase its own power under cover of current Socialism." The Socialist answer is that this will not happen, because the revolt of the people will sweep the oligarchy away. The whole point, G. K. Chesterton declares, is, which will happen first? "Which [is] the more likely picture of twelve years hence: that Winston Churchill will be calling himself a Socialist; or that Will Crooks will be wearing a sabre? The plain fact is that the governing class is about two hundred years nearer to theoretic Socialism than the people is to practical revolution. To get the man in the street to fight will be a very long business. But to get the Hon. Tom Noddy to take over (at an increased salary) the milk supply as well as the stamp supply, will be one of the smoothest and most agreeable businesses in the world."

In a last word Chesterton's opponent shifts his ground. He has brought forward, as an example of a change in social organization, the French Revolution; he now declares that he speaks of a definite revolt of the poor against the rich, by the ballot-box rather than the barricade. But G. K. Chesterton's argument is, that at this moment the poor are supposed to be revolting against the rich by the ballot-box, and that the only result of this gradual progress towards Socialism is the strengthening and extension of the power of the oligarchy. Systems come and systems go, but it goes on forever. His opponent is ready to admit the validity of this argument as against the form of Socialism associated with the Fabian Society and its principle of "permeation."* But he proclaims a new Socialist party, uncompromisingly committed to opposition to all capitalist government and to confiscatory taxation of the incomes of the rich. This surely is to give away his case. The question was of Socialism in England, and Socialism in England, so far as it exists as a political force, is Fabian Socialism. Revolutionary Socialism as a political factor is negligible.

Here ends this particular argument. It must not be assumed that the Socialist movement is aristocratic in origin or propaganda. One would search in vain through the lists of Fabians for the name of a single peer. Lord Lansdowne is not merely an alias of George Bernard Shaw. But it is not an idle fear that the bitter pilgrimage towards Socialism may

* *Ibid.*, May 6, 1909.

lead us back to the mess from which we started. The evil spirit we have driven out may return with seven devils worse than itself to its swept and garnished home. In the manner characteristic of its upholder the argument expresses a thought common to many minds, the conviction that through a series of experiments, imposed on the people by a handful of theorists and politicians, we will arrive at a state of society in which the present-day evil dependence of the many shall be extended to every quarter of human existence, and the vast majority of the population be the comfortable and converted servants of an isolated clique of highly-trained officials. Lucan supplies a motto for such a system: *Humanum paucis vivit genus.* It has a short name—Slavery.

The argument stands or falls by itself; it is quite independent of the main position, which is the real matter of this paper. To come now to that main position. It has already been said that when all unessential extravagancies have been swept away, on the capital thesis Socialism says "Yes"; and the Church says "No." The essential idea of Socialism, that by which it is Socialism, is the abolition of private property in land and the other means of production, and their transfer to the collective ownership of the State. "Private property," says Socialism, "is the disease. Here is the cure."

Now the Church, like Socialism, starts with the assumption that the present condition of things is intolerable. "No Commonwealth," said Manning in 1887, "can rest on such foundations." Leo XIII., in *Rerum Novarum*, declared that "A small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the population a yoke little better than that of slavery itself," and that "Some remedy must be found and found quickly for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and so unjustly at this moment on the vast majority of the working classes." These are strong words. On what principle, then, does the Church oppose this clear and definite remedy—Socialism—for a condition of things admittedly intolerably evil?

It was the capital complaint urged by the late C. S. Devas against Socialism, that it was unhistorical. Here is the root of its error. We may liken, as does a recent writer in the *Month*, the Catholic Church, at the side of the sick-bed of Europe, to an old doctor who has known the patient from its childhood, with his old note-books and his medieval and pre-medieval

memory; the rival doctors are young and inexperienced, for their memory is bounded by the Revolution.* The Catholic principle does not grow from any new-made dogma of economic science; it derives its sanction from the whole Catholic tradition of Europe, its roots are the twisted history of the happiness of men. The attitude of the Church is founded on this immemorial tradition. We look back along the line of years and pick out that principle which is the necessary condition of a stable and happy state of society. This necessary condition, this social dogma, is, to use Mr. Belloc's words, that the sentiment of property is normal and necessary to a citizen; that "private ownership is the rule and normal desire of historic man"; "that no family or other sub-unit of the State can live a tolerable life unless it is possessed in private possession of a minimum of the means of production." It is a human instinct, a perfectly patent fact. Private ownership of land is a conception which goes back as far as there is any European history at all. "It has informed all European law with the protection of ownership. It has protected property even when such property has fallen into the hands of a tiny fraction of the community," as in England to-day. To deny its existence is impossible. If it were said, Mr. Chesterton declares, "that men do not desire women I don't know what I could reply, except that in that case all the men who have blown out their brains with pistols or written out their brains in sonnets have somewhat mysteriously wasted their time. So, the denial of the sentiment of property makes large tracts of experience dark and unintelligible; and that is all."†

Pope Leo XIII., whose encyclicals crystallize the traditional Catholic view, asserts and supports by argument this human instinct in *Rerum Novarum*. He declares private property to be a natural right, and bound up with that institution, the family, which is the foundation of all Catholic sociology. It is laid down first, that, "as the domestic household is antecedent as well in idea as in fact to the gathering of men into a community, the family must necessarily have rights and duties which are prior to those of the community, and founded more immediately in nature";‡ it is declared also that the

* This is the comparison made by the Rev. R. P. Garrold, S.J., in the *Month* for April, 1909.

† *New Age*, April 15, 1909.

‡ *Pope and People*. Published by the Catholic Truth Society of England, p. 9.

ownership of lucrative property is one of the rights; yes, and the duties of a man as the head of a family. The typical form of wealth is no longer land, but it would be absurd to suppose that this human instinct, the desire to own, has confined itself to land and does not embrace other forms of wealth. It is particularly important in this connection to notice that Pope Leo does not speak merely of the ownership of land, but of "lucrative property," as necessary for honorable and decent existence.

We have, therefore, a standard by which to judge present conditions and proffered remedies. Present conditions are evil and the Socialist remedy is wrong for the same reason, because the sentiment of property is thwarted and destroyed. It is not property, "but the negation of property, that the Duke of Westminster should own whole streets and squares of London; just as it would be the negation of marriage if he had all living women in one great harem."* "We are passing easily from oligarchical to collectivist ideas, precisely because they are so like each other. . . . We are only Bedouins pitching another camp in the same inhuman desert, having missed the village, which is the home of men."†

To sum up, the answer of the instinct and tradition of the Church to Socialism is the affirmation of the need for private ownership which is the denial of the essence of the Socialist creed.

How do Socialists meet this argument? Their answer is this. The existence and force of the instinct is admitted so far as it concerns things strictly personal to a man. Furniture, boats, books, pipes, and clothes, such things as these they allow the instinct to cover. That is to say, they fall short of open folly. A communal toothbrush is madness and they avoid it. But further than such things, they will not admit the desire to extend. "Peasant proprietorship," says one, "is a paper demand by brilliant men of letters." This, parenthetically, is a doubtful compliment to the whole Irish nation, whose demand for peasant proprietorship is now being translated into fact. Widely distributed ownership of the other means of production is in the same position—only more so. "The means of production are engines, machines, furnaces, boilers, things with

* G. K. Chesterton in *New Age*, January 4, 1908.
† *Ibid.*, April 15, 1909.

wheels and cogs and gearing. And you cannot impress your personality on a gas engine."*

Mr. Asquith, to justify a political measure, adapted a famous phrase of Arthur Young's, and declared that "the magic of property is security." This phrase is applied by Socialists not only to land, but to the other means of production. "Nine-tenths of the desire to own the means of production is simply a desire for security," security against the perils of unemployment and old age, and this security, it is declared, divorced from actual ownership, would be obtained in a Socialist state.

There is a story, that Herbert Spencer once told Huxley he had written a tragedy in his youth. "I know the plot," said Huxley, "it was how a beautiful young theory was slain by a wicked little fact." Now this Socialist reply is in no way negligible. It cannot be denied that the desire for security is a component of the desire to own. But it is not all. The plain answer to this contention—"the wicked little fact"—is this: that there can be no line drawn between things strictly personal and land and the other means of production; that in truth the desire to own does embrace these things as well; that this desire, though it includes a desire for security, extends further. To consider land alone for a moment. It is impossible to deny that the desire to own, and the interest of an owner of land have a meaning and a force quite independently of any financial assistance or any material thing whatever. You may call it "sentiment," or what you will; it is no metaphysical fiction, it is a definite attitude of mind existing apart and distinct from any question of security. The recognition of this dim instinct leads an owner of a suburban villa to have a quarter of an acre of kitchen garden and grow lettuces and celery at double their cost from the greengrocer. It is this instinct again which makes so many heirs of heavily encumbered estates cling to their possession, in spite of grave financial embarrassment, and occasionally actual want, when they might easily sell out and invest the proceeds in enterprises of larger profits and quicker returns.

There is a further thing bound up inextricably with the existence of private ownership of land and the other means of production, injured by the restriction, in danger of decay, by the abolition of this ownership. It also is not susceptible of

* H. Bland, Fabian, *New Age*, May 9, 1908.

mathematical measurement, it has no specific gravity, no quotation in the Stock Exchange, and for these obvious reasons it is often ignored. We may call it personal dignity or personal honor; the idea slips through the meshes of definition, but the effect on it of the absolute prohibition of private ownership in land and the other means of production, may be well seen in the words of Mr. Belloc: "Where few own, the mass who do not own at all are under a perpetual necessity to abase themselves in a number of little details. That is why industrial societies fight so badly compared with societies of peasant proprietors. The mass of the population gets trained to the sacrifice of honor; it gets used to being ordered about by the capitalist and partially loses its manhood. If there were but one capitalist, the State, this evil would certainly be exaggerated. Men might be better fed, better clothed, and materially much happier; they might be brighter in spirits, better companions, and healthier men all round, but they would necessarily have lost all power of expression for the sentiment known as personal honor; they would have one absolute master, all forms of personal seclusion from whom would be impossible. . . . Those who have passed by compulsion from a higher to a lower standard of personal honor can testify how vital a point is that honor in the scheme of human happiness."*

But the plain fact is that in this matter those who uphold, and those who oppose, Socialism have come to a point where controversy is almost useless. There is a difference in what, in the discussion, is equivalent to a First Principle. On one side it is asserted that the sentiment of private possession, the desire to own, extends to land and the other means of production. On the other it is denied that the desire does so extend. There it ends.

Socialists, however, naturally are not content to stop here. "Granting for a moment," they say, "that, theoretically, our scheme is vitiated because it disregards this instinct of ownership, what about yours?"

To translate this instinct into a formal proposition, it may be said that the Catholic ideal is "a system in which the legal control of the means of production shall be as widely distributed as possible." Such a system, it is argued, would be unstable and could not endure. Parenthetically it ought to be

* Catholic Truth Society Tract, *Examination of Socialism*, by H. Belloc, p. 13.

said that there is no necessity for a return to the exact medieval ideal. The principal is consistent with modern conditions of industry. The ideal is the "large industry with small proprietors." Socialist criticism, so far as it is reasoned and not built merely on the word "inevitable," is based on the effects of the different degrees of value of land and individual ability.

As regards land this example is given. Suppose, the Socialist critic suggests, that after a revolution in England, at the end of the eighteenth century, the great estates had been broken up and divided among the people, and that his (the critic's) ancestors had obtained a market garden in the outskirts of the village of Kensington, while Mr. Belloc's had a farm in Sussex. He asks what would be the state of things now, and asserts that he, or some purchaser, would be drawing a handsome, unearned income from the ground rents of shops, while even his tenants would be making ten times as much as Mr. Belloc on his Sussex farm.*

As regards the effect of differences in ability, this means that owing to differences of skill or strength of character, or luck, some would gain, others lose. There would be borrowers and lenders, some with money to employ others glad to sell the labor of their bodies for food and shelter. The combination of these causes would create again a propertied class and a propertyless class; in fact, the capitalist system.

Now, in reply, it must be urged that we are discussing a principle not a code of laws, that under any system there must always be some who either by choice or misfortune will stand outside the social scheme, that it is not proposed to attempt any universal equality or abolish the system of master and workman, but to ensure, as widely as may be, a minimum of consuming power, of freedom, of security, that the objection disregards the revival of a personal interest and affection for land which would be the result of the diffusion of its ownership, the effect of a system of co-operative organizations, and the probable imposition of obstacles in the way of any merely speculative enterprise. Above all, those who argue against the stability of such a social organization forget that, "as a matter of fact, in the past when property was thus well divided, it did not drift [into a state of congestion], but that the highly

* *New Age*, April 22, 1909.

divided state of property was kept secure for centuries by public opinion, translating itself into laws and customs, by a method of guilds, of mutual societies, by an almost religious feeling of the obligation not to transgress certain limits of competition." *

This is the end of the discussion. It is worthy of notice by students of the phenomenon of Socialism, because it is honest controversy, unmixed with abuse, untainted with self-interest; it is especially worthy of Catholic notice, because the criticism of Socialism is based on the teaching of Catholic instinct and tradition.

A note was struck by Mr. Chesterton at the very outset which may well be repeated here. It has a reminder which might well be repeated in any discussion bearing on Catholic social effort. He refused to "plank down" a Utopia, because a Utopia is a thing uninteresting to a thinking man; *it assumes that all evils come from outside the citizen and none from inside him.* "Sin maketh nations miserable." It was the express declaration of Leo XIII. in the Encyclical *Graves de Communi* that the social question is not economic only but primarily moral and religious, to be met principally by moral and religious forces. To forget this is to forget the one thing needful. For the first and greatest of the Commandments is "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God"; the second, "like to the first," is really its result: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." "The Church, amid externals of which almost every feature has changed, repeats the same message that she delivered by the voice of Paul or Chrysostom; proclaims the all-importance of the spiritual life of man; bids us first seek the Kingdom of God and His Justice, and then that all things else shall be added to us; stands as the peacemaker between warring classes, between the embittered slaves and irresponsible masters of the Roman Empire, between the burghers and nobles of the Italian Republics, and then again between the higher burghers and humbler citizens of the Italian cities; and once more between employers and employed in the great industrial centres of our own day; urging again and again, amid chronic back-sliding, the renovation of Society by the reign of Christ." †

* *Examination of Socialism.* By H. Belloc.

† C. S. Devas. *Key to the World's Progress.* Part II., Chap. V.

THE YEAR'S CATHOLIC POETRY.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

THE Catholic spirit must, perforce, appeal to the poet, no matter what his creed, no matter how pagan he may be. It has so appealed throughout the history of Christian literature. In English literature it has so appealed, despite that strong current of anti-Catholic feeling which Cardinal Newman has so clearly defined as having had its birth in the "Reformation"; and so it has colored and beautified our American literature. But American Catholic poets, or American poets who are Catholics, have been few. However, they are increasing in numbers. The race did not die with John Boyle O'Reilly—a new edition of whose poems, by the way, was published in 1909. The eight volumes considered in this article give a fair idea of what our Catholic poets have been producing of late.

Charles J. O'Malley, editor of *The New World*, of Chicago, is a Catholic poet of high stature. It is a pity that all that is at hand from him for the purpose of this review is a very slender volume, *Thistledrift*, which is mostly prose, albeit it is exquisite and poetic prose. There are hardly a dozen poems in the book. But they are of a pure and lofty order. Here is contained that little exquisite, "At Easter," which has worthily been put for perpetuation into the American Book Company's new series of Catholic school readers:

"In April, when the ash-trees bloom,
The doves at Easter coo and sing
Amid the golden poplar cups
Brimmed with the melodies of spring;
The lilac's purple thuribles
Pour fragrant odors born of pain;
Sweet nuns, the glad white roses bow
'Neath alleluias of the rain."

There is a riot of warm Southern blood in all of O'Malley's poetry—he is a Kentuckian; and the growing years cannot cool that glowing ardor, though an added strain of sadness, which at once we resist and love, cries through his later poetry.

Masterfully has O'Malley voiced the poet's soul in "The Uncharted Quest":

"Whether on land or sea,
Alone afield, or where great throngs abide,
Always unquiet stirs where'er I be,
Always the hound, Unrest, pursueth me;
I go unsatisfied.
. . . . . .
"Gulfs of heaven's blue space,
The eyes of children, deep poetic dreams,
Most give me peace; yet these full soon lose space;
Again my soul would on to loftier place—
Would out to stiller streams."

Dr. O'Malley is a musician as well as a poet, and some of his finest work gives expression in words to the great harmonies of the masters—his "Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata" would have thrilled the soul of the great composer. It is moonlight itself in all its beauty and mystery; and who had thought that so beautiful and so mysterious an element could ever have been translated into music or words? "Chopin's Etude Revolutionaire" is an equal inspiration, all the voice and rage of battle, swept to an exultant climax.

There is more than the hot blood and the sweet perfume of the South in this poet's utterance. His voice is large; it possesses a universal amplitude, as in these lines:

"O Purpose, Purpose! thou strong god!
Lo! I have crouched beneath thy rod
Like a gyved slave. Eternity,
Ever upon a mobile sea
Thonged taut, and whirled refluently,
I have kept hungry eyes on thee!
And now the strong winds press at last,
And all the white flags, nailed a-mast,
Flutter and sing: Sail fast! Sail fast!"

The Catholic spirit breathes through all O'Malley's work. It could not be otherwise, for he is not only a Catholic poet but a fervent Catholic. He sees the splendors of divine service in the beauties of earth and sky. The Mass, the Sacraments, the singing of choirs, vespers, litanies, rosaries, and prayers are in the dawns and sunsets, in the dewdrop and the sea. He is, in fact, not only a poet, but a great Catholic poet—Maurice Francis Egan says "our greatest." And he has in store a fund of noble achievements, which but await the publisher. His Lincoln Ode, written for the Lincoln centenary, is worthy of a place in our national literature.

The close of the year brings a notable addition to the season's Catholic poetry, a volume from the pen of Louise Imogen Guiney, one of the world's best-known writers. Miss Guiney has been living in England for some years past, a willing exile, but now she returns to her native land with new harvests garnered, her undeniably great gifts ripened to still greater fulfillment. "Happy Endings" is the title that Miss Guiney happily gives her new book of poems. It contains her "best poems," say her publishers. But this Catholic poet of true distinction has never produced anything that could not rank with the best. She is a stylist of the first water, a disciple of Sidney and Spencer and Shelley, of Matthew Arnold and Wordsworth; a student of the lyrists of the time of Charles the First. She has mastered Old English, till her "Tryste Noel" has become a classic. Her poetry is like spun-glass; and it suggests, too, the fire that refines and crystallizes. As Henry Coyle once wrote of her, "her forms are new, the colors irradiating them are fresh. Sustained dramatic power is hers; she individualizes words and gives to them a tone, a harmony, that no other has given. The play and gleam of light and color, the subtle shades of thought and emotion, the divine radiance of pure passion, the rapture and enthusiasm of faith and devotion, are all within her range." Her new book confirms every word of this. No wonder Louise Imogen Guiney has an international fame! She is Catholic always, highly and devotedly so, and in no expression more so than in "Beati Mortui":

> "Blessed the dead in spirit, our brave dead
> Not passed, but perfected:

Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic tomb;
Who out of wrong,
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant
Of peace anticipant;
Who late wore cerements of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful."

This exquisite poem ends with a cry of wonderful beauty to those "blessed dead":

"Turn not, too fugitive;
But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,
And sit with us at meat;
And of your courtesy, on us unwise
Fix oft those purer eyes,
Till in ourselves who love them, dwell
The same sure light ineffable;
Till they who walk with us in after years,
Forgetting time and tears
(As we with you), shall sing all day instead:
'How blessed are the dead!'"

The same happy spirit of unconquerable optimism swings through all these poems. They are, indeed, elegant and of the loftiest nature always; yet forever sane. These are not dead rhymes, but living poems, that sing and move and flash. This book is, I believe, the twelfth from the same pen; yet the sure chord of the earliest never has faltered, but resounds now more sure and clear than ever. What a joyance beats through the lines of "St. Ives":

"St. Ives hangs over a rowdy sea,
Busied in spindrift up to the knee,
Thousands of gulls there follow their lives,
For out of all measure they love St. Ives."

It is reminiscent of Miss Guiney's "Gloucester Harbor," first published a good many years ago, though wholly differ-

ent. The same voice is singing; and there seems nothing lacking in resonance, purity of tone, absolute and complete self-possession. The same perfect assurance, tempered with a plaintive note, is in her "Wood-Doves."

"Perfection—absolute self-possession"—this is saying a good deal, but the poet's work compels the tribute. One wonders what hours of study and preparation have been spent to build the firm structure of this genius! And one can well believe Miss Guiney's literary creed, given in the November CATHOLIC WORLD, that writing is not a mere pleasant pastime, nor even a hobby; but a deeply responsible vocation. There is more than pure delight for the reader in Miss Guiney's poems; there is an inspiring lesson for other Catholic poets.

The Prison Ships; and Other Poems, by Thomas Walsh, is, I believe, the first collection made of this poet's work. Yet his name has been known for years, he has contributed to the best periodicals in the country. His work is a stride ahead of the common purring poetry of the day. It possesses not only beauty, but strength. There are force and attack in his music, but it is even and harmonious. The poem that gives his book its title is a very fine ode, full of impassioned patriotism. It commemorates the prison-ship martyrs of the Revolution, to whom a monument has been erected at Fort Green, Brooklyn. The ode is highly poetic: it awakens the imagination and stirs the feeling. It shows the poet as the possessor of an ample vocabulary, sonorous and with a drum-beat in it that is pure inspiration.

The characteristics of Thomas Walsh's poetry are a certain cosmopolitan scope of thought and expression—he sings in the snows of Russia and in the sunshine of Spain, and is equally at home; a very fine and sometimes fragile delicacy of imagery, and an undertone of terror that even the universal poet's gift of sadness and tenderness does not wholly temper. In "The Blind," for instance, he conjures up a striking picture of the sun gone dead:

> "At midnight, through my dreams the signals dread
> From star to star, brought word the sun was dead."

And in the awful hush that he makes fearfully real, when

> ". . . the townsfolk crept
> In silence to their roof tops."

and

" . . . a wail
Despairing swept across the roofs, a sigh
O'er land and sea, as slowly on the sky
The sun's black bulk between the stars uprose"

—in that dreadful hush and shadow he puts the most pitiful of all imaginable objects:

"A blind man crouched and stretched his empty palms
Into the darkness, and moaned: 'Alms! Alms!'"

The Italian and Spanish poems are vibrant with the pulse of the south. The poet weds the soft words of the sunny Latin lands to the sybillant English and produces an alluring music. We feel the heat and passion of love breathed forth in the Alhambra moonlight or in the Sevillian serenade; we rest at a gate-stone in Granada; we hearken to a nightingale at Amalfi, or travel the storied road from Avignon to Tarascon; we pause in the cloister at San Juan; or from the Piazza di Spagna, at Rome, we gaze upon

"the marble balustrade
That winds unto the Pincian with its shade
Of cypress and of ilex, file on file,
Beyond the cross-crowned needle from the Nile."

And yet again we are riding with Hugo, the Uhlan, or harkening to a strange spring-song of Minaiev's, in Russia; we pass from Moscow to a Moorish garden; from St. Anne de Chicoutimi, Quebec, to the Cathedral at Burgos. From New York harbor, through the poet's vision, watching the sea-gulls among the shipping, we see the far crags of the briny North. We pause at Gettysburg, then pass to read "The Epitaph of a Butterfly"; from the world's great highways we pass down "Little Pathways":

"Lone ways that only humble footsteps know . . .
See, here anon and there the ways divide
Some to the brook, some to the pasture side . . .
'Tis ours, old friend, to treasure signs like these,
Wherein are written rarer histories

Than chronicles of kings and empires tell;
For on the scrolling of the hill and dell
Life with a finger delicate and sure
Sets for our eyes its heart's own signature."

One would not need to be told that Thomas Walsh is a Catholic. He shows his faith in his poems, in his appreciation of the world's beauties hallowed by religion, and most of all in his spiritual optimism. And when he sings of Christmastime, of Bethlehem and Nazareth, he wins the heart with the childlike simplicity of his love. A most sweet thought is expressed in the story of the lamb which the shepherds bore to Bethlehem the first Christmas morn; and "At Nazareth," picturing the Divine Child on His seventh birthday, reminding His Mother of the gifts the kings once had brought Him, is thrilling and deeply pathetic.

The literary workmanship of Thomas Walsh's poems is of a high order. But the polish of his craftsmanship does not dull the fire of his soul's expression, nor muffle the beat of his music. It is easy to understand that this poet was a close friend of Charles Warren Stoddard; like Stoddard, he is a master of the word, and his poetry breathes much of the same passion and warmth. He has not traveled the world over for naught; yet he remains always an American poet. He has refined all the treasures gathered under distant suns in the alembic of his native art. And all this his dear teacher, Stoddard, did, as no one else has done. To that friend and teacher, now dead, he addresses one of the most beautiful sonnets in the book:

"Thine exile ended—O beloved seer—
Thou turnest homeward to thine isles of light,
Thy reefs of silver, and palmetto height!
Yea, down thy vales sonorous thou wouldst hear
Again the cataracts that white and clear
Called from young days—Oh, with what loving might!
That from our arms and this embattled night
Thou break'st away and leav'st us weeping here.
Vain the laudation! What are crowns and praise
To thee whom Youth anointed on the eyes?
We have but known the lesser heart of thee

Whose spirit bloomed in lilies down the ways
Of Padua; whose voice perpetual sighs
On Molokai in tides of melody."

If we have not yet, in this country, developed a Catholic Poetry Cult, we have, beyond a doubt, a Francis Thompson Cult. No need to say more of that unhappy genius here than to remark that some do not fancy his poetry, mystic and strange, while others rave over him—hence a cult. But Charles Hanson Towne, one of our best-known Catholic poets, has done something far more valuable than raving over Francis Thompson; he has sung of him, and sung worthily. Mr. Towne's contribution to the year's Catholic poetry is *The Quiet Singer; and Other Poems*—the "quiet singer" being Thompson. Mr. Towne does not rave; he sings. And the title poem of his book is a good measure by which to gauge his powers. The same Catholic spirit that we look for in all Catholic poets' work beautifies these poems. There is one alone that is unforgettably beautiful, telling the story of a dream dreamed by the Blessed Virgin, a dream wherein she sees the Divine Babe dead; and the waking of our Lady from that dream is pictured with such a thrill of happiness that one's heart is filled.

There is nothing commonplace in the poetry of Charles Hanson Towne. Sometimes it is clever; and cleverness is not always poetry; but always, it is well done. When his heart sings he captures us. There are times when he seems almost to reach the heights that inspired "The Hound of Heaven"; times when "the teeming wonder of his words" (as he himself sings of Thompson) brings "tears and the peace thereof." It is then that we feel in a measure of him, as he of Thompson, that

" . . . if the springs long past
Seemed wonderful before I heard his voice,
I tremble at the beauty I shall see
In seasons still to be,
Now that his songs are mine while life shall last."

William Winter, one of America's ablest critics—and one whose poems, as well as critical writings, reveal a deep appreciation of the Catholic spirit—said this of John S. McGroarty's

Wander Songs: "No one will read these poems without an emotion of mingled sadness and pleasure, or without a feeling that the author is a genuine singer of beauty, tenderness, sentiment, and grace." Mr. Winter is right. Mr. McGroarty's poems are all that the venerable critic says. They are simple songs; their beauty lies in their simplicity. This poet's voice is not so much commanding as appealing, with a tenderness that is touching. His poems are the kind that some love to keep in old scrap-books, and to read over and over again.

Mr. McGroarty is a California poet. His name is new beyond the Great Divide, for it is in the land of the Old Missions that he has found his development. But his songs are truly "Wander Songs," for they sing of varied climes, yet all voice the same longing for

"My land, mine own land, the fairest and the best
Of all the lands in all the world, or go you east or west."

This is the predominant strain in Mr. McGroarty's collection of poems. However, he sings of more than *heimweh.* "The Dead Gunmaker" is entirely original in thought, as is another powerful spring poem, "The Ransom," which tells the sacrifice made by one living for one dead.

The dead, and the memory of the dead, are often with this poet; and, in all, the Catholic spirit breathes and sustains; one can believe that he is truly devoted to the suffering souls in Purgatory. There is a deep religious feeling throughout his work; of Easter he sings triumphantly, and of Christmas most tenderly.

He sings of California, calling, forever calling, to the peoples of the world, and of how, in '49,

"They came, and she dowered with spendthrift hands
The hopes of their wildest dreams,
And she flung at their feet the golden sands
That slept in her shining streams."

The voice of the sea is strong in his poems; it is well expressed in "The Pathway of the Seas," which begins:

"Old was the pathway of the seas
When, from the land-worn trail,

The swart Phœnician to the breeze
First flung his magic sail;
Old was the moon-drawn tide's desire
With lure of harbors won,
Before the ships were sped from Tyre
With spoils of Babylon."

There is not much of the "old-fashioned" simple poetry written nowadays. There are to-day too few "people's poems." But *A Round of Rimes*, by Denis A. McCarthy, is a book of people's poems.

Mr. McCarthy strikes the heart-chord in many of his verses, and his lines sing and swing like the good old songs of "other days." There is the lilt of Celtic music in his songs, and also "the tear and the smile." His American poems are not so appealing, though they have a militant air that one cannot miss. However, in none of them—no matter how ringing the strains of "A Song for the Flag," "The Veterans," "The Child-Workers," "Give Them a Place to Play," and others of like thought—in none of these does the author seem quite himself; or, rather, so wholly himself as in the Irish songs. Take, for instance, "The Fields of Ballycare":

"I've known the Spring in England—
And, oh, 'tis pleasant there
When all the buds are breaking
And all the land is fair!
But all the time the heart of me,
The better, sweeter part of me,
Was sobbin' for the robin
In the fields o' Ballyclare!"

And "Ah, Sweet is Tipperary," is a tuneful lyric.

But there are more than Irish lyrics and militant American songs in *A Round of Rimes;* there are some heart-poems of universal appeal—poems that suggest Longfellow and John Boyle O'Reilly in their simplicity and directness.

In "The Poet" he declares:

"The poet may not follow others' lead
And lightly write what some may lightly read."

There are some beautiful religious poems in this volume, and none more touching than "The May Procession" and the "Rosa Mystica."

Taken all in all, *A Round of Rimes* is one of the year's best books of poety. True, it does not voice the high, far cry of stars, the echoing beauty of those illimitable spaces wherein some poets find sole utterance; but it possesses a sweet and endearing beauty, for it strikes the heart-cord; and is not this the first province of poetry? James Riley, one of Mr. McCarthy's senior Boston comrades-in-song, and one whose dictum is worth accepting, has said: "McCarthy is a poet"; and this book proves it.

Thomas A. Daly will be remembered for his *Canzoni*, which made the author famous. Mr. Daly enjoys the distinction of having invented something new in poetry; that is, he has voiced, in living song, a heart that had not found utterance until he came to give it freedom—the Italian in America, "the Dagoman." *Canzoni* struck a responsive note, for it ran into several editions, and now comes *Carmina*, inimitable songs, this author's latest and best work. The volume is divided thus: "Italicé," the Italian dialect songs: "Hibernicé," Irish poems; "Anglicé," songs in plain English; and "Songs of the Months." The Italian dialect poems are full of fun and fire, and they voice a plaintive cry. "Da Sweeta Soil" voices a big truth that is summed up in its final verses:

"Oh, eef you weesh da Dagoman,
Dat com' for leeve with you,
To be da gooda 'Merican
An' love dees countra, too,
I ask you tak' heem by da hand
Away from ceety street,
An' show heem first dees granda land
Where eet ees pure an' sweet."

Daly's Irish poems are well-nigh perfect. If ever tears and laughter were put into songs, they are here. It is in this book, *Carmina*, that we find the song of "The Irish National Bird," which is already widely known.

It is worth while to become acquainted with Mr. Daly's "Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan," "Cordaylia o' the Alley,"

"Heartless Sheila Shea," "The Ould Apple Woman," and "Phelim McKeone"—the titles reveal their nature. And then there is "The Mourner," God bless her!—the poor old heart that never missed a funeral, and never forgot to pray for the souls departed; the poor old woman whose own funeral was bare and lonely:

"Ah, 'tis well to believe that the prayers that she prayed
Fur the many before her who shared of her dole,
They have gathered together an' woven an' made
As a ladder o' light fur ould Mary McCroal.
May the Lord rest her soul!"

The songs "in plain English" and the "Songs of the Months" that follow are poems with all the heart and fire and beauty of true poetry. It is not only the felicitous phrase, the filigree word, the lyric purity of metre and rhyme; there is a soul behind it all, genial, brave, loving the beautiful and true, manly and tender, a soul that breathes life into these poems, so that they ring true. Mr. Daly is more than a mere "newspaper poet";—as also is J. N. Foley, who has not, I think, yet published any book of poems, but who is a graceful and thoughtful singer as well as a writer of good verse. As for Mr. Daly's work, there are few May-poems more buoyantly tuneful with the joy and pulse of spring than this "Song for May":

"Awake! arise! grey dreams and slumber scorning,
For every dormer looking on the east
Is portal to the banquet hall this morning
Where May hath called her lovers to her feast.
Lo! as it were a pledging goblet, glowing
In her rose fingers over which do run
The golden bubbles poured to overflowing,
Up, up, she lifts the sun!
Oh, drink with her this airy wine of spring,
And from her hands her winged breezes bring,
Sweet philter for all hearts on earth that be!
Hark! how the birds are drunk with it and sing;
Mark, where the flush winds spill it on the sea,
How, lapping it, the waves go carolling;

See how dull earth, meek flower and stately tree,
Whe'er the breezes haste it,
Rejoice that they may taste it.
Shall we, then, slumb'ring, waste it—
This draught of ecstacy?
O lovers all, in this sweet wine
I pledge you and your loves and mine—
A cup with you!
Up! up! with you!
And drink the May with me!"

Canada is building up a literature of her own, and Catholic writers are taking their place in the first ranks of that literature. Of course, this is not news, for since the days when Mrs. Sadlier wrote, and Montreal was a centre of letters, the Catholic pen has been ably wielded in Canada. But to-day that pen is producing work that daily grows more national, more distinctly Canadian. We need but mention the names of Dr. O'Hagan, Father Dollard ("Sliv-na-mon"), Dr. Roche, Dr. Fischer, Margaret Lillis Hart, and others. From the pen of one of these, Dr. William J. Fischer, who edits "The Bookworm" in *The Register*, comes a volume of tasteful poems entitled: *The Toiler*. The keynote of these poems is struck in the introduction by Dr. Charles J. O'Malley:

"I gather my poems out of the heart of the clover,
Out of the wayside weeds, out of the meadows about me."

They are all of the sweet and simple things of earth, of the beauties of friendship, the loveliness of nature, the joys and sorrows of life as we live it every day.

Dr. Fischer is at his best in country lanes and meadows, be it June or January. There is something very Canadian in his sonnet to autumn, which tells of

"The maple trees in crimson, yellow, red,
The asters and the princely golden-rod,
The clust'ring vines, near by the cottage door,
The dying willow bending her proud head—
All, all so meekly to the twilight nod
And, lo! the woodman's axe resounds no more!"

Of equal beauty is "Autumn in the Muskoka Woods"; while "In Old Quebec" tells a pretty story of "Bertille" and "Bateese":

"Bertille, the milkmaid, sang her song
In fields across the way,
And soon the lowing herds came home
Fresh from the dewy grass;
Bateese, the plough-boy, urged them on;
Bertille, she saw him pass!"

Dr. Fischer is a poet of whom Canada may be proud. It is gratifying to see that his work, infused with the true Catholic spirit, is receiving wide recognition in his own land.

This is some of the Catholic poetry of the year 1909. It can be taken as representative, and not without pride, even though there be no great epics, no immortal dramas, in the little catalogue. Much of this poetry by Catholic poets in the year 1909 sings sweetly, even sonorously at times. But what we want are larger things and a deeper utterance. We can produce it: witness J. I. C. Clarke's Hudson-Fulton ode, "Manahattan"; O'Malley's "Lincoln"; James Riley's "Ode to the Massachusetts' Battle Flags";—and there have been other odes published during the year—by Denis A. McCarthy, Dr. Gallagher; and Towne's and Walsh's, here considered. Charles L. O'Donnell, whose work appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* and other literary magazines during 1909, gave some of this deeper utterance we desire, with a strikingly artistic finesse. Let us embody some of our Catholic philosophy in our poetry, to strengthen and infuse it with the element of solidity, with sanity and optimism, and we will bring forth the larger things, the deeper utterance. It is not "the philosophy that would clip an angel's wings"; it is the philosophy that will make our poetry transcendantly great and beautiful. If we can strike so deep and thoughtful a chord as Charles J. O'Malley does in these lines:

"Spade that shall dig my grave,
Outside the door of life art thou waiting?
And art thou sharpened now by some knave
While I hear the birds of springtime mating?"

—if we can strike so deep a note, so also can we make the soul reverberate with Louise Imogen Guiney's triumphant

"How blessed are the dead!"

Those words have a poignant meaning to-day, in writing of the Catholic poets of the year; for one of their most gifted leaders has passed, since the writing of this little review began, to that bourne where in truth is known "how blessed are the dead!" In the death of Father Tabb—John Bannister Tabb—America's literature has suffered a heavy loss. His work was ever of the exquisite order, the dry-point etching of poetry, and it was witty; he was pre-eminently an epigrammatist. He was a poet, for he sang; and he sang because he was a poet. His literary production during 1909 was, judging at a glance, the most prolific of any single year of his career. And this, despite the fact that for over a year he was totally blind. He was a priest, and a Catholic poet; yet he wrote comparatively little so-called "devotional" poetry, although he was really at his best in expressing religious devotion, especially devotion to the Blessed Virgin. One of his best, though not best-known, books is *The Rosary in Rhyme*. Indeed, Father Tabb had a strong opinion, Dr. O'Malley tells us, that there was comparatively no chance in our literature for the exclusively "Catholic" poet. The late Charles Warren Stoddard disagreed with Father Tabb on this point, and they had some interesting correspondence on the question. But it must be noted that neither did Stoddard write much "Catholic" literature, although some of his best work was religious. Like Tabb he wrote, generally, for the general public.

To return to our needs and our possibilities—what a wealth of romance and legend have we here in our own country to inspire our poets! There is an epic in California—Serra and his friar-brothers carrying the cross into the wilderness. Harrison Conrard has imprisoned some of the glowing beauty of that theme in his *Quivira*. We can range the continent from the Laurentian Hills to Oregon, from Nome to Santa Fé, and find inexhaustible treasures for lyric and sonnet, drama and epic, all glorified with the splendor and beauty of our Catholic Faith. We have the material; let us produce more than jingles. Far more than mere jingles is this poetry we have

reviewed; but does it wholly satisfy? We want more, we need more! And Catholic poets need not, to merit such an honorable title, confine themselves to strictly Catholic or religious themes; far from it—though let it be said the year has produced some worthy devotional poetry, chiefly, Father A. B. O'Neil's cycle of Marian verse; *The Book of the Lily* (by a Sister of the Holy Cross). George Mark Jameson's *Garden of Pansies*, too, comes under this heading. But, no; it is not demanded that Catholic poets write "holy" poetry. Only let their Faith add color and beauty to all their work, and they will be worthy of the high places awaiting them.

We should have more Catholic poetry. Father Tabb is dead, and his friend and old-time pupil, Father Crowley, who enjoyed a widespread fame as "Dunboy," rarely ventures into print any more; he is preoccupied with the work of "saving the boy"—doing Father Drumgoole's work on the Pacific Coast. Yet he could write such a poem as "The Exile's Return," such a perfect little octave as "Law and Liberty":

"O Law, thou shield of Liberty,
God's light is on thy brow;
O Liberty, thou life of Law,
God's very self art thou;
Twin daughters of the bleeding past,
The hope the prophets saw;
God give us Law in Liberty,
And Liberty in Law."

A nephew of this poet, the Rev. Timothy L. Crowley, O.P., was among the poetic contributors to the literature of 1909; he is a sonneteer of high accomplishments.

Daniel J. Donohoe is writing still, but he is devoting his time to the translation of the ancient Latin hymns. His contribution to the year's output is a valuable volume of *Early Christian Hymns;* but that is hymnology rather than poetry. We want new books from Bishop Spalding, Maurice Francis Egan, who lives now in the charmed land of Hamlet, as his sonorous sonnet on "Elsinore," published in *Collier's* in 1909, beautifully reminded us; from Eleanor C. Donnelly—whose *Secret of the Statue*, brought out two years ago, was thoughtful and beautiful; from Katherine E. Conway—both of Miss

Conway's new books are prose. Harrison Conrard has scarcely appeared in print since his excellent *Quivira* of two years ago. James Riley has given us no book of poems since his *Songs of Two Peoples*, though he has published two or three novels; nor Henry Coyle, since his *Promise of Morning*, both published ten years ago. Condé B. Pallen is devoted wholly to the *Catholic Encyclopedia* now, and he publishes no more poetry; while Mrs. Henry-Ruffin, whose "John Gildart" was one of the best narrative poems of the Civil War ever produced, gives all her time to the novel. P. J. Coleman, Caroline D. Swan, Susan L. Emery, Mary M. Redmond, Mary E. Mannix, S. M. O'Malley, Marcella A. Fitzgerald, Amadeus, O.S.F., "Max Walter Mannix" (Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, D.D.)—all these names, and many others, should be in the year's catalogue. Sister Anthony, a nun of Notre Dame, San José, California—who writes with a fire and force that are sometimes more masculine than nun-like—should be on the book-list, too. Theodosia Garrison and Edith M. Thomas are two poets very popular among Catholic readers, and their work is worthy of the name Catholic. They have both published books this year. But they are not, I think, Catholics. Coletta Ryan, of Boston, whose *Sun Garden* won high favor a few years ago, will soon publish a new book. Scharmel Iris, a gifted Florentine-Chicagoan, whose work is genuinely beautiful, has not yet appeared 'twixt covers. Agnes Tobin, who gave Petrarch his truest and most sympathetic interpretation in English, has fled to London again, and has published nothing for two or three years, although we are promised *Phedre* from her; while her English friend, Alice Meynell, has published only essays lately; but one short poem of hers, "The Watershed," appeared in America during the year. We want more Catholic poetry. The possibilities are vast, beyond computation.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE APRON.

IT had troubled Lady Eugenia's honorable mind—the question of whether Miss Mason was a fit and proper person to have charge of little Jim Moore. Yet, after all, what had she to allege against her? That she and Maurice had known each other before Miss Mason came to Outwood? It hardly seemed a sufficient reason.

If Maurice had not been very much absorbed in his own affairs at this time, he must have noticed the coldness of his mother's manner towards him. She was bitterly hurt at his deceiving her. But the last thing Maurice could have imagined would be that his beloved mother was cold. He saw that she was very much taken up with Mary in these days and with the preparations for the move to town. But, of course, Mother was always the same; and he was thinking too much of the change in Estelle's manner towards him to be very observant.

Her manner had been different from that day when she and Lady Eugenia had met. He had gone to Outwood the next day, eager to see Estelle and to discover from her the manner in which they had met. But Estelle, being no more sensible than other young women of her age, had entrenched herself behind dignity, and—an apron!

She had an apron among her personal belongings, a pretty flounced and lacy thing. When Lady Eugenia and Miss Beaumont had left she went and put it on. If she was considered by these visitors to the house to be a servant, she might as well wear the badge of servitude. She made a wry mouth in the glass at her own image as she pinned up the bib of the apron with its pink ribbon rosettes.

Foolish girl! Badge of servitude, indeed! They might

have worn such badges of servitude in Arcadia or at the Little Trianon; but the thing was too airy for real life. She might have been warned by Jim, who cried out at her prettiness, and would have his father admire her, too.

Maurice raced upstairs as usual to Jim's room, to find it occupied only by Miss Mason. She was sitting in a low chair by the window, with a basket of mending beside her and a stocking in the act of being darned extended on her hand and arm. The door into the inner room stood open.

"Hush!" she said, lifting the needle by way of warning. "Jim is asleep. Please don't wake him."

She had an impulse to stand up to speak to him, as a servant might; and she obeyed it in so far as she did stand up. She had meant to be very cold and unfriendly; but he was looking at her with such an air of humble admiration that she was constrained to blush and lower her eyes before his gaze.

"By Jove!" he said, "what a jolly thing you are wearing! Why don't women always wear them? They look so—so—domestic. Darling!—that is the word. Ah, forgive me. It is the fault of the—apron, is it?"

He had caught her in his arms and kissed her lips. But it was only for a second. Then she pushed him away.

"You should not—you should not!" she said, in a heart-broken voice. She was red as a rose, but she looked at him with such an expression of reproach that the chivalrous boyhood in him was startled and ashamed. To be sure he had lost his head over the apron. But, after all, he had only hurried things. She must know that he loved her. If only she loved him, and he was sure she loved him, he was prepared for the unpleasant business of getting it over with his father and his mother. He knew it was going to be a bit of a tussle with his father. Perhaps with his mother, too; and he would find it hard to be in opposition to them, especially to her. Yet, when she knew how he loved Estelle, she would not oppose what was for his happiness.

"Why should I not?" he asked, standing a little away from her, flushed and audacious. He looked as if he might repeat his indiscretion; so much so that she somewhat precipitately retired behind the shelter of her chair. "Why should I not when I love you? I have loved you ever since I first saw your golden head like a flame in the murky street. My

Fiammetta. I remember how the wind blew your hair about your face. My dear, you are not going to be cold to me? You are not afraid of me—?"

She had put out both hands as though to keep him off; and now that she had recovered her self-possession she looked as though she meant it.

"Mr. Grantley," she said, and her face was very proud, "you must please not act towards me in that way again; not to think of me in that way. I am not your social equal. Your mother or your cousin would corroborate me in that."

"My dear, what rubbish!" he said indignantly. "You are the sweetest and loveliest lady in the world; and no one can be more than that."

"Thank you," she said. "I believe that you believe what you say at this moment; but, I am only Mr. Moore's paid servant. When your mother can think of me as an equal—" An expression he could not understand came into her eyes; it was part despairing, part humorous; she was thinking what equality there could be between Lady Eugenia Grantley and the girl who had been brought up in Shepherd's Buildings. "It is not likely that she ever will. But till she can—"

He would have broken out into protestations; but at that moment Jim made his appearance, hugely pleased to find his best friend with his beloved Miss Mason. And so Maurice's opportunity was gone. He did not again have an opportunity of seeing her alone; and he went away baffled, angry, and yet triumphant, for he had kissed her; and for a second she had yielded; and the touch of her soft lips was something that could not be taken from him.

He needed such comfort as he could get from the memory in the days that followed. It could not but happen that Estelle, constantly out-of-doors with her charge, should meet in the lanes and roads with Lady Eugenia and Miss Beaumont, walking or driving. Their greetings to Jim were of the most affectionate. Every one loved Jim. Their recognition of the girl accompanying him was of the slightest. Lady Eugenia was naturally a just and a kind woman, but few women are above blaming the woman in the case when a man they love is implicated.

After these meetings Estelle would be sorely put to it to conceal her tears from Jim. She would pull down her veil and

keep silent for quite a long time, not daring to speak lest she should break down ignominiously. And Jim was not deceived. The boy had too fine a sympathy not to understand that there was something wrong between his friends; but he said nothing, only looked grave and sad over the vagaries of his elders.

And of course Estelle visited these offences of his mother and cousin upon the unfortunate young man who had the audacity to be in love with her. When she could elude him no longer, when he pushed her into a corner and would have her listen to him on the eve of his departure for London, she was cold and angry with him.

"I am very happy here where I am," she said, "and I am useful. I have found a little niche in the world which fits me and I love it. You will drive me out of it. I assure you, Mr. Grantley, that if you speak to me again in this way I shall go out into the world. No, no, no; I will not listen to you."

She held out her hands as though she were afraid of him or of herself. She averted her eyes from his bonny face.

"But, why?" he asked in stupefaction. "Why? Why cannot you love me, Estelle?"

Her heart leaped up at her name on his lips. If only she might have listened to him! But she would not look at him.

"Leave me in peace," she said. "If you do not want to drive me out of this place I have learnt to love. You persecute me. Indeed you do."

She had said perhaps more than she intended. He went darkly red, as though she had struck him.

"I should be sorry to do that," he said; and his voice was as bitter as her own.

"Seeing that I am a dependant here—" she began, already half-sorry for the effect she had created.

"Please say no more," he returned. "I shall not trouble you again."

CHAPTER XIV.

COUSINS.

In August, for the first time since his wife died, Stephen Moore took a holiday. He removed himself and the boy, with a portion of the household and of course the invaluable Miss Mason, to a house on the cliffs near Dover, where the Channel spread out before them blue and sparkling and the ships of the world went up and down all day long. It was a steep descent into the little bay to the sea, but Jim was a light weight for the man-servants to carry up or down for the sea-bathing the doctors had ordered; and he throve in the fresh, bracing air, throve miraculously. All day, when the weather permitted, they were out of doors, on the cliffs, amid the sweet-smelling, sun-warmed pines. After a few weeks of it the boy's general health was so much improved that his father began to talk hopefully of a time when Jim might walk. And it had all come about since the fortunate day when Miss Mason had come to take the place of Jim's old, affectionate, but obstinate and ignorant nurse. Miss Mason had put new life and heart into them all, Stephen Moore said, with an expression in his eyes as he turned them on Stella which touched her deeply.

For a whole fortnight Stephen Moore never left his son. That was when Miss Mason had a brief holiday with her mother.

When she was going Stephen Moore had pressed on her acceptance a ten-pound note over and above her salary.

"I want you to accept this as a little gift from Jim and me," he said. "It is to take your mother to the sea or the country during your holiday."

But to his amazement she flushed deeply, and gently but firmly declined the gift.

"I have plenty for that purpose," she said, "out of the splendid salary you give me."

"My dear Miss Mason," he said in distress, "why be so proud with us, with Jim and me? See all that you have done for us! And you have not been looking well. You have been doing too much. It has been a grief to us that you are not looking well."

He pushed the ten-pound note towards her tentatively; but she pushed it back again, and her soft, pale-red lips took the unrelenting line with which they had sent Maurice Grantley packing.

"Forgive me," she said. "It is very kind of you and Jim; but I really could not take it."

"Well—if you won't, you won't. But come back looking better than you go. Get a little more flesh. You have been growing thin of late."

She had been fretting. Her pride had upheld her to send Maurice Grantley away; but as the days and the weeks grew to months, and there was no word of him, she began to realize what a space he had occupied in her thoughts. She said to herself that he had never been anything but kind and serviceable to her. Why should she have punished him for what others had done to her? She had been detestable to him; and his only fault had been that he had loved her.

She had not known how much it was going to cost her. She reminded herself fiercely that she was no mate for Maurice Grantley; that she was his social inferior, a girl brought up in the slums of London; older than he by some years; what could she bring to him that would bridge over the distance between them?

Her inheritance, when it could be proved?—well, in that matter of the inheritance, she had been feeling of late that perhaps, after all, the claims never would be proved. It was Quixotic folly, of course; but, if the old business was to be raked up, there would be a deal of mud scattered. It must end in one of two ways; either Stephen Moore would be covered with disgrace and his dead brother with him, or she would be beaten. And, was there any document that contained particulars of the implied trust (for such it must have been) now in existence? Very probably there was not. And if there was not, and he chose to deny her claim, Stephen Moore was in an invulnerable position.

And after all, was she anxious to dispossess him and Jim if she could? She thought not. She had been brought up by an unworldly mother and unworldly teachers. Every influence that had been about her all her days was unworldly. Her mother, Mother Margaret, Sister Placide, the Signor—they had all held the world well lost for one ideal or another.

She had not thought to grow so endeared to this father and son, who were so near to her in blood. In fact she had said to herself when she came that only hatred of her uncle and the resolve to see her mother righted could excuse her for entering Outwood as she did. Well, almost from the beginning, the delicate boy had drawn her love and her protecting tenderness to him.

She had vowed in those first days that she never could be won to forgive Stephen Moore, to have any ruth for him, seeing how he had treated her mother. But—how was one to hate this man, with the pathetic devotion to his one child, with the deep furrows in his face where the ploughshare of suffering had passed over it? Also, she remembered that her mother had said that Stephen was a pawn in his brother's hands—no deliberate villain, but dominated by a stronger personality than his own.

She took her mother away to the Hampshire coast, where they had sea and country together, where the New Forest ran almost to the water's edge. They found a little cottage there, exquisitely clean, sitting in its own cottage garden, where sea-pinks thrust up their heads among the poppies and roses, and magnificent hollyhocks were as high as the house-wall. There was a kind woman who had compassion on the London ladies and would feed them with simple dainties and wholesome, sweet food.

Mother and daughter were distressed about each other: the daughter because the mother, who had been through the hot weather in London, looked faded and dusty; the mother because the daughter was quieter than of old, and had rings about her eyes as though she did not sleep of nights; and Stella did not, although their little upper chamber was like the deck of a ship, so open was it and swept by the soft sea-breezes, so overlooking the floor of the sea. The tame pigeons that crooned outside the window when the sweet morning came might have been makers of thunder so instantly did the girl awake from her brief sleep when they began. She blamed the pigeons as she blamed the noise of the pebbles sucked up by the undertow of the waves and cast out again with a prodigious rattling.

"Why, child," said the mother, "the noises of London never awoke you."

"Ah, but those were familiar noises," the girl protested with a smile.

She talked to her mother much about Outwood and the boy and the boy's father. Of Maurice Grantley little. She had told her mother of the first meeting with him, before she had known anything of who he was. Now she shrank from talking about him or his.

It was her mother who broached the subject at last.

"You have never told me," she said, "in your letters, although I have looked for it, if you heard anything of Lord Mount-Eden and his daughter, Lady Eugenia Capel. Their house is a few miles from Outwood. I suppose she married. She was a charming woman. Living as I have done I have heard nothing of her all those years."

"I have seen her," Stella answered looking away out to sea. "She is Lady Eugenia Grantley now."

"Grantley! Is it possible she married Godfrey? Poor Godfrey; he was head-over-ears in love with her. I thought Godfrey was dead years and years ago. I found it on an old piece of newspaper, which came in round a parcel, that he had been dangerously wounded. You are sure the name is Grantley?"

"Quite sure. And Captain Grantley's name is Godfrey."

"I think I must have been mad in those years, because of your father's death and all that followed it. I did not seem to mind even when I thought Godfrey was dead. Poor Godfrey, I am glad he lived and had his heart's desire. What is Godfrey like now, Stella? You have seen him?"

"I have seen him, but not to speak to. He is wonderfully young-looking and handsome for the father of—a grown-up son."

She hesitated over the words.

"They have a son? I am glad Godfrey has a son. What is he like, Stella?"

"Like his father, but taller. Something of his mother, too. He—"

She was about to tell her mother that she had seen Maurice Grantley. If she had not told her before it was from no disingenuousness. But Mrs. Moore broke in.

"How I should like to see them all, without their seeing me. To think of Godfrey being alive and with a son! I

might have married Godfrey once, if it had not been for your father."

"Mother—" said the girl, with a little gasp. "Was Captain Grantley the one you told me about, your cousin?"

"Yes, Stella. Godfrey is my cousin. To think of him being alive after all those years, during which I have thought him dead! I used to think that I would have asked him to right me if he had been alive"

"Then we are cousins?"

"To be sure. His boy would be your third cousin."

CHAPTER XV.

A SUMMER DAY.

Cards of invitation for this, that, and the other function rained upon the little house in Green Street as soon as it was known that Lady Eugenia Grantley and Miss Beaumont were come up for the season. It was an early summer, with June weather in May, and it promised to be a brilliant season. There was a Royal wedding somewhere mid-way of it; and most of the great hostesses were entertaining.

Nobody could have been better than Maurice as an escort for his mother and Mary. When they wanted him he was always in attendance. When they did not want him, and that sometimes happened when there were new frocks to be bought or visits to a milliner to be made, he could always find something to do. There were plenty of people ready to entertain him and keep time from hanging too heavily on his hands. A good many young ladies found him the more attractive because of the new slight shadow which hung upon him. One young lady from over the seas, who had chattered with Maurice Grantley a year earlier, put the general opinion very neatly when she remarked: "Seems to me, Mr. Grantley, that since you and I last met, you're sort of grown-up."

Maurice had grown-up, from a gay, insouciant boy to a man with a man's seriousness. He had developed a new liking for the company of his own thoughts, and had a way of losing himself in them even on the lawns at Hurlingham or the en-

closure at Ascot on a Cup Day, which could hardly pass unnoticed. The shade of unhappiness on the young face in those moments of abstraction added to its attractiveness. "I'm downright stuck on your cousin," said the frank daughter of America to Mary Beaumont, "since he's been crossed in love."

Mary smiled faintly; and the American girl wondered if Mr. Grantley was in love with his cousin. Mary had come back to her mood of perfect reasonableness, from which indeed she had only departed for a very short period. She was most charming. Her somewhat limited dress allowance had this season been generously augmented by Lady Eugenia. Mary's bronze-brown hair, and eyes the same color, her brown skin and supple figure, were at their best in a rose-colored frock by Doucet, which was a stroke of genius.

She had repented her acerbity with her cousin almost as soon as it was over. For a short time the rift in their old cousinly friendship gaped wide. Then she resolved to make an effort to close it.

It was on a day when Lady Eugenia was prostrated by sick headache, and the cousins were left to their own devices. They had their choice of entertainments—a garden-party, an afternoon on a house-boat, a concert where Melba was to sing. In the evening they were engaged three-deep.

Mary settled the sufferer in a darkened room, with *eau de cologne* at hand and an injunction to sleep. Her manner with Lady Eugenia had a delightful air of daughterliness which made many observant people suppose that sooner or later Miss Beaumont would marry her cousin.

"And what will you do?" Lady Eugenia asked.

"I thought—Maurice seems a *bit off color*—supposing we drop all the engagements and get out into the country somewhere for a rustic day. That is if Maurice consents. It will freshen my complexion for the ball to-night."

"Ideal! the boy will be delighted. Go, and don't think of me till dinner-time. I can ring for Curtis if I want anything."

Mary went down to the drawing-room, where a young man with a rather weary air was awaiting her. His face brightened at her suggestion and he assented eagerly.

"Poor Maurice!" she said, "it is too bad that we should keep you in town all these weeks."

She touched his forehead with the tips of her fingers, and

he felt vaguely gratified. He had been feeling rather in need of comfort; and the unaccustomed caresss from a charming girl like Mary—one very chary of demonstrations, too—made him feel absurdly grateful to her.

"I shan't be five minutes," she said; and she was not more. She had a delightfully rustical air when she returned, wearing a wide brown hat trimmed with roses and a tussore dust-cloak over a pink cambric frock. She had a rose in her bosom, and the fragrance of it floated to his nostrils.

He felt it like an escape, an adventure, when they got into a hansom and he told the driver to drive to Paddington.

"Where shall we go to?" he asked as they sat side by side in a pleasant proximity.

"Let us dip in the lucky-bag," she said gaily, "and take the first train we find at Paddington. We can get off at any place we have the fancy to, saunter along till we find an inn, lunch, sit in the inn-garden, and after a day in Arcadia come back to town wonderfully refreshed."

"What a delightful plan!" he said. "You delightful girl to have thought of it!"

A color came in her cheek. After all, if one had to marry, there might be less agreeable suitors than Maurice—old roués, for instance, with bursting money-bags, ready to buy handsome, portionless girls in the marriage market, as though they were creatures without souls and without hearts. Indeed, Maurice was a very creditable escort for a young woman on this bright summer day, to say nothing of a life-long companionship; and a good many girls might have envied Mary Beaumont.

People stared at them as they walked down the platform at Paddington—both so well-dressed, so young and handsome and cheerful. Here and there tired eyes brightened as they passed by, or a smile came to a faded face. They were taken for lovers; and the guard somewhat ostentatiously locked them in; while other people traveling by the same train came and glanced in at the window and retired to a carriage where their presence would be less of an intrusion.

One old gentleman popped his head in at the carriage window, and then said, in a tremendous hurry: "I *beg* your pardon."

Maurice smiled half-shyly at Miss Beaumont.

"I believe he takes us for a honeymooning couple," he said.

To his astonishment she blushed.

"It is because you are so very smart," she said, recovering herself.

"And you. I wonder how we should feel if we really were, Mary?"

Her blush had moved him to the audacity, that and his own spirits, which mounted as the train bore them past the grimy houses and the red-brick suburbs into open country.

She caught the ball and threw it back to him gaily, although the color still fluttered on her cheek.

"I know how I should feel, that I was going away without a maid and without any traveling trunks."

"And I—I should feel immensely proud of you; and that all the men in the world were envying me my prize."

The train was not a main-line train. It plunged them unexpectedly soon into wide spaces of green country, dotted here and there by a village, a church-spire against a background of woods, or a handful of red-roofed gabled cottages.

They drew up at a station where the name was outlined in forget-me-nots in a garden-bed by the platform. There were many bushes heavy with roses and a yellow climbing rose nearly covered the wall of the station-master's house.

"I vote for this," she said. "What delightful deep country! Look at the woods! And the very name of it in flowers! Could one imagine anything more romantic?"

They alighted, and the station-master directed them to the Water-Wheel Inn, "about a mile up the road." They went off to look for it, happy as children. For this day Maurice had thrown off the gloom that possessed him. He was no stoic to be out on a June day with a girl, pretty and kind, making an idyllic holiday, that he should be gloomy. He assured her that the Water-Wheel would prove a wretched "pub.," where the utmost they could hope for in the way of food would be stale biscuits and staler cheese. And he was keenly hungry. So was she; but she was certain the Water-Wheel would prove worthy its name and its setting.

It did. They ate their food out-of-doors in a riverside garden, within sound of the wheel that gave the inn its name. The garden was full of fruit and vegetables, with clumps of

lavender and many old-fashioned flowers between. Everywhere about them was deep rest and shade of magnificent woods. The food was excellent; for one day they were in Arcadia and nothing could have been better than the cold roast beef and salad, the gooseberry tart with cream. They picked their dessert from the bushes, while the comfortable old landlady came out and smiled on them; and the inn dogs followed them with gratifying friendliness.

After lunch they strolled through the wood, down the green highways and avenues, only trodden of gamekeepers and pheasants and the wood's wild creatures. And there Mary made her *amende*. She had been hateful to Maurice and she had repented it ever since. Would he forgive her?

"Never mind, dear!" he said, glancing at her averted face. Was it possible Mary cared? "We will forget about it. She wouldn't look at me; so there is an end of it."

He took up her hand and kissed it.

When they came back to town the gloom had lifted from his face. Lady Eugenia saw and rejoiced at it; wrote impulsively to her husband that things were going well between Maurice and Mary. Captain Grantley, making a flying visit home in the intervals of his yachting, met with Stephen Moore and mentioned casually that there was likely soon to be a wedding. And so the news came round to Stella, and awaited her when she came back from that August holiday.

CHAPTER XVI.

FLIGHT.

She came back to a joyous welcome, to find a flower-decked table, and a fine bouquet lying in her place. Every one at Outwood seemed delighted to welcome her back; she might have been a long, long while away to judge by the manifestations of pleasure at her return. From William, the young footman, who touched his hat with a smile on his broad country face as he received her bag at the railway-station, down to the least of the under-gardeners, the servants seemed the happier for her return. Stephen Moore stood by, smiling his odd, contorted smile, while Jim pointed to the

great bouquet of flowers which he himself had arranged for her. She had arrived just about the lunch-hour and Jim had insisted on being driven to the station to meet her.

She was not Stella to remain untouched by the generous warmth. For the first day it kept her happy enough. She had to go all round the gardens and stables and sheds with Jim in his wheeled chair, to see all the wonderful things that had happened since she went away. The flowers that had come into bloom, the broods that had been hatched, the new litter of puppies, the little new calf; she had to see them all; and note as well the progress of all those which had been there before she went away. Jim seemed to think that she had been gone a great length of time; and was rather surprised that so few new things had happened in her absence.

She had to tell him all she had been doing. A wonderful intimacy had grown up between them. He was almost unnaturally sympathetic, full of quick intuitions and understandings. He liked to hear about Miss Mason's mother—mothers had a fascination for him. His father often talked to him about the mother who had left them; and he had thought much in his solitude before Stella came.

"And your mother delighted in that sweet, pretty place?" he said.

Stella cast a longing eye over the green, velvety lawns. Against the darkness of a fine hedge of yew red roses burnt like lamps. The long shadows of the trees lay on the grass. Away amid the trees wood-doves were softly crooning. She thought of her mother back in Shepherd's Buildings; and the thought made her sigh.

"She loved it, poor little mother," she said. "Only you see, Jim, she had to go back to town. She will work at her music lessons so hard; and it all begins again in September. She misses her daughter so much."

"What a pity she doesn't live here near you," he said. "Wouldn't it be nice if you could see her every day? Supposing that when you and I went out driving we could call for her and take her with us? Wouldn't that be nice? She would be much happier in the country, wouldn't she?"

"Oh, indeed she would, dear Jim. But it is no use talking about it. It is one of the things that are too good to happen. It spoils all the joy of this for me to think of her

in the dusty streets. You can't imagine how dusty they are if you haven't lived in them. And the winter is coming, with fog and rain and slush and darkness; and she trudging up and down the winter streets, and wanting me so dreadfully in the evenings; and having no one to take care of her when I am not there. I often wonder if she will think of changing her wet things when she comes in. She will hardly trouble to prepare hot food for herself. I always had the lamp and the fire lit and her slippers warming in the fender when she came home."

Her eyes had a distant look, and Jim's watching her wore an expression of most unchildlike concern.

Later when he and his father were alone he spoke of what was in his thoughts.

"I want you to do something, Daddy," he said.

"For yourself, Jim? You never ask for yourself."

"Because you give me so much. It is for Miss Mason."

"Anything I can I will do for Miss Mason. You and I owe her a debt, laddie. What is it?"

"Her mother is working hard up in London, teaching music. She has no one to take care of her and comfort her as I do you; and Miss Mason is sad about it."

"Ah, a good daughter. I have noticed that she looks sad. What am I to do for her?"

"Bring her here, to be near us. Miss Mason told me she used to say that she would rather live in a little country cottage than in a palace in town."

"And you want me to provide the cottage?"

"If you please, Daddy."

"Then I must think about it. Not a word to Miss Mason till I have thought about it."

A day later he sent for Stella to come to see him in the room where he transacted his business. She came at once and he looked up to see her standing with a startled air in the doorway of the room. The sun-lit corridor was behind her, and her hair flamed in the light. For the twentieth time he seemed to have some memory of just such a thing. Of whom did she remind him? In what shadowy and misty world of the past had there been some one with her eyes, her hair, like, yet unlike?

He rose and set a chair for her with careful courtesy. He

was very different from the *gauche* savage of long ago. His brief married life had civilized him.

She took the chair and sat down, looking at him expectantly, her lips a little apart.

"My boy has been talking to me about you, Miss Mason," he said. "He has a very tender little heart; and he thinks you feel the separation from your mother, and it grieves him."

"I do feel it," she said; and suddenly hung her head. "In fact, Mr. Moore—I am so grieved to say it—I am afraid I shall have to leave you."

"To leave us? Good heavens! you can't leave us. Why it would break the boy's heart."

"I have thought about it," she said, and her eyes suddenly filled with tears. "It breaks my heart to think of leaving him. But there are reasons why I must go. I ought never to have come. If you knew, you would say it was right for me to go. Jim will forget me. You must find some one else for him, young, who will love him. Indeed, I don't know how any one could fail to love him."

"You are talking nonsense now. No one could comfort him for you. You don't know what a heart he has. Girl, you won't dare leave him."

He put his hand on her shoulder and in his excitement shook her roughly.

"You can't go, I tell you," he said. "I sent for you to propose a plan by which you and your mother should be together. There is that little cottage over at Valley outside the mills. She shall have that. Let her go in as my caretaker if she will. The old woman who is there is too old. I am always afraid she may get burnt to death. Let your mother have the cottage and fifty pounds a year. She shall have coals and light and there are plenty of vegetables and fruit in the garden. She would have the place to herself; no one would disturb her. You could see as much of each other as you liked."

She stared at him in a bewildered way.

"Bring my mother down here?" she said. "She would not come. She is a recluse—unaccustomed to see people. She is accustomed to her own little flat. She would not leave it without me. I am quite sure she would not come."

"She need see no one in the cottage. I shall not intrude

on her. You may be sure of that. And no one else will. She may lock her door against the world if she will. Let me hear no more of this talk about leaving us."

"I am quite sure she will not come and I ought to be with her. If I died—or—or—married, you would have to do without me, Mr. Moore. Better let me go. God knows I would not leave Jim if I could help it."

The sincerity in her voice struck Stephen Moore with a sudden sense of his helplessness. Supposing she *would* go, he had no power to prevent her. And Jim would take it badly. He was quite sure Jim would take it badly.

"You can't go," he said in a sullen rage. "It would injure the boy's health. Do you want to kill him? You do not know what he was like before you came."

"Jim would be more reasonable than you are," she said quietly. "If he knew I ought to go he would let me go. He is wise and reasonable beyond his years."

"Go, then, go," he said in a blind fury. He had been making plans for her happiness at Jim's instigation; and here she was, coldly and hardly, going to leave the child when she had won his heart. She was no better than the rest of them, though he had thought her different from the race of hirelings. "Go," he said, "go! We shall learn to do without you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A VISIT TO MEXICO.

BY THOMAS P. McLOUGHLIN.

EVERY one who has studied geography will recall the great difficulty experienced in trying to pronounce the names of those twin snow-capped mountains of Mexico, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, and even to-day, when traveling through that enchanted land, one has to repeat the names very often before he can pronounce them trippingly on the tongue. It seems strange to one who has traveled over all parts of Europe, and whose footsteps have led him eastward as far as Jerusalem and westward as far as Honolulu, to think how many traveled Americans there are who have never visited that country next to our own borders, which ought to be as replete with interest to those born in the United States as any country of Europe, if not more so.

We shall never forget our first view of the land of the Aztecs. As the steamer approached the low-lying coast at Vera Cruz, off in the distance, its snow-covered top shining in the morning sun, appeared the huge mountain of Orizaba, equally imposing as Popocatepetl, although we have no recollection of hearing of it in the days when we studied geography. At its feet lay immense plantations, rich in varied fruits and flowers, while nearer to the coast the rays of the tropical sun had dried up all vegetation.

Interest in the journey and in the scenery was enhanced by the reading of Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico.* For many years we had seen on library shelves those three formidable volumes, which we never attempted even to open, perhaps owing to the fact that we took no interest in Mexico; or perhaps because we had heard from orthodox critics that Prescott was a bigot. The word bigot should not be lightly applied to any man, and from a reading of Mr. Prescott's work on Mexico, I am very much inclined to think that he was strongly prejudiced along certain lines because of his early training and the teachings of his parents and professors. But, certainly, no one could ever give greater or more just praise to the ministers

of the Catholic religion than that given by Prescott to the Franciscan Fathers, notably to Father Toribio, one of the twelve apostles of Mexico. No one could give a better appreciation of their influence for good on the Spaniards and on the conquered Mexicans than this same fascinating writer. To one who is fond of romance, we may say that we have never read a more entrancingly interesting book than the *Conquest of Mexico*. No hero in a dime novel was ever represented as leading a more charmed life than Cortez, the great conqueror. Hence, we approached Mexico with our minds and hearts dwelling in the past and were prepared to honor and respect the people who were the humble descendants of that noble but vacillating prince, Montezuma.

We made our visit to Mexico with a double purpose: first, to see the country and its inhabitants and its works of art; and, secondly, to study the actual condition of the Catholic Church within its borders. We had read in the accounts of various travelers of the sad condition of religion among the Mexicans. Their worship was represented as a mass of idle superstitions; their priests were pictured as grossly immoral; their children, for the most part, were represented as densely ignorant. To test the truth or falsehood of these statements, we visited several prominent clergymen, notably two American-born priests who had no reason to misrepresent the actual state of affairs.

Our train left Vera Cruz at seven o'clock in the evening and our destination was the city of Orizaba. We rushed along at a rapid rate through the warm night air, laden with oppressive odors of tropical vegetation. Gradually we began to ascend the foothills and as we mounted up, the night air became so cold we were forced to don our overcoats. At a quarter to twelve, on that Saturday night, after a short ride in a tramcar drawn by two mules, we arrived in the courtyard of the Grand Hotel de France, and what a beautiful courtyard it was. Its Doric columns, supporting numerous Roman arches, were covered with clinging vines of the brightest green and flowers of the richest purple, red and yellow. We mounted the broad stone stairway, and as we passed along an outer balcony to our rooms, there, towering above us, gorgeous in the silver moonlight, stood one of God's everlasting hills, beautiful Orizaba.

We could have remained there, gazing at the sight, enraptured, for hours, but, as we were fatigued after the railway ride in the uncomfortable cars, we retired quickly and were soon fast asleep. The sunlight, gleaming through the shutters, roused us early in the morning from slumber, and as we looked out of our windows, there was Orizaba once more, dazzling in the rays of the morning sun.

How glad I am to have received my first vivid impressions of Mexico on a Sunday morning. As we walked along through its quiet streets there was an air of a Christain Sabbath about the town. We met, for the first time, several of the Mexican Indians; some going to church, some carrying milk and other commodities to their customers. For the most part these Indians wore very primitive sandals of common leather, attached to the feet by thongs which crossed the instep and were fastened around the ankle. Later on we saw how the Mexican shoemaker makes a pair of these simple sandals for a customer. The would-be purchaser places his foot on a square of leather; the merchant, with a piece of chalk, marks the shape and size of the foot, allowing about an inch all around; then with a sharp instrument he punches six holes in the leather, cuts it along the lines of the chalk mark, and within five minutes, if we may believe the testimony of an eminent Passionist Father, he has made to order the most comfortable foot-gear that a man can wear.

Ten minutes' walk brought us to the church called "Dolores," the church of the Seven Sorrows of our Lady, and as we entered, we saw a sight fit for the brush of an artist. A Mexican, clad in ragged garments, with his peculiar shoulder covering which strongly resembled in shape a priest's chasuble, his tall-peaked Mexican hat on the ground beside him, his scapular of Mt. Carmel hanging outside his clothing, knelt near the door, and with outstretched hands and eyes directed towards the tabernacle, devoutly said his prayers, paying no attention to those who passed in or out. As we stood there for a moment in admiration at the simple, prayerful attitude of this publican, we saw a woman, with her baby strapped to her back, as is their custom, enter the church, devoutly cross herself with holy water, and dexterously reach her right hand over her left shoulder to sprinkle her little baby with the same.

It was only a step from the waterspout to the statue of

the Adolorata Pieta, the weeping mother with her Divine Son dead, His head resting in her lap. The woman reverently kissed the feet of the dead Christ, and then, turning her back on the image, the little baby of his own accord reached out his tiny hands and, as she lowered her body, he also leaned over and kissed the Savior's feet.

The church was very bright and cheerful and clean, the priest in charge most hospitable, the altar linen immaculately white, the chalice and paten perfectly polished, the tabernacle, with its draperies, bespoke a real living faith in the Blessed Sacrament. Incidentally, I would remark that I have offered Mass in churches in other lands, where I could not bestow the same unstinted praise regarding cleanliness. The congregation was composed, for the most part, of women; poorly clad, it is true, but most devout.

After breakfast we went through another section of the city, and visiting a Jesuit church, witnessed a scene that few travelers have recorded. In one part of the church a large catechism class of little Mexican boys sat on the ground, barefooted of course, not even the traditional sandal adorning their chubby little feet; their eyes bright and full of intelligence; their hair unkempt; their hands and faces, in some instances at least, manifesting the utter absence of the use of soap and water; but their hearts, like those of their parents, were in the right place. Their sisters on the opposite side of the church sat on little benches, and their Sunday-School teachers, just like our own, were seated with catechism in hand, and made the pupils repeat after them the answers to the questions; the most profound that can be proposed to the human mind.

When the lesson was over one of the Fathers ascended the pulpit and all the children, standing, said the morning prayers, after which he put them through a series of catechetical gymnastics on the five principal mysteries of religion and on the ten commandments, all of which they recited in chorus. The session ended with the singing of a hymn, and while the voices of the children lacked that quality which we find among white people and gave the impression that they were singing, for the most part, through a piece of tissue paper over a comb, nevertheless the hymn was appealingly sung.

From this church we wended our way to the principal square of the city, a beautiful park or *alameda* alongside of the

cathedral-like structure known as the parish church. Entering this edifice, which is capable of seating at least three thousand people, we found it filled with devout worshipers who were attending the Forty-Hours' Adoration. Noting that the worshipers were nearly all women and children I said to my companion: "The Mexicans, as far as the devout female sex is concerned, are certainly faithful in their attendance at Sunday Mass; but where are the men?"

One thing noticeable in this, as in all the Mexican churches, is the large number of crude statues, chief among which one always finds a frightfully realistic representation of our Divine Lord seated on a block after He had been scourged. The rude artist succeeded in making the representation so revolting that one's blood runs cold in looking upon it. A favorite shrine is that of the Archangel Michael, with a rather effeminate face and blond curls, dressed in pink and adorned with much lace.

The devotion of the people was remarkable. During the low Mass they knelt on the hard stone floors throughout the service, not even standing at the reading of the Gospel. What mattered it that nearly every one of the married women carried a baby strapped to her back? What harm was it that several of these little ones cried or chirped from time to time? They were in the presence of that same loving Christ who, centuries before, rebuked the Apostles when they tried to drive the noisy little children from Him. The Mexicans feel that they are in their Father's house when they enter a church and they know that Jesus was poor like themselves and that He had a most sympathetic heart.

After Mass was finished we took a walk to the market place, where all was bustle and life. Laborers from the surrounding country, who are obliged to work all the week from sunrise to sunset, make use of this, their only free day, to come to the town and do their marketing. Stall after stall, booth after booth, was filled with all varieties of vegetables and fruits and exquisite flowers and meats and household utensils and wearing apparel. Here in one booth might be seen the hatter with a large assortment of the peculiar cone-shaped hats affected by the Indians. At another angle a primitive shoemaker was busy measuring the stain-traveled feet of a mountaineer for a pair of sandals. We approached one of the flower booths and selected a large bunch of violets and another of sweet-

scented, waxen camelias, and when I wanted to pay the girl I found that I had nothing but American gold, which she would not accept. Not understanding very well the language which she spoke, I managed to gather from her gestures that I could keep the flowers and pay her the following day. I told her in broken Spanish to send a little boy to the hotel in the morning, which she did.

From the market place we meandered back to the parish church, and found the park near the church filled with people. The great bell in the tower rang out the Angelus. Instantly there was a hush and every man and boy removed his sombrero and crossing himself recited the prayer.

At half-past twelve, as we were still sitting in the park looking towards the parish church, what was my delight when I saw issuing from its immense portals, hundreds upon hundreds of men, no women mingling with them, and I learned from the parish priest that the twelve o'clock Mass was for the men only and that the attendance was always large. Mentally I said to myself: "Let no one in future tell me that the Mexicans in general are an irreligious people. Let no one venture to assert that the priests as a rule are not men of godly lives." If the old saying be true: "As the priest, so the people," then would I conclude as far as my observation went in Orizaba, that that city must be blessed with a band of zealous, untiring priests.

The Catholic idea of the proper observation of the Sabbath does not forbid participation in innocent amusement. The chief amusement of the Mexicans on a Sunday afternoon (I speak now of the male contingent) is to attend the bullfight. I do not intend for a moment to call this an innocent amusement. Orizaba is a city of sufficient importance to have a bull-ring of its own, and as curiosity got the better of me I attended this brutal performance; but, after witnessing the slaughter of a bull, I said: "One is sufficient for me." The entertainment certainly was very interesting, and at times intensely exciting, the only repulsive and disgusting feature of it all being when the picadores, mounted on blindfolded horses, that were really fit for nothing but the boneyard, approached the bull to annoy him. The gored, disemboweled horses were quickly dragged off the field. The marvelous skill of the *banderillos* in sticking arrows into the neck of the

bull was an exhibition of agility that would be hard to equal. The work of the Matador, who came into the arena last of all with a naked sword, seemed comparatively easy, for by this time the poor bull was almost completely winded and stood in the centre of the arena eying his executioner and apparently hypnotized. With a skillful thrust through the neck of the bull into his heart, the animal fell dead, and was quickly dragged out of the arena. This was supposed to be a triumph of man's skill over brute force, but it is well to note that it took the combined efforts of about twelve men to kill one bull. Sometimes, as happened even last winter, the bull gets his innings and manages to gore at least one of his persecutors. Bullfighting has been condemned, not only by the local Church authorities, but even by Papal documents, mainly on account of its cruelty.

On Sunday evening we had a real treat in store for us; namely, the band concert given in the principal square of the city. The electric lights turned night into day, the outlines of the parish church formed an exquisite stage-setting, while the full moon shining through the palm trees and the foliage made the picture all the more romantic. Hundreds of Mexicans, many of them clad in brilliant red mantillas, stood listening to the music of Strauss and Wagner and Verdi, and when a selection was finished they walked gravely up and down talking together. A large sprinkling of Spaniards—gay young women dressed in the latest French creations, and their male escorts—kept moving, laughing and chatting all the while. The whole scene was full of life and color and gayety.

On Monday morning I offered Mass in the Jesuit church, and was astonished to see upwards of one hundred young women approaching Holy Communion; and on asking the father in charge what was the meaning of this on a Monday morning, he explained to me that this was the Sodality of the Children of Mary, and that they were making a Novena of Holy Communions in preparation for the first celebration of the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes in Mexico.

I found out later, in a conversation with one of the secular clergy, the real explanation of all the devotion which I had witnessed in various parts of the Republic. An atheistic Masonic government, which hates the Church, has persecuted the religious orders of men and women and driven them out into

an unsympathetic world. Their convents and monasteries and colleges and churches and schools have been confiscated and declared government property. After the manner of the French Republic, the government kindly consented to allow those whom they had robbed to buy back their own property; and as many of the wealthy Spaniards and Mexicans availed themselves of this privilege, the result is that several churches in the larger towns are open for Christian worship. The government strictly forbids the clergy to appear on the streets with their soutanes visible, hence the custom of wearing long black cloaks.

The present tyrannical government has strictly forbidden all ecclesiastical processions in the streets, even in towns where the entire population is in favor of them. On the other hand, it allows carnival processions, not only during the ten days preceding Ash Wednesday, but on all the Sundays during Lent, and in these processions, indecency of costume as well as of action is not only not frowned upon, but receives the fullest sanction of the government. As if to emphasize more fully the determination of the minority in power, after closing up all the churches, they are erecting at public expense, out of the blood and sweat of an oppressed people, what is supposed to be the largest theatre in the world, where the ballet and vaudeville and light comedy will be offered to the people. "They that sow the wind reap the whirlwind," and so it will be in Mexico. The good padres used all their influence for upholding the hands of the secular government; the unwise legislators under that most absolute of dictators, President Diaz, have rejected the aid of Holy Church, with the result that Socialism is fast making itself a power throughout the land. Even now leaders in the army are plotting a revolution against Diaz and his chosen friends.

Throughout Mexico the same infamous methods are in vogue that have disgraced the French government. Sisters and brothers and priests are not allowed to teach in the schools; in the hospitals and industrial homes and reformatories, where these noble men and women exercised such a power for good, it is strictly forbidden to mention the name of God; there must be absolutely no religious training whatever for the children; the sacred emblems of the crucifix and the images of the saints have been ruthlessly torn down and

removed; many of the churches are rented by the government for storehouses for grain and liquor, or as stabling places for horses and wagons; yet, for all that, the large majority of the Mexicans are devoted children of Holy Mother Church.

"How do you support your churches?" I asked one of the priests, "and what supports you?" He answered that they were dependent entirely upon the alms of the faithful; the poor laborers, out of their paltry wages, contributing generously to the support of religion. "I have been told," said I, "that there exists an immense number of common-law marriages or concubinages in Mexico because of the excessive fees charged." His answer was to bring me to his office and show me his marriage register. The regular fee for marriages for those that can afford it is eighteen dollars (Mexican money), which corresponds to nine dollars in our money. The good father passed his finger down the page and asked me to count the number of marriages after which appeared the word "gratis." After others were written, "paid six dollars"; "paid four dollars"; etc. For baptisms the fee is three dollars, or one dollar and a half in our money. The stipend usually offered for Masses is fifty cents of our money.

While I was standing there talking to this priest two peons, or laboring men, came into the vestry and one of them slipped a large leather belt from his waist and said to the padre: "I want a Mass said on next Friday at five o'clock in honor of St. Anthony, that God may bless my little farm." He lifted the belt in the air until he had shaken out a Mexican dollar and handed it to the priest and waited for his receipt. "That poor fellow," said the priest, "lives about six miles away, and will be here bright and early on Friday morning before the church is opened to be present at the Mass." The reason, therefore, of the great piety of the Mexicans and their devotion to the Church is that they are suffering persecution for justice' sake.

The government has a law on its statute books saying: "All children up to the age of twelve must be compelled to go to school." The law is simply farcical. The municipal schools in Mexico are very few and far between, and hence the law cannot be enforced. It strikes the casual observer that the real object of the government is to keep the people in

ignorance, for woe betide that arrogant minority if the bulk of the Mexicans learned to read and write. In all their degradation and poverty, with their spirits crushed within them, they have still that inherent pride of the Aztec. They glory in the history of their ancestors; they look with reverential awe upon the statues of Montezuma and Guatamozin which adorn their public squares; and to one who has learned by a careful reading of history that "the mills of God grind slowly," there comes the firm conviction that one day these faithful people will come into their own.

Delighted with what I saw and heard, I asked the Jesuit father in Orizaba if I might take that city as a fair example in religious matters of the cities of Mexico. He shook his head sadly and answered: "No; I am sorry to say," he continued, "that Vera Cruz and nearly all the seacoast towns are very irreligious; few of the people go to church at all; and," he added significantly, "I leave it to you to judge the real cause of this." "How about the city of Mexico itself?" I queried. "As for Mexico," said he, "I will only answer for our own parish. During Lent we have a four weeks' retreat: the first for the women servants, the second for the men servants, the third for the ladies, and the fourth for the gentlemen of the parish; and our Church is crowded during those four weeks. During the last week we have between eight hundred and a thousand men who go to confession and receive Holy Communion; but I regret to say that, for the rest of the year, the great majority of the men never cross the threshold of the church." Who will explain this contradiction?

In the cathedral of Mexico, at the reception given to the new archbishop, we had the pleasure of seeing his Grace pass through crowds of kneeling men and women, many richly dressed, while side by side knelt the humble, barefooted, ragged Mexican men, women, and children, all eager to kiss the hand of the bishop and to receive his blessing.

Many of the churches are so large that it is a common sight to see a father and mother and family kneeling on the floor at a favorite shrine and reciting aloud the rosary.

I might tell of my further journeys through Mexico, but I prefer to limit myself to an account of a couple of days spent in the very pretty town of Cordova, a few miles distant from

Orizaba, and resembling it very much from a spiritual standpoint.

The town is approached from the railroad by a wretched one-mule tramcar like that in Orizaba. You would imagine that the tracks, rolling-stock, mules, and barn could be bought for a few hundred dollars, but we found out afterwards that it was a close corporation, that three or four men owned all the stock, and that one individual at least, who had five thousand dollars invested in it, received a dividend of ten per cent twice a year. The owners are wealthy coffee planters.

Entering the venerable church which stood fronting a large, well-kept park, we wandered into the vestry, and seeing a priest seated at a table I spoke to him in Italian, saying that I wished to offer Mass there the following morning. The good man smiled and, with a broad United States accent, said: "Certainly, Father. You are an American, I presume." Father Krill, for that was the priest's name, was born in Pittsburg and his father, coming to Mexico on business, settled there. After some years the young man was ordained for the diocese of Mexico, and accomplished such splendid work there that when his pastor was made bishop, he insisted that Father Krill should go with him to his new diocese and thus, filled with the spirit of apostolic zeal, he went into an unknown territory.

Cordova, after the expulsion of its priests and nuns, had grown careless. The people fell away from Church and from God, because there was none to minister to them. A once worthy flock had become indifferent.

The wonderful results brought about during the six years of Father Krill's administration show to us very clearly why Christ was content to use only twelve Apostles for the conversion of the world. In Cordova and its environments there are some four or five secondary chapels, which it is unnecessary to say were in very poor condition. The bishop appointed Father Krill pastor, not only of the cathedral but of the outlying parishes, and five priests were appointed to assist him in his work. Knowing the results of a different system, he insisted on the bishop's commanding these five priests to live under the same parochial roof with himself. Each priest takes charge of a certain mission and is responsible for it to the pastor. All the stipends, even the offerings for Masses, are handed

over to him, while he in turn provides his community with a Mass stipend for every day and their board and lodging and their meagre salary of about ten dollars a month.

To give some idea of the apostolic journeyings of the pastor himself, it is enough to state that four times in the year he takes the train to Vera Cruz, some sixty miles away, then goes on horseback *thirty-nine miles each way* over the mountain trails, to hear the confessions of an English-speaking colony at one of the sea-coast towns. As the roads are few and far between in the mountain districts, most of his sick-call work must be done on horseback, or rather on muleback; and here again let us note the deep-seated religious sentiments of the native Mexicans. Up the side of the mountain, some nine miles away from the city, live nearly nine hundred farm laborers and their families. Father Krill assured me that, except in case of sickness, not one of these people would think of missing Mass on Sunday. Down the mountain slope they trudge nine miles, and after Mass, back they climb nine miles again to their wretched, straw-covered huts.

In the cathedral church Father Krill has established a society of perpetual adoration. When the church opens in the morning the members of the Guard of Honor begin their loving task, and bands of six or more women succeed each other during the day. When the Angelus rings in the evening at six, the men come in large numbers and remain on guard like so many statues, gazing steadfastly at the tabernacle until the church is closed about nine o'clock. On Thursday evenings throughout the year over five hundred people attend the Holy Hour of Adoration. Daily Communion is constantly on the increase, particularly among the Sodalities of our Lady and the League of the Holy Eucharist. The church itself has been re-decorated and fittingly restored.

I have tried to describe in simple language some of the things I saw and heard during my brief sojourn in the land of the Aztecs. The idea that some Americans entertain of the Indian question appears to be summed up in the oft-quoted sentence: "There is no good Indian but a dead one"; and so, in many instances in our own history, the settlers fell upon the Indians and drove them off their lands and out of their homes, and killed them if they resisted. Helen Hunt Jackson, in her story of *Ramona*, which may be considered one of the

finest American stories ever written, gives us a thrilling account of the frightful injustice committed against the native Indians of California. As a result of our treatment of the American Indians, they are fast disappearing from our land.

In Mexico, however, under the guidance of the Franciscans and other loyal sons of Holy Church, they are still living the same life of civilization that was taught them by the Spanish Fathers. There are millions of them still dwelling and toiling in the land of their ancestors and still pursuing, even in dire poverty, the arts of peace.

As we left Vera Cruz, in the latter part of February on a very hot day and looked back towards the land, we saw once again in the light of the setting sun the glorious snow-capped peak of Orizaba, standing like a sentinel, as it has stood for countless ages, a witness to the wonderful triumphs of the Aztecs and their conquerors, the Spaniards. It looks down upon the modern railways and viaducts with the same complacency as it looks upon the remains of the pyramids that thousands of years ago outrivaled those of ancient Egypt. How infinitesimally small and transient the works of man appear when placed side by side with one of God's eternal mountains? Let us hope that, as the noon-day sun melts the snow of Orizaba and sends it down in life-giving streams to irrigate the valleys below, so may the faithful prayers of the devout Mexican Catholics serve to convert the hearts of the public enemies of religion and bring down God's continued blessings upon the people of Mexico.

THE SHEPHERD.

BY HUGH F. BLUNT.

Down from the heights of the mountain steep
The torrents rush with a mighty sweep,
And cavernous rocks are gaping wide
As they sullenly roar in the rumbling tide;
Barren are fields in the biting cold,
And a lone lamb bleats for the distant fold.

Who is it comes in the wintry night,
Far from the glow of his hearthstone bright,
Braving the wrath of the angry flood,
Staining the rugged rocks with blood,
Tuning his ear for a bleating cry
Of the lamb that has laid it down to die?

Who but the Shepherd Who loves his own
(Not of the hireling heart of stone),
Who rests not happy with all his flocks
While e'en one wanders amid the rocks.
What is a lamb to be loved so well?
'Tis only the Shepherd's heart can tell.

O Shepherd, Thou Who art called the Good,
Who watching over Thy sheep hast stood;
Safe are they ever beneath Thine eye,
But out of the distance comes the cry
Of wandering sheep that have missed the fold,
And starve and freeze in the winter's cold.

"Other sheep"—yet the sheep are Thine,
O Lamb of God with the ninety-nine;
Far in the wilderness sad they roam,
But, Shepherd Good, Thou shalt lead them home,
To follow Thee in at the sheepfold's door,
One fold, one Shepherd, forevermore.

A POET AND A DIPLOMAT.

BY WALTER SARGENT.

IT is lamentable, but at the same time true, that the works of some of the best novelists of the nineteenth century are no longer read to any large extent. Wonderful as it seems, even the immortal Sir Walter Scott has ceased to be a favorite, and boys are now growing up who have never even heard of Ivanhoe, Rebecca, Brian de Bois Gilbert, Guy Mannering, Jeanie Deans, and the other heroes and heroines that delighted past generations. And if Scott is thus treated, we can scarcely wonder at the neglect which has fallen upon such classical authors as Bulwer, Trollope, Charles Reade, and even upon such glowing lights as Dickens and Thackeray.

But if Bulwer Lytton is so much less read than he was thirty years ago, the diplomatic career of his still more distinguished son, the first Earl Lytton, has been kept green among English readers by sundry books, of which one of the most interesting is the two volumes of his *Personal and Literary Letters*, edited by his daughter Lady Betty Balfour.*

Robert Lytton was in many ways a fascinating figure. He entered the world with the prestige of a great name, for Bulwer, afterwards the first Baron Lytton, was already a distinguished novelist when his only son was born. Unhappily the boy never knew a mother's care after his fifth year, for in April, 1836, his parents were separated on the ground of incompatibility of temper, and Robert Lytton and his sister were confided to the care of a woman who, though kind and prudent, was in no way related to them.

At the age of eighteen he entered the Diplomatic Service under his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, and as his talents developed it was clearly seen that he was exceptionally fitted for a diplomatic career. But, well placed though he was, the prospect had no charm for him. From his earliest boyhood he had been conscious of those strong intellectual and æsthetic

**Personal and Literary Letters.* By Lady Betty Balfour. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

cravings which denote the true poet. Both in America and during his previous residence in Italy, he had written verses, but the time came when the longing, not only to write, but to publish, became so insistent, that to suppress it appeared to him "equivalent to the suicide of his own identity." He was encouraged in his ambition by his life-long friend, John Forster, and at last, with some trepidation, the plan was confided to the elder Lytton.

Robert Lytton naturally felt some diffidence about publishing poems under a name already made famous by his father. He was not the first writer who has felt himself overshadowed by a great reputation, and so when his first poems saw the light they bore on their title page the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith." The great man's verdict on his son's work was unexpectedly favorable.

"I have just read 'Clytemnestra,'" he writes, "with very great admiration and I own with surprise. Your improvement has been immense. I see for the first time originality. There is no mistake now that you have the *vivida vis*—that you are a real poet, and of a genus, too, that will be practical, and sooner or later popular."

This was certainly high and heartening praise for a young man of twenty-two to receive from one of the foremost writers of the day, even when full allowance had been made for a father's partiality. And, indeed, as other letters in these volumes clearly show, Bulwer Lytton, when criticising his son's poems, did not allow that partiality to blunt the edge of his frequently caustic judgment. The encouragement bestowed on Lytton's poetical ambition by his father and by Forster added fuel to the already burning desire that consumed him to devote the whole of his life to the cultivation of the muse. He was at an age when a man has to decide the question of his future, and if he had at this time been left to himself there is no doubt that the world would have heard nothing of Lytton the Diplomatist and Viceroy, and it is nearly as certain that his name would have been handed down to posterity as that of a great English poet. His longing to devote himself to literature made his life as an attaché mawkish and flavorless to him. In collecting facts for dispatches, in docketing and answering letters, he had no zest whatever, and though after events proved that his talents for diplomacy were exception-

ally great, Lytton was set with all his heart, as a young man, upon giving up his career and adopting a literary life.

In his graphic and vivid style he assures his father that "all those great and brilliant prizes which allure others would, even were I to obtain them, greatly diminish rather than increase my happiness. . . . Even Uncle Henry,* despite his many noble achievements and his costly successes, and his great position and reputation, the confidence of ministers, the envy of all his colleagues, and the Grand Cross of the Bath, is an example that makes me shudder. I would rather, for my part, have been Burns at the Scotch alehouse, than Uncle Henry in a ship of war, going out to his post with the Red Ribbon on. As I once said to you when we walked along the streets of London by night, and you made me proud and happy by asking me the question, my ambition has ever been for fame rather than power."

Here surely was no ordinary young man. But the detachment shown in this letter must have alarmed rather than pleased his father. Literature for its own sake is no doubt a noble pursuit, but when it involves the abandonment of a certain and probably successful career, coupled with a lofty contempt for the highest prizes which that career has to offer, it is not to be wondered at that an anxious father should view such a bent of mind with a good deal of fear.

Bulwer Lytton's reply was discouraging in the extreme, and what was even more galling to his son, gave him the impression of jealousy and a certain suspicion. Judging it at this time, however, when its wisdom has been so fully justified by events, it is a little difficult to see how Robert Lytton could have read into it anything but the natural alarm of a father at seeing a young man wishing to give up a certainty for what might be nothing better than a mirage.

"I don't think," writes Sir Edward, "whatever your merit, the world would allow two of the same name to have both a permanent reputation in literature. You would soon come to grudge me my life, and feel a guilty thrill every time you heard I was ill. . . . No; stick close to your profession, take every occasion to rise in it, plenty of time is left to cultivate the mind and write verse or prose at due intervals. As to your allowance, I should never increase it till you get a

* Sir Henry Bulwer, afterwards Lord Dalling, his chief at Washington.

step. I help the man who helps himself. What in your letters you suggest as the road to fame, is only the lazy saunter into a relaxed effeminate air of pleasure and egotism. It is the Epicurean looking into his rose garden, and declaring that he is cultivating philosophy. All great natures must have some little dash of the firmer Stoic; all must do what they don't like—for every true duty is some restraint on the inclination. Were it not for that, do you think I should be toiling here? Oh, no—under the orange groves of Nice writing new King Arthurs, which none save an affectionate son would read."

The letter of Robert Lytton which I have quoted above proved that he was something a great deal better and worthier of consideration than a young man who was merely anxious to throw up his profession for the purpose of entering a lazy dreamland of poetry. Even his father was satisfied that he possessed the divine *afflatus*, though he regarded it as a dangerous and enervating atmosphere to be breathed exclusively. Robert, therefore, stuck to his profession, and his first book of poems was published with his father's consent, on condition that he should write nothing more for two years. His pseudonym, "Owen Meredith," was derived from a traditional ancestor who bore that name. It is interesting to find Robert Lytton writing some years later that there was "a real Mr. Meredith," who was publishing at the same firm, and who was much annoyed at the assumption of his name. This of course was the George Meredith, whose death last summer deprived England of one of the foremost literary men of the Victorian era. Robert Lytton was faced at the prime of life with a dilemma which, if not unique, is assuredly uncommon. His sentiments as to the highest prizes in the diplomatic profession, which I have already cited, are the very reverse of those which boys of eighteen usually hold. But his condition of mind at thirty, though in itself less striking, is, on account of the maturity of his intellect, even more remarkable. It is the deliberate judgment of a cultivated man, who was no mere pessimist or dilettante.

But his views must be given in his own words: "I am too clever," he writes candidly to his father, "at least, have too great a sympathy with intellect, to be quite content to eat the fruit of the earth as an ordinary young man, yet not clever enough to be ever a great man, so that I remain, like Moham-

med's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth, missing the happiness of both, and neither trust nor am satisfied with myself. A little more or a little less of whatever ability I inherit from you would have made me a complete and more cheerful man."

The real fact is that his sympathies were at the same time so abundant in quality and so wide in scope, that they prevented that concentration without which the highest greatness does not exist. But it may be questioned whether a certain diffusiveness of sympathy and taste is not more likely to lead to happiness, while it is certain that the friends of the man of wide sympathies gain from him incomparably more pleasure than they could from a man of greater concentration.

Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in his able essay on Robert Lytton * points out that the poet is a man who can never reach the height of his ideal, and the greater the poet the truer this is. No success, however brilliant, can really satisfy his cravings after something higher and nobler, for, in an art so vast and lofty, so nearly infinite in its possibilities, the intellectual ideals can never be fully and adequately brought down to the expression of mere words.

Alexander the Great wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. But the very essence of his grief consisted in physical limitations, whereas the "divine despair" of a poet springs from the precise opposite—namely, the limitless nature of what is intellectual and abstract.

This is only another way of saying that a man whose ambitions are narrow is happier, with the happiness of this world, than is he who aspires to more exalted achievements. A prosperous grocer, who has guarded his future and that of his family against anxiety by judicious investments, is probably a far happier man than a genius whose works or discoveries will live to the end of time. Indeed, it is doubtful if a genius can ever be what is understood as a happy, in the sense of a satisfied, man.

Mr. Ward recalls the passage in *Rasselas* which tells us that the gifts of life are distributed on paths which lie parallel to our careers and on each side of them. Our choice lies between the two sets of gifts, but if we try to grasp both, we shall miss both.

* *Ten Personal Studies.* By Wilfrid Ward. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Such was precisely what Lytton was sometimes tempted to feel was his own fate. Fame in letters and achievements in diplomacy had alike been within his grasp. In trying to realize both, he had, he considered, failed in securing greatness in either.

Writing to his daughter, the editor of the volumes before us, he quotes Schopenhauer's dictum that a man can thrive only in the element congenial to his nature, and from this he deduces the axiom that he should resolutely eschew things in themselves good and attractive that are not thoroughly congruent to his character and disposition, just as the bird eschews the sparkling water, cool and refreshing, because it is death to him, though for the fish it is the only life. The man who covets prizes for which he is not fitted, because he sees them possessed and enjoyed by others, secures for himself disappointment and chagrin.

"My physical temperament," writes Lytton, "has a great tendency to beget blue devils, and when those imps lay siege to my soul they recall those words of Schopenhauer's and say to me: 'Thou art the man.'" And this, though only a mood, inasmuch as it represented the promptings of blue devils, was somehow a prevailing feeling with Lytton, and it may have been sent him as a salutary check to too much self-congratulation; for it must be owned that a man who not only made a distinct mark in literature, but rose also to the greatest proconsulship in the world, must be reckoned among the successes and not the failures of life.

And in other moods he was inclined to take a less gloomy and more reasonable view. "When my blue devils are cast out," he continues, still writing to his daughter, "and I recover sanity of spirits, then I say to myself just what you, dear, say to me in your letter—that the main thing is not to do but to be; that the work of a man is rather in what he is than in what he does; that one may be a very fine poet yet a very poor creature; that my life has at least been a very full one, rich in varied experiences, touching the world at many points; that had I devoted it exclusively to the cultivation of one gift, though that the best, I might have become a poet as great at least as any of my contemporaries, but that this is by no means certain to me, for my natural disinclination to, and unfitness for, all the practical side of life are so great that I might just as likely have lapsed into a mere

dreamer; that the discipline of active life and forced contact with the world has been specially good for me, perhaps providential, and that what I have gained from it as a man may be more than compensation of [*sic*] whatever I may have lost by it as an artist."

Lytton had a peculiar faculty for subjective and objective description. His introspective criticism is always arresting, while his pictures of external events glow with animation and color. His letters to friends, of whom he had a delightful selection, are wealthy in detail and pregnant in observation and description. The sympathy of his heart is well brought out in his correspondence with Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, with whom he was on terms of the pleasantest intimacy. He had, as Mr. Ward remarks, a genius for friendship, and his friends belonged to very various schools of thought. But the scantiest estimate of his manifold character would be utterly incomplete if nothing were said about his religious views, and the volumes edited by his daughter supply us with interesting testimony as to these.

In 1871 the death of a son of tender age, after an illness of a peculiarly painful and distressing character, had the unhappy effect of loosening his hold upon the teachings of Christianity. It made the idea of an omnipotent, and at the same time an all-good God, an insuperable difficulty to him. In a letter of melancholy tone but of extraordinary power, he describes his state of mind to his father. The eight days of anguish at the bed of his dying son has brought him to the conclusion that God, his loving and beneficent Father, is not omnipotent, and that he himself, as man, is called upon to help God, while looking to God to help him. This is, after all, Manichæism, pure and simple, and it supplies one more illustration of the tangled web of inconsistencies in which the human mind becomes enmeshed when deprived of the guidance of an infallible teacher.

As Mr. Ward very truly remarks, how far Lord Lytton's "attitude towards Christianity was determined by the form in which it had been presented to him in youth, and how far his deep reverence for Christian ethics presupposed a creed latently, if not explicitly, believed in, we have not material to learn with any certainty." What we do know is that he never had the blessing of Catholic training, and when confronted by the dilemmas caused by the various events and sorrows of life, the ship of his soul was found rudderless in the storm. Perhaps

it is scarcely a paradox to say that the cleverer a man is, and the more deeply he speculates on the great problems of life, death, and the future of those who pass beyond the veil, the more hopelessly will he become perplexed and puzzled by the multiplicity of mysteries which such a study represents, unless he is guided by the infallible voice of the Church.

Towards the end of his life, while he was English Ambassador at Paris, he had just recently read and reread the account of the part taken by William George Ward in the Oxford Movement, that great upheavel which, though before his time, affected him in common with all other educated men. Writing to a friend, he speaks of the contrast between the Anglican Establishment and the Catholic Church, and adds:

"To my mind it is not only in her liturgy and her ritual, but far more in her real catholicity, her vast humanity, her organization, so flexible and yet so firm, so sympathetically and sagaciously adapted to the idiosyncrasies of all her children, that the Catholic Church transcends all others, Greek or Protestant, and justifies her proud title of the Church Catholic. . . . For all sorts of reasons I shall never become a Catholic. But a Catholic I should certainly be if I could get over the initial difficulties of belief common to all the churches. Perhaps the main reason why I shall never get over those difficulties is that I have no inclination to get over them, no 'wish to believe'—in that particular sense." Placing himself face to face with the real difficulties of life and the abiding questions of the human soul, Lord Lytton assumes an attitude of "semi-agnosticism," as Mr. Ward not inaptly calls it, "half-way between the agnosticism of all Christians who realize that God is inscrutable, and that of the more or less aggressive agnostics of the school of the late Professor Tyndall."

A more pleasant aspect of Lord Lytton's mind, and one that shows his extraordinarily vivid power of poetical expression, is supplied by a letter giving his thoughts on spring, that favorite theme of poets. By common agreement, winter has been taken as typical of death; whereas spring, with its renewal of life, vegetable and animal, has been likened to the vigor of youth. Not thus, however, did these seasons strike Lord Lytton; and his thoughts on the subject, in their beauty and their originality, are well worthy of quotation.

"O spring! spring! the ever new! how I bless God for

thy sake! Strange! I cannot conceive, dear Forster, why men have so universally taken winter for the death-picture and spring for the life-picture in nature. It strikes me quite otherwise. In winter I see, everywhere, life as it is: the life of use and wont, and apathetic habit; the enduring need; the painful struggle with difficulty; the cramped energy; the long imprisonment; the want of warmth. That is life. But spring! No; all that boundless emancipation, the deep, deep exultation and triumph, the wonder, the novelty, the surprise of every moment, the fresh beginning of untried things—the escape from the staled and the spoiled experience, the joy, the freedom, the confident impulse, the leaping entrance into the realm of limitless possibility, surely all this is death—or else there is no God in heaven; and under the heaven of spring who could help being sure of the goodness of God? I send you the first primrose I have seen this year. I hailed it as the star of how many pleasant hopes! Here is a fine red beetle crawling over my letter. He has put on his holiday coat—obviously quite new, a splendid vest of scarlet slashed with black—all to do honor to spring."

This quotation is surely a beautiful illustration of the aphorism "*Mors janua vitæ.*" It is not to be wondered at that, as English Ambassador to Paris, Lord Lytton was most popular. He was thoroughly at home in that capital, speaking French as easily as his native tongue.

A very trivial but none the less amusing incident is told in connection with his sojourn in India. It relates not to his Imperial, but to his domestic government. His little boy was brought one morning to his study in charge of the nurse, accused of having thrown his sister's favorite doll from the nursery-window. "Now," said the father, "I will treat you in the same way. Go and fetch me the thing you are most fond of, and I will throw it out of the window!" The boy hesitated. "Run along and do as I tell you," said Lytton sternly. "All right, Papa," replied this worthy son of a diplomatic father, "I was only thinking *which of my sisters I liked best!*" The two volumes of her father's Letters, which Lady Betty Balfour has published, and her work dealing with his Indian Administration, give one a delightful view of a fascinating personality who was at once an accomplished official, a poet, a literary man, and, above all, a friend full of human sympathies.

THE WAITING.

BY N. F. DEGIDON.

THE cottage is roofless now. The roses and honeysuckle and sweet-scented briar are dead. The unglazed windows gaze across the glen like sightless eyes. The yellow walls resemble a tear-stained face from trickling moisture of moldering thatch. Grass—rank and sodden—grows on the threshold and adown the winding avenue to the river's bank. Weeds have choked life from the shy pansies and tender violets. The once neatly-clipped hawthorn hedge is prickly and unkempt; The garden is a wilderness. Desolation meets one at every turn—desolation and sorrow, and the mute reproach of dead things, as if the very walls—nature even—mourned for her who once walked there, and now is no more.

Fair to the eye she was, and fair of soul, too. Soft were her eyes of hazel, beseeching as a collie's, tender as moonlight on a balmy September night. Slender and stately her figure; gentle her face, shaded with soft, nut-brown curls—gentle and softly rounded as a child's, albeit twenty summers had passed over her head. Sweet and gracious in the glory of her dawning womanhood; sweet as the roses she touched so tenderly, so Dan Clune first saw her as he was passing by the way and stood transfixed at the sight, even as a hero of the Fiana might have been at first sight of the woman of his dreams.

In the neighborhood of the cottage Mrs. Grundy had not as yet ever been heard of. Formal etiquette had not yet taken the place of kindly hospitality. Suspicion of the stranger would be refused a place in those hearts of rare metal. If Kate blushed as she looked up from her flowers on hearing the handsome stranger's: "God save you, Miss!" it was merely the blush of innocent youth prompted by kindly thought.

"God save you kindly!" she answered modestly.

"The day is hot," Dan affirmed, thirst in his eyes—thirst of the soul, which no nectar compounded by human hands could satisfy.

"It is surely. You will take a bowl of milk—goat's milk only have we, but it is rich and thirst-satisfying," she said simply.

"Thank you kindly, Miss," Dan replied, taking a step nearer the river's edge.

"Maybe you will come in and rest while you drink," the girl went on, noting the stranger's fine, manly figure and measure of good looks, as girls will do, and have done ever since Eve stood entranced at the sight of her mate æons agone in the garden of Paradise.

I would be more than thankful, Miss," Dan answered, doffing his cap involuntarily, and tripping lightly over the stepping stones to the girl's side.

As he stooped his broad shoulders to enter the cottage, a woman—old and feeble, with snowy hair and snowy lace cap—bade him welcome, but her looks belied her words. Her face was tense, her eyes eager with suspicion. Kate was her only daughter, the child of many prayers. Alone, the twain had lived together since the fever had untimely carried off a husband and a son many years before. Handsome young strangers found no more favor with her than the susceptible young farmers around, who sighed at a glance from Kate's soft eyes, and mooned along the river's bank on summer evenings in the hope of a nod or a "God save you!" from her ripe young lips.

"Thank you, ma'am; and God save all in this house!" Dan replied as he seated himself on a creepy stool, which always stood in the rose-embowered porch.

"Have you come far?" the widow queried, anxiety in her tone.

"Over the hill, ma'am, from S——," Dan replied, meekly endeavoring to keep his eyes from straying from her wrinkled face to the young vision who stood obediently beside her mother's chair.

"Ah!" she ejaculated with a sigh of relief. Suspicion was dying. S—— was a long way off—many leagues. If this too-frankly admiring stranger abode there, he would trouble neither the cottage nor its inmates often.

"It is a hot day," he affirmed, hoping to gain her attention.

"You do not walk so far often?" she queried irrelevantly.

"I have never been in these parts before, and I may never

have an excuse to come here again," he replied, looking at Kate, in hopes that she would assist him in solving a riddle created almost in that instant within his own brain—to wit, on what pretext could he renew a visit to the cottage. Slowly he sipped his milk. Quickly, to him, the bowl was emptied. Unwillingly he departed, leaving his blessing and his thanks.

But, within a brief spell, Dan solved the riddle. He came again—not once, but often. On one pretext or another his tall form darkened the doorway of the cottage almost weekly. To day it was a straying heifer he sought. The next week a distant relative, lately discovered, lay ill a league beyond. In time he gave no excuse, and suspicion took up a permanent abode in the widow's eyes. Sometimes he rode a mountain pony; oftener he came on foot, on which occasions he tarried long—too long for the widow's peace of mind.

In those bygone times afternoon tea had not yet come into fashion, but there was abundance of buttermilk and laughing potatoes, and oaten bread and fancy griddle cakes made by Kate's own delicate hands—at least Dan thought them delicate, because they were so white and soft and slender; but, in reality, they were strong, capable, and willing. The neat aspect of the cottage, both inside and outside, was traceable to their tireless industry. Neither the edibles in the garden nor the flowers peeping through the hedges, clinging to the cottage walls, or clustering around the porch, would have arrived at such luxuriant growth were it not for her energetic weeding and hoeing and training. Dan never saw her at work, for the very simple reason that while still very young she had learnt the art of good housewifery—or, perhaps, she was a born housewife. The sun and she were on the best of terms, and directly that luminary peeped in at her uncurtained window every morning, the girl was wont to jump out of bed so as to keep pace with him. In this wise she had her day's work finished and her second toilet made about eleven A. M., a line of action many housewives in Ireland to-day might copy with advantage. If Dan called early in the day, Kate had always leisure to devote to him. If the afternoon witnessed his long, swinging, eager stride adown the winding road, she was never too busy with her flowers to note his coming, even while yet some distance away. Although he had not yet dared to voice his love, the gladness in her eyes and the soft blush mantling

her cheeks told their own tale, to the joy of the man's heart and the sorrow of the mother's.

Thus the months went galloping by, drawn by love's chariot, until Dan could possess his soul no longer, and was perforce obliged to lay his hopes and wishes before the widow and her daughter. Kate's heart was singing a glad song. Almost from the first she had known what was in her lover's mind, and had but awaited his words to voice their reciprocation; but, for the widow, the tale had a very different significance. To her it meant loneliness and sorrow—the severance of the one tie left to her on earth. Dan was a younger son, and beyond what he could make by what is locally called "jobbing," *i. e.*, buying cattle and selling them at a profit, he had no visible means wherewith to keep a wife—not to mention such a trifle as a house to shelter her. If he married her daughter a severance was bound to follow, as she had no intention of sharing the cottage with a son-in-law. A half-spoken wish of Kate's, anent the latter solution of the difficulty, was flouted angrily.

"A man should work for his wife and shelter her, too," she said fiercely, tapping her stick on the earthen floor to emphasize her words.

"An' that I'll do, too, without a doubt. All I'm wantin' is Kate's promise to wait for me while I'm workin' for the home," Dan retorted with equal spirit.

"Oh, I'll wait for sure, Dan! Don't be frettin' at all about that," put in Kate.

"And where and how may you be intendin' to work for my Kate?" interpolated the widow.

Dan looked at the twain, the embodiment of perplexity. Although for weeks his mind could hold no thought save marriage with Kate, the need to find a house to tarry in after that happy event had not troubled him at all. With the widow's eyes looking fiercely into his, a speedy decision on the matter was necessary.

"I'd better try America. There isn't much chance for a man in this country," he replied weakly, discerning economic salvation no nearer than the other side of the globe, like many an Irishman before and since.

"But you'll come back, Dan?" The voice was strange, Kate's voice strung up to a note of wild misery, with the sudden fear that she and Dan might part to meet no more.

"Ah! he'll come back," chimed in the widow sarcastically. Her faith in men was not of the strongest.

"I give you my word—my oath—that I'll come back when I've earned enough to keep Kate in the style she has every right to expect," he said humbly; but there was anger in his heart, which he suppressed for Kate's sake. He was not of the men who make promises to break them.

"I take your word, Dan Clune, and Kate will wait till you come for her on one condition," said the widow.

"An' that condition, ma'am?"

"That ye have no letters coming backward and forward between ye. You'll be giving your mind all the better to your bit of work if the longing to see Kate is always—always in your heart, and there is no way of satisfying it but bringing the money home for the wedding."

"It is a hard condition, ma'am."

"Take it or leave it, my son."

"Mother! Mother," wailed Kate, wringing her hands in anguish.

"There be men with the gay laugh and light heart who kiss a maiden and forget, and there be men with the deep heart who remember always. If your Dan is one of the last, you won't have to wait, *asthoreen*. A mother's right is to save her child from sorrow," the widow answered unmoved.

So the lovers parted, for prayers, entreaties, and tears were all in vain. Mrs. Casey was adamant. The next week Dan sailed, and half a small silver coin suspended from her slender white neck by a plaited string of gray worsted, was all the visible token Kate Casey had of Dan Clune's love.

Dan got a job the day he touched American soil, but he was used to farm-work only, and soon left the city for the wild west, where cattle ranged and oxen ploughed, and men worked like slaves half the year and froze the other half. His wages were high, but so were his expenses; and, with the utmost frugality, each year-end found him so ill-equipped in a monetary sense, to return to his love, that he put it off yet another year. At first he was sorely tempted to break his word to the widow, but in time self-restraint became a set habit, and, although his love abated not a whit, Kate began in some strange way to recede from him as the long silence closed

around his heart. It was like being in some strange, dark prison, although the prairie breezes blew around him—this ceaseless longing for the news of her he dared not ask for, until, by imperceptible degrees, she became less and less human and more and more a dream-maiden. As Beatrice was to Dante, so Kate Casey was to Dan Clune—a vision leading him to better things, forever purifying his path with a tender bond of a sweet memory, but as far from him as the stars. As the years went by he ceased to long as mortal men long when they love, although he thought of Kate always, and other women were to him as if they were not. Gray threads began to mingle with his raven locks, crows' feet left a net-work of wrinkles around the once merry eyes, the mobile mouth became set in stern lines, the shoulders drooped with the weight of an indefinite sorrow; still he worked, and he said each year to his own heart: "For sure I will see her next year"; but the next year came and went even as the last, for the red gold (that was to make a rainbow bridge across the Atlantic on which to journey to the land of love and happiness) accumulated slowly, slowly.

He was approaching middle age and still dreaming of a cottage embowered in roses, and a slim, youthful maiden, who was now half-saint, half-woman, when the unexpected happened. The master, whom he had served so well and faithfully, died in the fullness of time, leaving Dan a large share of his worldly possessions. On hearing the good news he felt as dazed as Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' nap. Then he woke up from his dreams, and the years were but as one since the day he left the cottage, vowing eternal fidelity to Kate Casey. Age suddenly fell from him like a worn-out garment and he felt as light-hearted and giddy as a boy in his teens. The next week the angry waves of the herring-pond were seething and boiling around the gallant ship that bore him back to love and life. Too eager to get to his journey's end, he tarried not a moment when he landed at Queenstown, and chafed much at the cross-country journey, which necessitated so many changes that he said to himself he would have made Gurthiniska in less time had he essayed to walk it. Arriving at the wayside station as the shadows were lengthening, he charted the only jaunting-car plying for hire there.

"Mrs. Casey's—the widow Casey's, of Gurthiniska," he said.

"Casey? Never heard the name, sir," the jarvey answered, rubbing his poll in some perplexity.

"Gurthiniska—up by Thobair. Surely you know that way?"

"Ach! I know the way right enough. 'Tis the name I'm tryin' to call to memory, sir."

"Never mind the name, then, but jog along. I'll soon find the place I want," Dan said with a proud smile, a mental picture of Kate standing by the river or under the flower-festooned porch in all her youthful grace presenting itself to his inward vision.

"Yes, up that road; the cottage is just by the river. The garden runs down to the water's edge, and the avenue—" Dan began.

"You must be makin' a mistake, sir. There is an ould fallen house where you say, sir; but naither a garden nor yet an avenue," interrupted the jarvey.

"Drive on, man," said Dan testily, feeling, but refusing to believe, that he had just had a severe nervous shock.

"I tould you so, sir," the jarvey began apologetically. He was dimly aware that his fare was suffering some sort of torture by the strange convulsive workings of his face.

An old woman, hobbling along with the aid of a stout stick, stopped to eye the stranger and incidently glean any stray bit of news.

"'Tis Miss Casey—Miss Kate Casey. She lived a short time ago with her mother—the widow Casey," Dan said, half-interrogatively, half in monologue, his face ashen white.

"Ah! sir, maybe you bees the young man that left here years back, with a promise to make money an' marry Kate?" she queried.

"Yes, woman; my name is Dan Clune. I have been away but a little while—just a few years. Where is Kate Casey? Why did she leave the cottage?" he said impatiently.

"Wisha asthore! an' you never knew, I suppose. The mother ailed the spring afther you went, an' that year it was God's will to take her, leavin' poor Kate alone an'—"

"But, woman, where is she?" he interrupted.

"Ah, wisha! wasn't I tellin' you. As I was sayin', the mother died an' the poor girl wouldn't leave the ould place, but she was gettin' poorer and poorer, an' the neighbors ud be

helpin' her a bit—kind they were—but sure we're all poor around here an'—"

"But, my good woman, I don't want all this history. Tell me straight where Kate Casey lives at present, and—"

"Oh, wisha! God be good to you, poor man! She used to talk about you an' say you wor comin' back an' the big bag of gold at you," she interrupted again.

"I have come back. In pity, tell me where is she?"

"Oh! God help him! She is above the stars, asthore, asthore—above the stars these nine years. She'd be smilin' in her pretty way when the consumption first attacked her, an' when the gray hairs began comin' she'd be pluckin' them out, saying she would not be an ould woman when Dan came back, an'—"

The crack of the jarvey's whip startled the gossip to silence. Looking around she saw that he was driving back alone. The returned exile had disappeared—whither she knew not; but, had she not feared the ghost with which popular superstition tenanted the ruin, she might have seen a man, bowed in agony, on the grass-grown flags of the porch where he had spent so many happy summer days more than a quarter of a century before.

"I kept my word—to the very letter," he sobbed brokenly to the silence.

But the sun hid his light in sympathy, and the shadows of night spread gossamer wings of pity over him, and the stars came out and blinked their sorrow; and in the stillness he thought he heard a rush of gentle wings and a voice afar murmuring: "One above alone can give you back what you lost in striving to gain"; and a peace stole over his soul—a peace which was neither of to-day nor to-morrow, but of eternal years.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S "LIFE OF ST. IGNATIUS."

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

SINCE the death of Chatterton there has been no figure in literature more romantic, and in some senses more sad, than that of Francis Thompson. The deathbeds of the two men were happily as wide apart in their surroundings as they could possibly be—the one, the wondrous boy, "who perished in his pride," dying by his own hand, despairing of succor when, all unknown to him, succor was close at hand—the other, breathing his last full of hope, after a life of unrecognized genius with its black periods of privation, tended by the unremitting kindness of nuns, whose love and service no money could buy, and sped heavenwards by the coveted absolution of a son of the great saint and patriarch, whose life Francis Thompson had—unknown to the world—recorded in language all his own.

Thompson died in November, 1907, the light of his well-earned rest coming to him in London's gloomiest month. It was not until the spring of 1908 that the world knew that Messrs. Burns & Oates possessed in their strong room the MS. of a *Life of St. Ignatius* by the dead poet, and since then every reader of his verse has been hoping to see what was known beforehand to be a treasure. On the 10th of December last the book* for the first time, saw the light, and through the courtesy of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, Thompson's literary executor, I am able to send this slight appreciation in time for the January issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The book was written to satisfy a commission, though its pleasant, easy grace gives no suggestion whatever of the set task. The author's love of the great saint, indeed, made the work one of love as well as of duty. "Original research," as Mr. Meynell tells us, "was beside his plan; he purposed to tell—if he could, to tell better—a story thrice told by others. A familiar figure in the Library of the British Museum he ac-

* *St. Ignatius Loyola.* By Francis Thompson. Edited by John Hungerford Pollen, S.J. With 100 Illustrations by H. W. Brewer and others. London: Burns & Oates.

cordingly became; and Oxford Street was meditatively paced by him many a night with some Ignatian volume—the 'Life' by Stewart Rose for choice—tucked tight beneath his arm." And, considering his oft-repeated hunger and poverty, one is reminded of De Quincey, who used to pace long nights away on the pavements of that self-same Oxford Street, the "stony-hearted stepmother." But Thompson, with all his poverty, was brighter than the opium-eater and more informed with hope. He probably loved to picture himself as walking with St. Ignatius rather than with De Quincey—his poet's fancy transforming the dingy prose of London into the fruit-decked streets, Moorish towers, and Gothic doorways of Barcelona, his mind redolent with the early wanderings of his hero.

The story of the great Spanish nobleman who became "a fool for Christ's sake," has been told over and over again; and nothing new could be looked for in Francis Thompson's book, except the form in which the well-known events would be clothed. Of a *succès d'estime*, limited no doubt to the initiated, any work of his was assured beforehand—at least, that was true of his later years, when his worth had been made known by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell.

As was to be expected, in this narrative of St. Ignatius not a shred of its romance and poetry has escaped the singer of "The Hound of Heaven." With a wealth of imagery, which sometimes even usurps the functions of poetry, he carries us smoothly on from one event of Ignatian history to another, scarcely giving us time for pause. We have not fully basked in the sunshine of some bright sketch, or fully tasted its freshness, before we pass on to be greeted by another.

The book begins by showing us the facsimile of the saint's autograph when he altered his name from Inigo to that of Ignatius, which he adopted after the Hound of Heaven had laid him low at the siege of Pampeluna, as a prelude to mak ing him His willing prey.

"Hesitancy was past; he had made the 'grand refusal,' which was equally the grand acceptance, and the whole trend of his affections changed with a swift completion possible only to a soul at once so eager and decisive. The adamantine volition which singly had nerved the faltering garrison of Pampeluna, which had cut its way into rebel Najera, which had elected the fracturing bar, the saw, the rack of the surgeons,

was now set Godward, and it made no stays. He cared no longer for aught without a relish of divinity."

Henceforward he was the saint—ambitious still, but ambitious of nothing less than heaven; burning with love still, but in love only with what was divine; a soldier still, but the captain of the mightiest army in the world—no longer the leader of men who would "strike down gigantic soldans," or lay at the feet of a queen "the keys of Moorish castles and the jewelled turbans of Asiatic kings," but of an invincible army of knights-errant of the Spouse of Christ, who "would smite the Great Red Dragon . . . and be the champion of the Woman clothed with the Sun.*"

On the eve of the Annunciation, 1522, at the age of thirty-one, Ignatius, after giving away his fine clothes to a beggar, and girding himself round with a gown of sackcloth, hung up his sword and dagger before the statue of our Lady, and throughout the night watched, his armor on his knees, or leaning from very extreme of fatigue upon his staff. "On that night, one may say, was born (though yet its founder dreamed not of it) the Company of Jesus, the Free-Lances of the Church."†

To this followed the sojourn in Manresa—that wonderful experience of solitude, opening at first with sweetness unutterable, which made every hardship easy and sweetened the prospect of the most exacting service. Thus does the Great Captain lure all beginners to His standard, chastening and testing them later with the fires of aridity and apparent desertion. Into this latter phase Ignatius was plunged. One day, when in prayer, the doubt was presented to his mind whether he could endure such a life for the two-score years that he might still hope to live. This was the first announcement of the enemy's coming; and though it was instantly repelled, it proved but the beginning of the great struggle. "Sudden glooms now fell upon him, profound sadnesses, utter aridity." But then "joy returned with like abruptness, again to be swallowed up in darkness. These violent oscillations took him with a dreadful amaze; it was like the putting off of one garment and the putting on of another."‡ In these intervals of darkness all joy in prayer left him, and his will seemed paralyzed for future effort. Physical pain succeeded that of

* Macaulay's Essay on "Ranke's History of the Popes."

† *Life of St. Ignatius*, p. 18. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 20.

the soul. His austerities brought him to the gates of death. Among the Friars Preachers of St. Dominic, to whose convent he had been carried in a protracted swoon, he lay, dying as he believed, and here he was assailed by a temptation to spiritual pride which lasted for two years.

An even worse trial was at hand; a malady of the soul which he had to go through before he, and, actuated by his spirit, his religious children, could become the doctors and consolers of other sufferers. The great soul of Ignatius, equipped as it was in the order of nature with a will of adamant, and enlightened by extraordinary graces and favors in the order of grace, fell a prey to "the searing ordeal of scrupulosity."

As Francis Thompson graphically describes it: "For him, therefore, as final and most dread test, [came] the hot ploughshares" of this most soul-subduing disease.

Once more his health failed. Once more the Dominicans tended him through the malady of body and mind—for this spiritual trial persisted, bringing with it a temptation to suicide. At length the battle was won. "The thick fog of scrupulosity drew off as suddenly as it had come, and with it went his miseries. He had conquered simply by clinging and resisting to the last; and relief had finally come, the relief of 'the rhythm of life,' not through any wisdom of his own or others. It was the close of the agonizing probation, the searching preparation, which had lasted for ten months in the lonely cave of Manresa."*

But just as the Great Temptation ended in the ministration of angels, so there came to Ignatius revelations such as the holiest soul cannot look for until heaven is attained. He frequently beheld the Sacred Humanity of our Divine Lord, and, while reciting the Little Office on the steps of the Dominican Church, the Mystery of the Ever-Blessed Trinity was suddenly and clearly revealed to him, making him weep for joy. Our Blessed Lady descended to speak with him; and at Mass, on one occasion, he saw Transubstantiation taking place. These surely were rewards which could scarcely be bought too highly, even at the price of those months of anguish and desolation.

It was after "watching his armor" in Our Lady's Church at Montserrat, that the future society was decided upon, though its scheme was not made clear till later. The Holy Land was

* *Ibid.*, p. 26.

to be the scene of its labors. The longing which fired St. Francis and St. Teresa lay deep also in the heart of the Spanish warrior. "Ignatius," writes our author, "half-captain, half-knight-at-arms, might well . . . think of those military orders which took their rise in Palestine, and deem that he was about to launch against the infidel a new Order of the Temple with subtler arms. He was not aware of the religious war up-blazing in the West, nor that his crusade awaited him in Europe."

The "Free Companions" were still to fight as an organized army, for the cause of Christ, under the command of His Vicar, but the wide world, not Palestine, was to be the battle-ground. The Reformation was on the eve of throwing its baneful blight over some of the fairest nations of Europe. And Ignatius and his companions were to sow the good seed which Luther was to try to choke with the tares of heresy.

Mr. Thompson opens his second chapter with a striking simile. "The Excalibur of Ignatius was now forged," he writes, "The *Spiritual Exercises* which he had evolved from his own experience at Manresa—a graduated process of religious preparation based on subtle spiritual psychology—a turnstile through which only the fit and few could pass."

With difficulty Ignatius made the dangerous journey to Rome, where from Adrian VI. he obtained his pilgrim's license for the Holy Land, which he reached at the end of August, 1523. From the Franciscans at Jerusalem, who gave him a kindly welcome, he nevertheless learned that the work of his new society was not to be in Palestine. The Provincial's decision was based upon the obvious certainty that a man of Ignatius' ardent nature would very soon embroil the Friars and himself with the Turks, and when the Spaniard persisted in his request to remain, the Provincial assured him that his disobedience would offend God. Ignatius was persuaded, humbly submitting to the Provincial's decree, nor would he so much as look at the Papal Bull which gave authority to the Franciscan Superior to bid visitors go or stay.

On his homeward journey Ignatius tarried at Venice, where (it may comfort invalids of this softer age to note) his host gave him "a piece of cloth to double round him because of his weak stomach (for the Manresan penances had left Ignatius, too, one of the world's great dyspeptics)."*

* *Ibid.*, p. 41.

It was during this homeward journey that the heroic Spaniard came to two notable conclusions. He already understood that his work was not to be in the Holy Land, and he now began to realize that with the education he had his efforts would be unavailing. He therefore determined—a man who had passed his thirtieth year—to put himself to school. With an act of will equal to that which had caused him to have his wounded leg re-broken and re-set, he carried out his plan, humbly taking his place in the Barcelona school among the innocent children, and sharing their tasks. There, for two years he sat like any student—his chief trouble being that his attention to Latin was disturbed "by the religious raptures and sweetnesses which overtook him in his tasks." He very soon found that these raptures were nothing but a trap, for at study time only did he experience them, at all other hours suffering from aridity. He therefore confessed to the master that he had yielded to these distractions, begging him "henceforth publicly to chasten him for such inattention." Juan Pascual used to love, years afterwards, to speak of this time of the great Spaniard's obscurity and mortification, telling his children that they ought to kiss the walls that had sheltered so great a saint.

At the end of the two years' study, and an examination by a theologian, Ignatius was pronounced fit for the higher studies. These he commenced at the University of Alcalá, on funds supplied by the founder, Cardinal Ximenes, for the benefit of poor students. It was at Alcalá that he began for the first time to give the *Spiritual Exercises* to those who consulted him about their souls. This wonderful book, of which St. Francis de Sales declared that it had converted as many sinners as it contained letters, had been written in the solitude of Manresa, at a time when the heroic soul of its author had been alternately buffeted by temptation and sustained by divine grace.

Like all who work for God and the salvation of their neighbor, Ignatius began to be exposed to persecution and slander. Even heresy was imputed to him; but on this point his innocence was proved even before men. But his position at Alcalá was no longer tolerable, and he was advised to go to the University of Salamanca. Here again his zeal in God's service brought trouble upon him, and he was arrested and thrown into prison. As he was being led along the streets—

meek and uncomplaining, after the example of his Divine Master—he was met by the retinue of a distinguished marquis. The holder of the title was then a youth of seventeen, who gazed with curiosity at the gentle mien and emaciated countenance of the prisoner, and wondered how it was that one so apparently noble and good should have been sent to prison. The Marquis de Lombay, who thus saw Ignatius for the first time, was destined, years afterwards, as Duke of Gandia, to throw himself at the feet of the captive of Salamanca, and to beg admission to the Society of Jesus. He was destined, too, to rule the society as its third General, and to be raised at last to the altar of God under the name of St. Francis of Borgia—described aptly enough by Francis Thompson as "the long Quixote-faced man, with the great hooked nose," for so has he come down to us in his portraits.

From Salamanca Ignatius, in February, 1528, proceeded to Paris, where God had told him that the real work of his life was to begin. Here, too, while pursuing his studies at the university, he led a life of penance and austerity; and here, too, persecution befell him. From Paris the saint came to England, begging for alms for his future work. If this was in 1532, London must have seen him when the city was on the eve of the dark day when Henry VIII. broke away from the centre of unity and plunged the country into that heresy, one of the characteristics of which was to be an insane hatred for the name of Ignatius himself and for his spiritual children.

We have thus far followed Mr. Francis Thompson through his narrative of the training and preparation—searching and tremendous as the furnace which refines the gold—through which the great founder and patriarch passed. In vivid language, and with an unswerving distinction of style, the author narrates the remainder of that wonderful life which has so affected the Christian world.

The description of Ignatius himself, striking and beautiful as it is, is likely to impress upon us the features and character of the great reformer in a new and profitable way. The whole book—for it can be regarded as nothing short of a classic—will serve to bring the genius of Thompson before thousands to whom his poems are a sealed book. His greatness, indeed, has already been recognized since his death, in a way that he could never have expected, through his famous essay on Shelley; but even this may be said to be "caviare to the general,"

for how many readers out of any given thousand, care for Shelley? While the very subject of the essay—wealthy as is the style in poetic imagery, is necessarily charged with technicalities which can appeal only to the technical. With the *Life of St. Ignatius* the case is very different. There lives not a single educated Catholic who has not heard at least the outlines of that marvelous career and of the part which it played in resisting the onslaught of heresy in the sixteenth century. And to find that career depicted in the chastened and vivid English of a genius and a poet, who is, moreover, a master of prose, is surely one of the delights of a lifetime. The get-up of the book is eminently attractive, while the hundred illustrations and maps which adorn it are an excellent help and guidance to the text.

I have said that Thompson's essay on Shelley had already brought him fame as a writer, but the history of the work is so remarkable that I must not omit to record it. The essay was written at the suggestion of Bishop, afterwards Cardinal, Vaughan, in 1889, and was sent to the *Dublin Review*. The choice of subject was, perhaps, scarcely happy, for at that time —much more than now—the *Review* was ecclesiastical rather than literary. The essay was returned, and its MS. lay for nearly twenty years in the poet's desk.

A year after its author's death it was found by Mr. Meynell, who generously offered the *Dublin* the opportunity of redeeming its former lack of appreciation. This time the essay appeared, with the astounding result (if only Thompson could have lived to see it) that the *Review*, for the first and only time in its history, leapt into a second edition. Yet a third would have been called for if Messrs. Burns & Oates had not produced the essay as a handsome book, with an appreciative preface by the Right Hon. George Wyndham. A little jewel embedded in this book is a page of facsimile. For this the editor has wisely chosen a passage of quite extraordinary beauty, a passage in which the author seems absolutely to rollic and revel in the imagery of the spheres and of nature. Speaking of Shelley's poetry, in which he discovers "the child's faculty of make-believe raised to the *n*th power," he continues: "The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amid the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teazes into growl-

ing the kenneled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world."

Where was the editor's heart, where were his eyes, where his fancy, that he could refuse a home in his *Review*, however ecclesiastical, to thoughts and metaphors so exquisite, so absolutely irresistible as these? But so it was, and Thompson's "Shelley" lay in cold obstruction amid other treasures, until it was rescued from obscurity and given, through the repentant leaves of its original rejecter, to a wondering world.

The life of Thompson has been likened to that of De Quincey, and in one respect—the London wanderings—the resemblance is obvious; but unappreciated as he lived and died, Thompson was really a happier man then De Quincey, inasmuch as he was sustained and comforted by the Catholic faith. Born at Preston, in 1859, he had the immense advantage of an Ushaw education, which invariably steeps its subjects in the spirit of Catholicism. The son of a physician, it was intended that Francis should follow his father's profession, but, as Mr. Meynell characteristically tells us, "his powers of prescribing and healing lay elsewhere than in the consulting room. He walked to London in search of a living, finding, indeed, a prolonged near approach to death in its streets." With the eyes of his soul fixed upon the higher realities, those eyes upon which shone

> ". . . the traffic of Jacob's ladder
> Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross,"

he was instant in watching for the stray pence which were to save him from starvation. The tabernacle which retained that wondrous poet-soul was enabled to hold its treasure against the clamorous claims of hunger through guerdons earned by holding the rein of a horse or hailing a cab! It was for a time a sad and perilous life—grotesquely unsuited to "this aloof moth of a man," whose health was ever fragile. But for friends who came forward in time to save him, the world would have known nothing of his genius. Among the most prominent of these was his discoverer, who not merely prolonged that delicate life, but secured for its possessor immortality among the gods of poetry and literature.

ONE HUNDRED FRUITFUL YEARS.

BY THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

DURING the year that has just closed many celebrations in various sections of the United States have gone far in answering the charge that Catholics here are strangely unmindful of the precious value of early historic Church records. Of those commemorations none was more notable or interesting than the centenary memorial of the founding, at Emmitsburg, Md., in 1809, of the American branch of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul by Elizabeth Ann Bayley Seton. The present generation, whose boast it is that it honors and appreciates people who "do things," should therefore show more than a passing interest in the canonization of this really great and saintly woman, whose character and accomplishments epitomize all those features that modern criticism expects in the recipients of popular plaudits and approval, not to mention at all the spiritual perfection that so many consider to merit in her case the honors of the altar.

Her Sisters, pioneers in the work of the parochial schools, may be set down as the founders of our present system in this field of education, in which to-day they have charge of one hundred and fifty thousand children. In her normal course of studies, her ideals, although a century old, correspond with what is considered the most up-to-date of our modern educational institutions. Hundreds of homes, asylums, hospitals, and other charitable foundations throughout the land, testify to the practical results of her aims in the philanthropic endeavor to ameliorate the condition of all in need and distress. Education and philanthropy are the watchwords of the humanitarian cult of the day; here is a type of genuine American womanhood who showed herself pre-eminent in both, and, in addition, made this success accessory to an ideal of conventual perfection.

Born in New York City on August 28, 1774, her father was Dr. Richard Bayley, a successful physician of good Eng-

lish family, and her mother Catharine Charlton, daughter of the Episcopalian rector of St. Ann's Church, Richmond, Staten Island. Her mother died while Elizabeth was a child, and she grew to womanhood under the watchful care and instruction of her father, a man of strong common sense and soundly versed in the serious learning of the day, but, like so many others of that era, his naturally religious mind was warped by the prevalent infidel French philosophy. In this his daughter shared somewhat, for, in spite of the devout Episcopalianism of her family environment and her own religious practice, we find her admitting an occasional recourse to Voltaire and Rousseau for mental diversion, but they had no permanent attraction for her. She was very fond of reading and spent much of her time with books, her accomplishments including French, music, drawing, and the needlework and housekeeping that were then considered essential to the proper training of a gentlewoman.

Dr. Bayley was the first Health-Officer of the port of New York, and as such established the Quarantine Station on Staten Island. Here he was indefatigable in his efforts to guard the public health and serve the cause of humanity. In the discharge of his important trust he fell a victim to an attack of yellow fever on August 17, 1801, in his fifty-sixth year. As the sexton of the church and the people of the place were afraid to touch the coffin, it was placed in a grave in the old Richmond churchyard by the Rev. Dr. Richard Channing Moore, later the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Virginia, after Dr. Bayley's faithful boatmen had carried the body in his barge from his residence to a spot within half a mile of the churchyard. One of these boatmen said: "I got out of my sick-bed to row that last row around the island, for, thought I: 'Here goes the poor man's friend—never mind if the row is too much for me.'" It was a great consolation to his daughter to have Dr. Bayley, when his professional knowledge made clear to him that he was stricken mortally, exclaim frequently in his last moments: "The hand of God is in it—Christ Jesus have mercy on me!" It was the first time, she tells us, she had ever heard him pronounce the Sacred Name, or in fact give any pronounced evidence of positive Christianity.

Elizabeth was married, on January 25, 1794, in John Street,

New York, by Bishop Provost, of Trinity Church, to William Magee Seton, the eldest son of William Seton, a merchant, and in his later years cashier of the old Bank of New York, of which ex-President Roosevelt's grandfather was president. He lived at 65 Stone Street, where the young couple went first to reside. In the fall of the same year they moved to 8 State Street, the house in which, on May 3, 1795, Anna—the eldest of their five children, two boys and three girls—was born. The Setons had a country house called "Craigdon," on a neck of land that is now Forty-third Street, between Eleventh Avenue and the river. It fronted the Hudson and had access to the old Bloomingdale road by Norton's Lane. In 1799 they were living at 67 Wall Street, for Elizabeth, writing from there in December of that year, says: "My first letter was written from Wall Street, from which we were driven by the yellow fever. . . . My William was the only one of the family who suffered in the least: which, as it is so numerous, was almost a miracle. We did not dare venture to town as inhabitants until the first of November, when we removed immediately to the family house in Stone Street."

William Magee Seton was in business as an importer with a man named Maitland, and failed in 1800, owing to losses by shipwreck of valuable cargoes and commercial depression occasioned by the French embargo. For several years his affairs were in much confusion, and then consumption developed in his lungs. As a hope that its inroads might be checked he sailed for Leghorn, Italy, with his wife and daughter Anna, in October, 1803, but scarcely survived the trip, as he died after landing on December 27 following. The widow and her child, helpless and penniless in a strange land, were taken in and cared for in the kindest and most affectionate manner by Philip and Anthony Filicchi, brothers and leading merchants of Leghorn. Philip, the elder, had traveled in the United States during the years 1785–86, and had made the acquaintance of the elder William Seton in New York. He had married an American, a Miss Cowper, and had been appointed United States Consul at Leghorn. William Magee Seton, before his marriage, made a tour of Italy and had visited at the homes of these merchants who now showed a brotherly charity to his widow and child, after they had buried the remains of the husband in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn. "My husband's

sufferings and death," she wrote to her sister, on January 3, 1804, "have interested so many persons here, that I am as kindly treated and as much attended to as if I were in New York."

Mrs. Seton remained with the Filicchis until the following April, when Anthony set sail with her for New York. The simple and sincere piety of the Filicchis greatly impressed her, and the Catholic atmosphere in which she lived filled her with longings for the true Faith. "My sister dear," she writes, on February 18, in her Journal, "how happy we would be if we believed what these good souls believe, that they *possess God* in the Sacrament, and that He remains in their churches and is carried to them when they are sick. Ah, me! when they carry the Blessed Sacrament under my window, while I feel the full loneliness and sadness of my case, I cannot stop the tears at the thought." The Filicchis never took the least advantage of her situation and frame of mind, but gave the efficacious lesson of an example that could not fail to arrest the attention of a person of Mrs. Seton's intelligence and sentiment.

"I am hard pushed by these charitable Romans, who wish that so much goodness should be improved by a conversion," we find her writing to her sister, "(I once overheard, 'if she were not a heretic, she would be a saint'); which to effect they have even taken the trouble to bring me their best informed priest, Abbé Plunkett, who is an Irishman." One of the friends of the Filicchi family was Canon Joseph Pecci, of Gubbio, who later became bishop of his native place; to him Philip Filicchi went for the proper answers to all the doubts and questions Mrs. Seton expressed in her conversations and letters, and he shared with the brothers the interest taken in her conversion. As she sailed for New York he drew up for her reading on the voyage a concise and comprehensive statement of Catholic beliefs. Little Anna also shared her mother's Catholic inclinations, for, when she heard that they were going back to New York, she asked: "Ma, are there no Catholics in America? Won't we go to the Catholic Church when we go home?"

The voyage to New York lasted until the first days of June, and during its progress Mrs. Seton employed her time with the books her friends in Italy had given her, and in oral lessons from Anthony Filicchi on the faith and practices of the

Church. From the time she landed until her final reception in St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street, on March 14, 1805, she was neither Protestant nor Catholic, but in that painful state of transition from error to truth which converts experience. Writing on August 28, 1804, to Anthony Filicchi's wife, she says he "would not have been well pleased to see me in St. Paul's Church [Broadway and Vesey Street] to-day. . . . I got into a side pew, which turned my face towards the Catholic Church in the next street, and twenty times found myself speaking to the Blessed Sacrament *there*, instead of looking at the naked altar before me or minding the routine of prayers."

Her Protestant friends and associates tried their best to persuade her against the inevitable end of her Catholic aspirations, which Anthony Filicchi endeavored to foster in every way by introducing her to the then Fathers Cheverus, of Boston, and Tisserant, and by sending her letters of inquiry to Bishop John Carroll, of Baltimore.

"I have tried so many ways to see Dr. O'Brien, who they say is the only Catholic priest in New York," she confides in a letter of January, 1805, to Mrs. Anthony Filicchi, "where they say, too, Catholics are the off-scouring of the people; indeed, somebody even said their congregation was 'a public nuisance'; but that troubles me not. The congregation of a city may be very shabby, yet very pleasing to God. . . . I seek but God and His Church and expect to find my peace in *them*, not in the people." She resolved then to become a Catholic, and on March 14 went "to the Church of St. Peter, which has a cross on the top instead of a weathercock—to what is called here among so many churches the Catholic Church," and there Father Mathew O'Brien received her profession of faith.

Estrangement of friends and kindred followed her conversion. She tried to support herself and her children by teaching a school and by taking "boarders from the curate of St. Mark's who has ten or twelve scholars and lives in the vicinity of the city." The location of her house, she tells her friend, Julia Scott (November 20, 1805), was "a pleasant dwelling two miles from the city." She was to receive three dollars a week for each child. In another letter she gives Mrs. Scott this direction how to visit her: "Stuyvesant's Lane, Bowery, near

St. Mark's Church, two little white houses joined, left hand; children the sign of the dwelling; no number." But prejudice and opposition made these ventures a failure. "The next invitation of grace," says Bishop Bruté, "was to give herself entirely to the service of God. Happy was it for her that, like the glorious widows who preceded her, Saints Brigid, Frances of Rome, Jane de Chantal, and the Venerable Madame Le Gras, she listened attentively and dedicated herself wholly to the glory of God." Her new friends and counsellors were Fathers Tisserant, Matignon, Cheverus, Dubourg, Dubois, and Bishop Carroll. The Filicchis invited her to go to Italy and make her home with them, but she declined. They then settled an annuity of $600 on her for her support. At first she thought of going to Canada to enter a convent there, but at the suggestion of Father Dubourg she went to Baltimore, where a small house on Paca Street, near St. Mary's Seminary, was taken, and in this she opened a school for girls. The rent paid was $250 a year. This was in June, 1808, and the school was formally opened in September. The pupils, who ranged from twelve years of age upward, were taught the English rudiments, French, catechism, sewing, and music. Mrs. Seton was assisted in her work by her daughter Anna and a Miss Cecilia O'Conway, the daughter of an eccentric but learned Irish schoolmaster, Mathias James O'Conway, "philologist, lexicographer, and interpreter of languages," as he styled himself, who was a local character in the first half of the last century in Pittsburg and Philadelphia. She was Miss Seton's first subject for her new community, but she did not remain in it. After a time she sought the severer cloistered life of the Ursulines.

For several years Fathers Cheverus, Matignon, Dubourg, and Tisserant, who might be styled the leaders of the zealous, far-seeing French *émigré* priests, who toiled so successfully in laying the foundations of the Church in that constructive period, had contemplated the formation of a religious community of women to care for the young in schools, asylums, and similar institutions. In Mrs. Seton they believed they had found the proper head for the undertaking. She took up the work at once and associated with herself several other pious women intent on their own spiritual advancement and desirous of serving the poor. They assumed a semi-religious

dress, a plain black gown with a cap of the same color, having a plaited border, and pendant from a belt they wore a rosary. From Bishop Carroll Mrs. Seton took the three simple vows of religion binding for a year. It was soon seen that the Baltimore house was not suitable for the little community, and the fortunate gift of a sum of money by another convert, Samuel Cooper, a seminarian studying at Baltimore, made possible the purchase of a tract of land at Emmitsburg, a village in the northern section of Maryland. In June Mrs. Seton, her two sisters-in-law, Harriet and Cecilia Seton, her daughter Anna, and one of the pious ladies associated with her in the Baltimore house, set out for Emmitsburg, a long and tiresome journey, made partly on foot and partly in one of the curious canvas-covered wagons then in use in country districts. The expenses of the trip amounted to fifty dollars.

On arriving at the village they found the building on the property unsuitable for occupation, so they located in a log-house that the Rev. John Dubois, the head of Mount St. Mary's College, nearby, put at their service, while he moved into new buildings intended for the college. Here, with her associates, she formally began her religious life on July 31, 1809. On August 10 the first Mass was said in the house. The women entered at once on their mission of teaching poor children in a free school in the village, visiting the sick and providing for their necessities. Mrs. Seton's three daughters lived with her in the convent; her two sons were placed in Mount St. Mary's College, and walked over once a week to visit their mother and sisters. It was intended to conform the new community to the Rules and Constitution of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and Father Flaget, who went to France in 1810, was commissioned to arrange to have some of the French Sisters come to the United States to instruct the Emmitsburg community in the rules and spirit of the French Institute. The interference of Napoleon's government, however, prevented this, and a modified form of the Rule was adopted and, with the approval of Archbishop Carroll, the community was regularly organized as the Sisters of St. Joseph. This name was later changed to that of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, and in 1850 the Emmitsburg community was received under the jurisdiction of the Superior-General of the Sisters of Charity in France and assumed the

French habit and St. Vincent's Rule in its entirety. The dress is that of peasant women of the neighborhood of Paris in 1634 —a gray dress with wide sleeves and a long gray apron, with a white linen *cornette* as a headdress. It was this peculiar cap that made the Turks whom the Sisters nursed on the battlefields of the Crimea call them "the white-swallows of Allah." Although various Popes have granted numerous privileges to the Sisters of Charity, no approbation of their Institute has ever been asked from the Holy See, because St. Vincent wished them to be a lay community with only private vows.

Mrs. Seton was elected the first Superior of the Emmitsburg community, an office she filled mildly but firmly till her death, which took place at the convent on January 4, 1821. Her sisters-in-law, Cecilia and Harriet Seton, both became converts and died, members of her community, in 1810. Her daughters, Anna and Rebecca, also had the same happiness, the former dying in 1812 and the latter in 1816. The third daughter, Catherine, became a Sister of Mercy; Richard, her son, died at sea, June 26, 1823, *en route* home from Liberia, where he had been United States agent at Monrovia. William, the other son, died in New York in 1868. All five are buried at Emmitsburg.

When Mother Seton died the community numbered fifty; it now has 1,700 members, with houses in the Archdioceses of Baltimore, St. Louis, Boston, Chicago, Milwaukee, New Orleans, Philadelphia, and San Francisco, and in the Dioceses of Albany, Alton, Buffalo, Dallas, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Harrisburg, Hartford, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Mobile, Monterey, Nashville, Natchez, Richmond, Rochester, St. Joseph, San Antonio, Syracuse, Wilmington, Porto Rico, and the Vicariate of North Carolina. In all they have charge of 4 academies; 38 hospitals; 28 orphanages; 14 infant asylums; 5 industrial schools; 33 parochial schools; 6 asylums and schools; and 5 insane asylums.

To Philadelphia was accorded the honor of having the first foundation sent out by the new Emmitsburg community. In September, 1814, Mother Seton chose some of her best beloved daughters to go there to care for the orphans who had been gathered together in the first Philadelphia Catholic asylum. Among those selected to form this new branch was Sister Rose White, Mother Seton's successor as head of the Emmitsburg

community, and another, of whom she wrote from Emmitsburg, on December 1, 1814, to her dear friend Julia Scott:

"There is one of the dearest souls gone to Philadelphia from this house, who has lived in my very heart, and has been more than an own sister to me ever since I have been here. . . . She has the care of the poor orphans belonging to our Church with our good Sister White, who has the little institution in her charge. If ever you have a wish to find a piece of myself, it will be in this dear Susan Clofsey, who is one of the assistants. If you ever see them, love them for me; for they love me most tenderly, as I justly do them."

For a similar purpose Sister Rose White was sent to New York, three years later, with Sisters Elizabeth Boyle and Cecilia O'Conway. They arrived from Maryland on June 28, 1817, after a trying journey of eight days, and were located in a small frame building at the junction of Prince and Mott Streets. The first Catholic society incorporated in New York State was The Roman Catholic Benevolent Society, which obtained its charter from the Legislature on April 15, 1817, for the purpose of caring for destitute orphan children. It was this Society, and the trustees of old St. Patrick's Cathedral, that carried on the negotiations for the securing of the Sisters under the peculiar system in vogue in those days concerning parish temporalities, and which occasioned so much trouble wherever it had fastened itself on the Church. We can see its curious ramifications in the following extract from a letter written at Emmitsburg, July 24, 1817, by the Rev. John Dubois, then spiritual director of the Sisters, to Bishop Connolly, of New York, stating that these Sisters would be sent from Emmitsburg provided that the same, or nearly the same, regulations were accepted, concerning their life and government, as were then in force in Philadelphia. These stipulations were:

> I. That leaving to the trustees the whole management of the money, to whom they will render regularly an account of the expenditures, money received from the trustees, and donations from strangers; they will be permitted to manage the interior of the house in their own way and according to their own rules.
>
> II. That an association will be formed before or after their arrival under the name of Ladies of Charity, who will assist the Sisters in the endeavors to forward the institution, and with whom the Sisters will keep a freer intercourse than with the gentlemen. To these ladies

the Sisters will have no objection to give a free access to the interior of the house whenever it will be necessary.

III. That, to remove the smallest suspicion of self-interest in the collections the Sisters may make for the poor orphans or other people in distress, a certain sum annually shall be allotted to the Superior of the Sisters in New York for her and her Sisters' clothing, which they will apply as they please, and for which she shall be accountable only to the Mother here. We have tried in Philadelphia the small sum of thirty-six dollars per year for each Sister; if we find it sufficient we will be contented with it, if not, we will state our deficiency and claim a further allowance.

IV. That in the number of the orphans, the admission, or removal, the head Sister will be consulted, so that no further burden be imposed upon them than they can bear.

V. That their traveling expenses from here to New York should be defrayed by the trustees, and, from New York here, back again, whenever any said Sister will be recalled for the good of your institution; as, for example, in case of sickness or such cause as would render them less serviceable to you. But if the recall of any of them is only for our convenience here, or for the extension of the benefits of our institution to another place, then the traveling expenses must be at our expense, or at that of the institution for which the recalled Sister is destined.

The difference between this and what would be said now under similar circumstances tells the whole story of the downfall of trusteeism. The little house in which the Sisters were lodged was then the only one on the south side of Prince Street between Broadway and the Bowery. It was there that the great local community, whose centre of activity is now the extensive convent and school of Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, began, and it was there that the work, that later led to the separation of the New York community from the Emmitsburg foundation, commenced. Round it are clustered many of the most interesting memories, religious and social, of New York's Catholic community. Among the methods devised for the support of the asylum was an annual "Orphans' Benefit," to which the theatrical companies playing in the city contributed some part. The first benefit was an oratorio concert given in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the afternoon of June 22, 1826, by members of the first Italian opera company ever heard in New York. This was the troupe directed by Manuel Garcia, the famous tenor, for whom Mozart wrote "Don Giovanni" and "La Nozze di Figaro." They had been

brought to New York by the Catholic merchant, Dominick Lynch, and were then singing their initial engagement at the old Park Theatre, which stood opposite the site of the present Post Office. The *prima donna* of the benefit was Garcia's daughter, Maria Felicita, who later, as Madame Malibran, became the most famous singer of her time in Europe. In addition to the benefit there was also an "Orphans' Ball" every winter, a great social function, to which the grandparents of the present generation look back with many agreeable recollections. These gatherings, in addition to their charitable character, were events that were anticipated as the culmination of the season's enjoyment.

Under such encouragement the charitable work of the Sisters grew steadily, as did also their efforts in the direction of sound Catholic education, the other special object of their organization. Free schools for the children of the poor, and more advanced classes for those who could afford to pay for an extended training, were opened in several sections of the city and conducted with marked success. In the meantime, the community of the mother-house at Emmitsburg had begun the negotiations looking to an affiliation with the Institute of the Daughters of Charity founded by St. Vincent de Paul in France in 1633. They had up to this, as has been stated, been following the French rule in a modified form. The new affiliation involved changes in discipline and methods that would have threatened the very existence of the New York Orphan Asylum—the French rule requiring that the Sisters in charge of boys' asylums should be withdrawn—and embarrassed the project of a much-needed hospital, the present St. Vincent's. These and other details of administration occasioned a correspondence between Bishop Hughes and Father Deluol, S.S., the director of the Emmitsburg community, which resulted in the recall of all the Sisters from New York in July, 1846. This proved the necessity of the establishment of a separate community in New York. Bishop Hughes made a proposition to that effect and the matter was amicably arranged. Those Sisters who wished to remain in New York were dispensed from their obligation of obedience to the Emmitsburg superior; and, of the forty-five then resident here, thirty-five remained and continued their work.

A new community was formed and in the little chapel of

the old Prince Street asylum Sister Elizabeth Boyle was chosen, on December 31, 1846, its first Mother Superior. The novitiate was opened at St. Joseph's Academy, 35 East Broadway, but in the following year it was removed to the new motherhouse, a frame farmhouse at "McGown's Pass," an historic spot of Revolutionary memories now included in that part of Central Park near One Hundred and Seventh Street and Fifth Avenue. Here, in one of the small rooms, arranged as a chapel, Bishop Hughes, on May 2, 1847, offered Mass and formally dedicated the house to its new purpose, the Convent and Academy of Mount St. Vincent. The house stood on a hill where there had been a bastion in the war-time, and a record of the year 1847 states that "the villages of Harlem, Yorkville, and Manhattanville formed a kind of cordon around the base of the majestic height." When Central Park was laid out by the city this property was included within its limits and condemned. The old convent buildings still remain there in use for park purposes. As a site for a new convent the Sisters next purchased, on December 20, 1856, Fonthill Castle, the beautiful estate of fifty-five acres on the bank of the Hudson below Yonkers belonging to Edwin Forest, the famous actor. Here the "new Mount" was opened in the summer of 1858.

Since then the community has multiplied many hundred times in number. Mother Boyle has had eight successors in the office of superior, the present incumbent of which governs some 1,400 members, who conduct 80 missions in the Archdiocese of New York and the Dioceses of Brooklyn, Albany, and Harrisburg. These establishments comprise 20 academies, 78 parochial schools, with about 50,000 pupils; 5 asylums, with 1,800 orphans; 8 high schools affiliated with the Regents of the State University; several homes, containing 600 children; 11 hospitals, in which an average of 18,000 patients are treated yearly; a home accomodating 270 aged poor; an Industrial School and Protectory, with 1,800 girls; a Foundling Asylum, with 3,870 children and 612 needy mothers on its roll, and in which, since it was opened in 1869, 50,000 abandoned and needy children have been cared for; 2 day nurseries, with 172 little ones; and a retreat for the insane, with 150 patients. These Sisters retain the black cap and religious dress adopted by Mother Seton when she founded the American Sisters of

Charity, and which she took from the habit of some Italian nuns she saw while living abroad. They follow the rule of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, with slight modifications. On June 20, 1847, the Holy See extended to them all the privileges and spiritual graces granted to the community at Emmitsburg. Their superior-general is the Archbishop of New York, and the community is governed by a council made up of the Mother Superior and three assistants, who reside at the mother-house.

Seven of the Sisters from Emmitsburg started a community in Cincinnati, in 1829, and remained in active union with the Maryland institution until 1850. Then, as in New York, it was found that the rules governing the French Institute under the new affiliation, would impose limitations regarding the works of charity the community might undertake, and, under the direction of Archbishop Purcell, these Sisters, like those of New York, elected to retain Mother Seton's original rules, traditions, constitutions, and costume, and form a separate organization.

Since 1854, when the civil and ecclesiastical obligations attendent on the separation from the Emmitsburg authorities were complied with, these religious have been known under the corporate title of The Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati, Ohio. The mother-house is at Mount St. Joseph, Hamilton County, and the Sisters, who now number about seven-hundred, conduct sixty-eight homes in Michigan, Ohio, Tennessee, Colorado, and Missouri. Most of these have parochial schools under their care, with a total attendance of 22,000 children. A branch of these Sisters, in 1870, began another foundation at Greensburg, Pa., and its present working force numbers more than 300, conducting 23 establishments in the Dioceses of Pittsburg and Altoona. There are 10,000 children in their schools.

Still another offshoot from Cincinnati is the mother-house located at Leavenworth, Kan., the Sisters of which community number more than 500 working in that diocese and in the jurisdictions of Santa Fé, Denver, Great Falls, and Helena. They have 5,000 pupils in their schools.

New York, in 1859, supplied to the Diocese of Newark, at the request of Bishop Bayley, Sisters of Charity for a separate community, which was opened at Newark on September 29 of that year. The habit and constitutions of the New York Sis-

ters were retained until 1874, when a white cap with a black veil was substituted for the black cap of the headdress adopted by Mother Seton. The mother-house is near Madison, N. J., and the 1,100 Sisters under its direction conduct a college; 6 academies; a preparatory school for boys; 67 parochial schools, with 41,000 pupils; 5 orphanages; 5 hospitals; a home for incurables; a home for the aged; a foundling asylum; and two day nurseries in the Dioceses of Newark, Trenton, and Hartford, and in the Archdioceses of Boston and New York. Their college for the higher education of women, the first Catholic women's college in the United States, was founded in 1899, and is chartered by the State to confer the usual academic degrees.

The Sisters of Charity at Halifax, N. S., are a foundation from Mount St. Vincent, New York, which also sends its Sisters to care for the schools and missions in the Bahamas.

In all, there are to-day nearly six thousand of Mother Seton's spiritual daughters laboring in the United States, with undaunted purpose and generous zeal, to accomplish the plans of the saintly founder of their Institute for charity, education, and the spread of the Faith. Separate in administration, all four branches are as one in their unselfish and devoted cooperation in the all-encompassing scope of the spirit their founder inspires in their lives of usefulness. They were all represented at the elaborate celebration in New York on December 1–2, of the centenary of the foundation; and all are piously and zealously joined in the promotion of the investigation, by the officials of the Holy See, into the records of the holy life and heroic virtues of Mother Seton, which they confidently hope will lead to her early beatification.

New Books.

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

Two new volumes* of the English translation of Janssen's great history have been published recently. They deal with the culture and civilization of the German people from the close of the Middle Ages to the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. A brief introductory sketch of the many-sided, widespread, vigorous, earnest, and promising intellectual life of Germany in the second half of the fifteenth century, helps us to realize how truly the terms "collapse" and "decay" describe the conditions which followed swiftly after Luther's revolt from the Church.

The fact that there was a deplorable falling-off in the national schools and universities, the causes which led to that disaster, and the efforts made to remedy the evil, are fully stated and described by numerous witnesses of the time, whose testimony cannot be rejected, because the evidence they give is damaging to themselves and their cause. That the people in general had become suddenly indifferent to scholarly education, that those in authority paid little attention to the schools and were very stingy in providing for them, that religious dissensions, cruelty, and bad example on the part of teachers, with insubordination, drinking, quarreling, rioting, and immorality among the students were widely prevalent and long defied correction both in the schools and universities, is shown at great but just sufficient length. Over three hundred pages of the thirteenth volume are devoted to these matters. Separate chapters deal with the study of the classics, law and jurisprudence, the writing of history, mathematics and astronomy, mineralogy and botany, giving us valuable information about the men engaged in these studies, their methods and the value of their works.

The fourteenth volume deals with the study and practice of medicine, the philosophical and theological labors of Catholics and Protestants, translations of the Bible into German, Scripture exegesis, preaching, the censorship, printing, and selling of books and early newspapers.

Dr. Ludwig Pastor, Janssen's literary heir and executor, played a great part in the preparation of the original edition

* *History of the German People.* By Johannes Janssen. Vol. XIII. and XIV. Translated by A. M. Christie from the Sixteenth German Edition. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

of this part of the history. Utilizing his dead friend's notes, and following his plans, he wrote most of the chapters contained in the fourteenth volume. Since then he has greatly enlarged and remodeled the chapter on "Philosophy and Theology Among the Protestants."

The method followed in this history—that of allowing the past to speak for itself, so far as is practicable—is not only the best and most convincing, but also the most interesting and satisfactory. No one with the instincts of a scholar will tire of reading these volumes, or wish that the matter in them had been more condensed. The difficulty is in laying them down for a while at the call of duty.

In the rough draft of a preface, found among his papers, Janssen asserts that he has had no thought of stirring up sectarian feeling. One cannot read far without concluding that his sole purpose is to tell the truth without fear or favor, and that he lives up to that high and holy standard. When the occasion calls for it, he tells frankly and fully the facts that are not pleasant for Catholic ears.

This work, however, has a controversial value. Facts and truths are always the best arguments. This book is well stored with both. It shows most convincingly and unanswerably that the movement to which Luther gave shape, strength, and direction had a pernicious effect on society, both intellectually and morally. Credit is given to Luther, to Melancthon, and to other prominent leaders for continued and vehement efforts to foster a love of learning, but it is shown that their religious doctrines dried up the fountains of charity which had previously nourished the schools, led the people to cast away a motive which is in itself a powerful incentive to study as to other good works, and broke down discipline, without which school work bears little fruit. It is shown, furthermore, that many of the inferior Protestant clergy were decidedly opposed to the spread of culture. The cowardice of Calvin and his associates during the plague which scourged Geneva in 1542, the heartlessness with which the sick were treated in Protestant communities during the frightful epidemics that raged all over Germany for many years towards the middle of the sixteenth century, the abject terror of the people in those seasons of sore trial, do not show up well in comparison with the self-sacrificing zeal of Catholic bishops, priests, and monks, the indefatigable charity manifested

everywhere and by all the Catholic people, and their calm resignation in the face of danger. The contrast between Catholic and Protestant schools as regards discipline, the example of the teachers, the behavior of the students, the morality of the plays produced in them, likewise tell heavily against the new religion. The information given us about Catholic translations of the Bible into German before Luther's time, and about that reformer's way of handling the Scriptures, not only disposes of many of the oft-refuted calumnies that were so long the favorite weapon of the Protestant controversialist, but also displays the Father of Protestantism in a rather discreditable light. But why go on with this enumeration? Let it be enough to say that this history, like every other storehouse of truth, is an armory wherein the Catholic controversialist may find many a keen weapon for his holy warfare.

CALIFORNIA MISSIONS. Our sense of the fitness of things is not always so satisfied by facts as it is when we find that the task of writing the history of the missions of California has fallen to a Franciscan pen.* For, although both Jesuit and Dominican, at two separate periods, toiled nobly in that land, still it is the Sons of St. Francis who loom largest in the retrospect of the evangelization of California, and are chiefly identified in the popular imagination, with the land whose greatest city perpetuates, however incongruously, the name of the lowly Francis. The first volume of this history is a substantial book of over six hundred pages. Its division follows the well-marked changes in the course of events, about forty pages consist of an account of the discovery of California; the first missionary ventures of the Franciscans and Carmelites; the withdrawal of these and the substitution of the Jesuits by the action of the secular authorities at the end of the seventeenth century. The second part relates the history of the Jesuit mission down to the day when, as a consequence of the suppression of the order throughout the Spanish dominions, the Jesuit Fathers were cruelly expelled from California. Finally, the third part covers the period from the introduction of the Dominicans till the ruin of the missions through the iniquitous secularization of the country by the government of Mexico.

* *The Missions and Missionaries of California.* By Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. Vol. I. *Lower California.* San Francisco: The James H. Barry Company.

The close relation between Church and State in the Spanish Empire imposes on the religious historian the obligation of taking cognizance of civil and military affairs almost to the same extent as if secular history were his proper task. How far the State overrode the Church in Californian affairs will be a subject of wonder to any who have not read the same lesson elsewhere in the history of Spanish domination; and the immensity of the evils, which, with some beneficent results, flowed from that union, is eloquently set forth in Father Engelhardt's work.

To say that Father Engelhardt's pages are eloquent must be understood to mean with the eloquence of facts. He makes no pretense to picturesque or fine writing, and is indifferent to the graces of style. In compensation, he is a faithful, laborious seeker of well-authenticated facts—whether he is engaged in relating the intrigues of leaders, the character of the Indians, or the successes and failures of the missionaries, or the clash of interests between the different orders themselves. He is thoroughly scientific in his conscientious references to sources for his statements, and almost prodigal in his documentation. In many instances he provides a refutation of Bancroft's slipshod misrepresentations.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GIRLHOOD.

There is need of constant and most painstaking caution in trying to extract historical truth from private or official correspondence. The character of the different writers must be known and taken into account. Were they well-balanced or emotional, deliberate or hasty, impartial or biassed? The answers to questions like these are plainly of tremendous importance in determining a writer's reliability as a witness, or discernment as a judge. Motives also have to be reckoned with. At times the writer of a letter will suppress truths that ought to be told, or will lie brazenly to gratify vanity, to secure an advantage, to mislead a correspondent, or perhaps to deceive an enemy into whose hands he expects his letter to fall. Frankness no more characterizes the written than the spoken word. The sources of the writer's information must likewise be examined. Gossip, or the shrewd suggestions of clever opponents, or the interested reports of unscrupulous spies, may have furnished

the material for the weaving of his hopes, his fears, or his judgments.

Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, it is a pleasure and an advantage to have such documents. They enable us to put off the historian's yoke, to look into the minds and hearts of historical personages with our own eyes, to see and feel for ourselves the play of beliefs, emotions, desires, and fears, which even the best historians may have undervalued or failed to describe fittingly.

For these reasons we welcome the volume of letters that deal with the early life of Queen Elizabeth.* The editor seems to have made a wise and adequate selection, unhampered by any partisan bias. Different parties and different points of view are fully represented by many different witnesses. The dangers and difficulties, the plots and counterplots, the schemes and hopes of which she was the centre, are pictured for us by the leading actors in the play. Numerous notes serve as hinges in the narrative, and also to correct errors made by various writers. The volume is enriched with several excellent portraits, a fac-simile of a letter from Elizabeth to her sister, Queen Mary, and a thorough index.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
By G. H. Putnam.

Mr. George Haven Putnam has made for himself so familiar a place in the mind of the present generation as a learned author of books about books that it comes as a surprise to find that he is all the while Major Putnam, a Civil War Veteran. Some such fact might have been inferred by any one who happened to know his age and his ancestry, for no man with the blood of Israel Putnam in his veins could have remained inactive if he was able to shoulder a gun, when the call of freedom and patriotism reached his ears. This may seem a roundabout way of approaching the statement that Mr. Putnam has written a new book† on Abraham Lincoln, but in point of fact it is much to the matter. In his preface the author remarks that, on the occasion of the centenary celebration in New York in honor of Lincoln, of forty-six speakers "only four had ever seen the hero whose life and character they were describing."

* *The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth.* A narrative in contemporary letters. Edited by Frank A. Mumby. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

† *Abraham Lincoln, the People's Leader in the Struggle for National Existence.* By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

His own address on that occasion, which he afterwards undertook to commit to writing, "primarily for the information of children and grandchildren," has grown to this 300-page monograph as he wrote. It is well that it is so, for Lincoln is going to grow into a greater and greater figure in the minds of peoples and historians, and future generations will be glad to hear every possible light upon this greatness of character which baffles understanding by its very simplicity. It is an easy prophecy that at a date when Mr. Putnam's excellent English shall have become archaic, some American novelist will use his narrative, "written for children and grandchildren," as the basis of an autobiographical romance, of which Lincoln shall be the hero. It will have more of George Haven Putnam in it than that author himself allows to become evident in the present work, but that will be as things should be.

To come back from the future romance to the present history, it is sufficient to say that it is an excellent appreciation of the man and his times. Naturally, but little is added to our knowledge of the main facts of his life—that field has been too well reaped. There are a few gleanings, however, as, for instance, some interesting reminiscences of Mr. Hewitt's, and also an account of the voting on the Presidential candidates in 1864 by the captives in Libby Prison, of whom Mr. Putnam was one. His estimates of character are well expressed and, in the main, judicial and fair, but we cannot subscribe to his appreciation, or rather censure, of General McClellan

A valuable feature to the work, as a contribution to history, is the inclusion as an Appendix of Lincoln's famous Cooper Union speech (February, 1860) which was a large factor in the securing of his first nomination to the Presidency. The speech is reprinted from a pamphlet containing it which was published that same year. With it are valuable historical notes on the topics discussed, written at the time by Cephas Brainerd and Charles C. Nott.

HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

The making of text books is a special gift, and it is a gift which Father Coppens possesses in a marked degree. His works of this kind in the fields of rhetoric and philosophy are in use in many institutions of learning. He now turns his attention to the history of Philosophy, and pre-

sents in a work* of 140 pages a compendium of philosophical systems from Brahmanism down to the latest creations of the human intellect. The treatment of these systems is necessarily brief, but Father Coppens has a sure eye for what is essential in a body of doctrine, and the reader will find the main elements of the various theories clearly outlined. The work is brief and clear—but not simple. Nobody can make philosophy simple, in the sense of being obvious and easy. It is the business of the philosopher to go beyond the obvious view of things. If he does not go deep, he is no philosopher. And patient study is necessary to follow him. "Metaphysics," says James, "is an unusually obstinate effort to think clearly." This work is not, therefore, one to be picked up by the casual reader who wishes to glean information in a leisure hour. Its main value will be for the student of philosophy, or for one who wishes to refresh his mind on points formerly studied, which are becoming obliterated in the palimsest of memory.

Where the wonder is that so much matter has been presented in such brief space, it would be ungenerous to suggest omissions. However, a few lines on Pragmatism would have rounded out the account of American contributions to philosophy. The appreciations of men and systems are admirable, but we think that those relating to the two great Franciscans, Roger Bacon and Duns Scotus, accentuate too strongly their defects. In the case of Roger Bacon, especially, his failure to influence his age was due less to his own deficiencies than to the over-devotion of the times to our department of thought. Opinions may differ on such isolated points, but not on the main fact, that this is an excellent little book.

THE SACRAMENT OF DUTY. By McSorley.

The three surest tests that the Church has become thoroughly at home in any country are: native vocations to the priesthood, a native religious literature, and native saints. So long as the main stock of preachers and ideals of holiness must be brought from afar, the country is a missionary one. The Holy See has lately paid us the compliment of ranking us among the fair sisterhood of full-grown churches which dwell in unity

* *A Brief History of Philosophy.* By Rev. Charles Coppens, S.J. New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.

under the Mother Church of Christendom. In some ways we have earned the praise; we have, indeed, no canonized saints as yet, but we have a vigorous Catholic life under the guidance of a native clergy, and we are beginning to create a religious literature which shall express our Catholic ideals to the mind of our contemporaries. The production of a saint will be our great test; a saint who will show forth the result of the Catholic faith working in the best type of national character—what Columbkille is to the Irish, or Bernard to the French, or Loyola to the Spanish. When we have succeeded in this, we may hope to make the United States a Catholic country. Meanwhile, we welcome the slowly growing literature which acts as interpreter between the Catholic and the American spirit.

This may seem a disproportionate introduction to a review of a small volume* of religious essays, but the reviewer (a diocesan priest who tries to keep in touch with men and books) is convinced that since the days of Father Hecker there have been few more remarkable contributions to the work of interpretation. This does not mean that Father McSorley treats professedly of the points of contact or of divergence between Catholicity and national life. He never refers to them—but he presents the Catholic ideals of life and character in a way which will appeal to every aspiring soul in the republic.

The type of character which he admires is depicted in the preface: "To be cheerful, humble, honest, brave, constant, reverent; to wage ceaseless war against the myriad forms of selfishness which obstruct the path to the higher life; to care fervently for the Blessed Christ and seek an ever closer communion with the indwelling Divine Spirit."

As this summary already suggests, there are two main lines of interest in the book: religion and character. The presentation of religion reveals a man whose heart is attuned to all of God's creation, and to God in nature, in revelation, in the heart itself. He has meditated deeply on life and on religion and has manfully faced the difficulties which faith must meet. Quotations from the Sacred Writings and Church pronouncements, from theologians and philosophers, saints and poets, reveal the wide range of his study; but the dominant tone of the book is a personal one, that here we have a man

**The Sacrament of Duty.* By Joseph McSorley, Paulist. New York: The Columbus Press.

who has explored many fields of thought, only to be deepened in his conviction that faith has the answer to all the riddles of existence.

His method of leading the mind to an appreciation of the religious element in life may be best illustrated from the chapter on "Soul-Blindness." He arrests attention from the start by a description of the "psychic blindness" produced in animals by a well-known physiological experiment. He further makes use of psychology to treat of the undeveloped powers which exist in every man. Following this clue, he gradually develops his subject on and on through various degrees of nobleness of view till he leads to his point—blindness to the Beauty and Truth that is God. What charms and holds is the writer's breadth of sympathy with every form of human striving for the noble and the true. The scientist and the man of culture, whose eyes may have been closed to the light of religion, will not say: "Behold! the preacher preacheth"; but he will exclaim: "Here is one who sees where I see, enjoys where I enjoy, but whose eyes are open to a world to which I am blind; not a narrower man than I, as I had thought religious persons to be, but one of larger outlook and keener vision; it must be I who am narrow, I who am blind."

The passages in which he reveals the view of the world and of life of those who see God in it all are of surpassing insight and beauty. It is breaking jewels from their clusters to quote bits here and there, but there is not space for the whole. "His and His alone is the peace-compelling dawn and the blaze of sunset glory, the softened colors of twilight and the throbbing evening star." "From Him are life and strength and love and length of days; from Him come penitence and hope and holiness and the glad assurance of eternal rest." "It is His mind that has planned, His will that has fashioned all. The senses perceive the moon's chaste light and the violet's fragrance, the falling waters, the lark that soars and sings; and at once the mind recalls how each of these shows forth the measureless goodness and love of God, for by grace divine it has succeeded in linking the thought of Him with every common object and every experience of daily life. By this means has the curse of blindness been charmed away; God has been brought again to reign visibly in His heaven; and all has been made right with the world."

There is another phase of the work, in which the poetical and mystical type revealed in the foregoing passages is merged into that of the psychologist and moralist, as in the essays on "Open-Mindedness" and "On Being Cheerful." In these he shows a deep knowledge of the human soul. His ideals are still pitched high, but his view of the conditions of life is balanced and sane, with a shrewd though kindly analysis of character and foibles, and a gentle searching humor which never lets itself be caustic or depressing. The even balance of his judgment is shown, not only in his selection of "Open-Mindedness" for treatment, but in the handling of it from three points of view: in our attitude towards our faults of character, in the attitude of Catholics towards new truths, and in that of possible converts towards the Church.

In all his essays Father McSorley is always at high-water mark. The book has no padding. It is never dull or commonplace. Work such as this is not done in a day. It is a result of long reflection. It must have been gone over again and again. And the final revision must have been made with a ruthless excision of every thought or sentence which fell below a high standard of excellence. The result is a series of essays which, treating as they do of the abiding things—God and human souls—will live in Catholic literature.

METHODS OF APOLOGETICS.

The most venerable figure in the hierarchy of the Church to-day is Cardinal Capecelatro, Archbishop of Capua. The biographer of St. Philip Neri, the friend and admirer of his fellow-Oratorian and fellow-Cardinal, John Henry Newman, his life reflects the cheerful piety of the one, and his mind the serene devotion to truth of the other. The present little work* is an evidence of both qualities, especially of the latter. It belongs to that department of theology called Apologetics, which, on account of the many-sided attack on fundamental religious truths, has attained such a remarkable development in our own times. The learned Cardinal accentuates the newness of matter and methods in two titles which indicate the scope of his work: "The need of a Newer Method in Theology"; and "A New Apologia for Christianity in Relation to the Social Question."

* *Christ, the Church, and Man.* By Cardinal Capecelatro. London: Burns & Oates; St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT. By Rev. G. Bouffier, S.J.

The ground of an eight-day private retreat is covered by the meditations of Father Bouffier's manual.* Four meditations and one conference are assigned to each day. The translator has added a number of notes chiefly to indicate a selection of spiritual readings for the employment of free time. To those acquainted with Madame Cecilia's own works, her name as translator is a guarantee that the book is free from the excesses of sentimentality and emotion which, for northern people, lessens the value of many otherwise admirable books of French piety.

THE CEREMONIES OF THE MASS.

To apply to this book† the overworked epithet, popular, might do it an injustice; for that term seems to convey the idea that depth or accuracy is sacrificed to attractive or easy exposition. Here, however, we have the complex and deep subject of the symbolism of the Mass, whether in the prayers, vestments, ceremonies, and other adjuncts, treated in a manner at once attractive, simple, concise, and accurate, profound and complete. The author has not undertaken an historical study to trace development; though he sometimes makes an observation to draw attention to the gradual growth of symbol or significance. His purpose is to explain "the hidden meaning of the Holy Sacrifice and its ceremonies as they are now found in our worship; a meaning which has often been given to them quite independently of their historical origin." Nor does he lay much stress on the opinions of individual authorities, when such opinions are not ratified by general acceptance. He also does not approve the methods of some writers who provide a Scripture text for almost every interpretation which they advance; for often, he observes, passages from Scripture are rather arbitrarily quoted to bear out considerations which are undoubtedly pious. While Father Nieuwbarn writes with an eye to the demands of scholarship, his main purpose is edification. The promise of a preface is not always realized in the tenor

* *The Annual Retreat.* By Rev. Gabriel Bouffier, S.J. Translated from the French by Madame Cecilia. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The Holy Sacrifice and Its Ceremonies.* An Explanation of its Mystical and Liturgical Meaning. By M. C. Nieuwbarn, O.P., S.T.L. Translated from the Revised Edition by L. M. Bouman. New York: Benziger Brothers.

of a book. Here, however, promise and execution run together so harmoniously that the words in which the scope of the work is announced may be accepted as expressing its spirit too:

> My ardent wish is to increase man's love for the Holy Sacrifice by a better understanding of its mysteries; to reveal something of the unsearchable riches of Christ, of which St. Paul speaks (Eph. iii. 8) and to open out a new field for the mind, so that devotion of the heart may gather more abundant fruit, were it only in the souls of a few. My earnest hope is to be of service to many, to the simple and the learned, to both young and old, that all may realize better the deep love of Jesus Christ which daily flows in endless streams from the Divine Sacrifice of our altars.

The hope of the author has already been fulfilled in Holland where, within a short period of its first appearance, a second edition of the original has been called for. We trust that an equally wide welcome awaits the English translation.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.
By Wiggin and Smith.

These are indeed good days in which to be a little child. (And yet, if you ask me when it was not good, I should not know when that time was, unless, perhaps, in the days of Herod of the sword.) For some years past our artists and our printers have formed a holy alliance, and set themselves the task of enclosing radiant bits of fairyland between the covers of the child's Christmas book. We have had Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* and Eugene Field's *Poems of Childhood.* This year Miss Kate Douglas Wiggin and Mrs. Nora A. Smith have conspired with Maxfield Parrish to give us a book of *The Arabian Nights* which makes one wish he were a child again.

Mr. Parrish's contribution to the volume,* in addition to a cover design and title-page, consists of twelve drawings in color, illustrating passages in the text. They have about them all the witchery and wonder of the East itself, as seen through the prism of a child's imagination. There is the Fisherman of the wondrous copper vessel, and Aladdin of the lamp; Prince Agib of the hundred closets, and Ali Baba of the boiling oil.

* *The Arabian Nights: Their Best-Known Tales.* Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The stories in this collection number ten and include the best-known of the tales. The original text has been altered somewhat, but the changes have been almost wholly confined to an omission of details and repetitions. Miss Wiggin, who writes the introduction, quotes a passage from a work of Édouard Laboulaye's in which he says:

"Nothing affrights me so much as the reasonable, practical child who believes in nothing that he cannot touch." And, indeed, the same may be said of his elders of a like mind.

After all, this capacity for faith in untouched things, whether in man or child, is all of a piece. The child is spiritually dwarfed who does not build a thousand worlds out of sheer delight, or who will not enter with a glad heart one so magically fashioned as *The Arabian Nights*. A joy in these creations, that cast at once a spell of beauty, of power, and of awe, is the child's first hunger for the things that the eye of man hath not seen.

The beautiful, clear type in which this volume is printed deserves a special word of praise.

SAN CELESTINO.
By John Ayscough.

If any one offers you a book, saying: "Here is the life of a canonized saint done into a novel," do not follow your first impulse to send it to the Sunday-School library. Read it, for it is well worth while. It is the story of a soul, the psychology of a saint. John Ayscough takes as his theme* the story of the eremite saint who was drawn from his mountain solitudes to bear, for a few bitter months, the weight of the Papal crown. This was Peter, known as Celestine V., whom Dante placed in hell on account of *il gran rifiúto*, but whom the Church honors as a saint in heaven. The closing phase of his life makes sad reading. The book is most attractive in the earlier chapters, which describe the life on the mountain farm and in the University of Salerno, setting off the holy youth's ideals of life in contrast to those of his various companions. The tale is beautifully and impressively handled. It will be sure to create, even in the most unsympathetic mind, an attitude of at least tolerance for the ideals of the contemplative life.

* *San Celestino*. By John Ayscough. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH.
By W. W. Harney.

This is a collection * of stories and verse bearing mainly on Southern life. The writer gives a short sketch of his own career by way of preface, from which we cite one sentence which will introduce him favorably to the Catholic reader. As a young man he was a school principal in Louisville, Ky., but "after two successful sessions, the singular political insanity, Know-nothingism, swept the city and elected a new board of trustees, who supplanted Mr. Harney by a successor who knew little enough to satisfy the principles of his party." That is rather neatly put by the way of a start. The promise it gives is not quite kept up in the prose section, as the style of the stories is rather labored. But the poems are delightful—gracious and pure in sentiment, and with a lyric lilt that makes them sing themselves.

THE WOMAN WHO NEVER DID WRONG.
By Katherine E. Conway.

Katherine Conway's little volume † of stories is sure of a generous reception. They are pictures of the fine, simple, Catholic life of our people in this generation, a life that is not sufficiently sensational to attract the yellow journalists and novelists of to-day, but which will be a theme of historical interest in a long to-morrow, when its solid worth shall have won victories. Domestic and parish life, vocation, conversion, love and tragedy are her themes. Her touch is sure and graceful, her perceptions sympathetic and gracious.

THE NECROMANCERS.
By R. H. Benson.

When Father Benson turns aside from the historical themes which first made him known as a novelist, he displays an attraction for the eerie. His latest story ‡ is a venture in the dim regions of spiritism. A young man, a half-baked convert to the faith, takes up with spiritism after the loss of his sweetheart. The story shows the danger of meddling with this sort of thing, and the final escape of the victim.

* *The Spirit of the South.* By Will Wallace Harney. Boston: R. G. Badger.

† *The Woman Who Never Did Wrong.* By Katherine E. Conway. Boston: Thomas J. Flynn & Co.

‡ *The Necromancers.* By Rev. R. H. Benson. St. Louis: B. Herder.

GIANNELLA.
By Mrs. Frazer.

*Giannella** is a charming tale of Italian life by Mrs. Hugh Frazer. It brings one into the company of delightful people. There is a fine old Cardinal whom Henry Harland would have liked to know, and a beautifully simple old sacristan, who is a real creation. Mrs. Frazer is evidently familiar with life in Italy, and has the gift of imparting its charm to her pages.

THE WHITE PROPHET.
By Hall Caine.

Mr. Hall Caine has selected for his latest novel three of the mightiest of human interests: religion, love, and empery. He selects for his scene Egypt, the land of mystery, but the plot reflects the influence on his mind of the present demand for popular government in India. The main characters are a British Consul General of the Cromer type; his son, an idealist and reformer like General Gordon; the fiancée of the latter; and a Mohammedan preacher from the desert, whose popular title gives its name to the book.† In the preaching, and, to a much less extent, in the history of *The White Prophet*, there are resemblances to the Founder of Christianity, but not, we think, to the extent of being irreverent. The conception of the story is on large lines, but Hall Caine has fallen short of producing a great novel. True, he has moderated the hysterical attitude towards the passions which disgusted the judicious in his earlier work. But it still leads him astray. For the sake of a new love-interest he reduces his preacher of righteousness to a figure of pity, almost of scorn. His sympathies are with Christian ideals of peace and justice, but his presentation of the case for the extension of self-government would do little to convert to his views men who actually bear the responsibilities of rule.

BIG JOHN BALDWIN.

In *Big John Baldwin*‡ we have a return to the field of romance in the first person singular. It reflects the influence of *Lorna Doone* and *Micah Clarke*. The

* *Giannella*. By Mrs. Hugh Frazer. S. Louis: B. Herder.

† *The White Prophet*. By Hall Caine. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

‡ *Big John Baldwin*. Extracts from the journal of an officer of Cromwell's Army, recording some of his experiences at the Court of Charles I., and subsequently at that of the Lord Protector, and on the fields of Love and War, and, finally in the Colony of Virginia. Edited, with a sparing hand, by Wilson Vance. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

hero stands, like Saul, "above all the people." A Puritan and an enemy of Papistry, he is at heart better than his creed. He wins by strength of sinew and even more by honesty and simplicity of heart. The type has been made familiar by other writers, but it is a good type, and there is room for Mr. Vance's addition to its representatives. The story will stand comparison with others of its kind, except Blackmore's peerless work. And this is no mean praise.

THE GREATER POWER. By H. Bindloss.

It has become almost a custom for our novelists nowadays to stake out claims in a chosen portion of the fields of time and space. Mr. Harold Bindloss has pre-empted a comparatively new field for working in the newly-settled region of British Columbia. His recent novel* is a story of love, business intrigue, and adventure by flood and fell, after a manner familiar to readers of his *Alton of Somasco*.

THE BOOK OF CHRISTMAS.

A book that is decidedly opportune for the holiday season is *The Book of Christmas*.† The preface, by H. W. Mabie, is inspired by the right spirit, and may it be, in its measure, effective in bringing back many to the real spirit of Christmas, for that spirit is often very small and utterly inadequate when we realize that the day commemorates the birth of the God-Man Who redeemed humanity. Yet, looking on things in the brighter way, such a volume as this—when we think of the non-Catholic world of fifty or even twenty-five years ago—is a glad and promising harbinger. It will set many on the right road and teach them that the "real business of the race is not to make money"; and convert others who "have fallen under the delusion that action is the only form of effective expression and that to be useful one must rush along the road, with the ruthless speed of an automobile, forgetting that action is only a path to being, and that the joy of life is largely found by the way."

The book itself includes a choice selection of poetry and of prose, of early and late date, the tributes of centuries to the spirit of Christmas, and a number of illustrations from the great masters.

* *The Greater Power*. By Harold Bindloss. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

† *The Book of Christmas*. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Undeniable evidence is not lacking to show that the real thinkers of even the non-Catholic world are making amends to the Middle Age for the many and long-enduring misrepresentations which it has suffered.

Among such evidences we may mention a small volume issued by the Century Company of New York, and entitled *Great Hymns of the Middle Ages.* The volume is compiled by Eveline Warner Brainerd. In her introduction she says: "Whether written by burdened ruler, or humble monk, or learned bishop, these scattered poems have that without which any literature must be found wanting. In rude and anxious and disheartened days they held with unfaltering assurance to a noble ideal, to a reverence for the beautiful on earth, and to the struggle for a greater life to come."

The collection includes translations of those great hymns which all of us know and with which all of us ought to be very familiar, such as: "Vexilla Regis Prodeunt," "Pange Lingua," "Veni Creator," "Jesu Dulcis Memoria," "Veni Sancte Spiritus," "Dies Iræ," "Stabat Mater," "Canticle of the Creatures," translated by Mrs. Oliphant and Matthew Arnold.

It is a precious little volume, charmingly presented, appropriate as a gift-book, or a delightful treasure that one may easily carry when traveling.

The mission of *The Calendar of the Blessed Sacrament*, published by the Sentinel Press, 185 East 76th Street, New York, is to foster Eucharistic devotion and to be a daily reminder in every home of the adorable Presence. The cost of this calendar is 25 cents.

The Garden Calendar, which we have received from the Franklin Printing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., gives seasonable, timely and helpful hints for gardens and house plants for every day of the year. It is ornamented with a reproduction, in colors, of an attractive garden scene. The price of the calendar is $1.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (20 Nov.): The action of the House of Lords in forcing a reference of the Finance Bill to the people is considered editorially.——The case of the Nymphsfield School is given as an example of the Government's discrimination against Catholic institutions.——Extended notice of Francis Thompson's posthumous life of St. Ignatius.——Text of Abbé Brémond's submission to the Holy See.——Work of "The Crusade of Rescue." This organization aids helpless children until they can become self-supporting.——Celebration of the seventh centenary of the Franciscans at Oxford.

(27 Nov.): "The Coming Election" discusses the action of the House of Lords regarding the Finance Bill.—— The *Temps* after examining the text-books against which the French bishops protested, thinks that some of them violate religious neutrality.——Rev. John Rickaby, S.J., writing on "The Christian Use of Natural Ethics," contrasts pagan ethics with the Christian ideal, though acknowledging the humanizing influence of the classics during the Renaissance.——Letter from the Belgian bishops thanking the Archbishop of Westminster for his attitude on the Congo. The Archbishop's address on this question before the Old Xaverian's Athletic Association of Liverpool.——The Roman Correspondent describes the quiet celebration of our Holy Father's episcopal jubilee.——The Holy Father's words on the persecution in France to a pilgrimage of three hundred French men and women.——"St. Francis and Poverty," by Rev. Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.

The Month (Dec.): The Rev. Sydney F. Smith thinks, with Professor Michael Sadler, that present tendencies are unfavorable to "The Future of Religious Education." Still, religious influence, in the broad sense, cannot be excluded from school training; religion cannot "be extracted from the syllabus without affecting the subjects that remain in it"; and a teacher must be free to teach what his heart believes.——Virginia M. Crawford pleads for a study of non-Catholic contributions to social improvement and praises the work of inquiry, investiga-

tion, and classification done during fifteen years by the Women's Industrial Council to promote the industrial betterment of women workers.——"What are the limits of helpful interference?" asks J. K., on the part of "Our Grandmother the State." He discusses education, Poor Law Reform, and religion; and concludes that only Mother Church, whose sway has been lost for three centuries, can restore the State to vigor, and remedy her well-meant blunders.

The Dublin Review (Oct.): Father Thurston, S.J., writing on the bill introduced in Parliament last May, to abolish the Coronation Oath, shows how easy it would be to secure the Protestant succession without recourse to a formula so offensive to Catholics.——Apropos of the new Budget's proposed taxation of economic rent ("site value"), Hilaire Belloc examines the theory of Ricardian Rent, and, apart from the ethics of the case, decides against the suggested measure on strictly practical grounds.——Wilfrid Ward writes on the centenary of Tennyson.——Mgr. Moyes concludes his article on St. Anselm of Canterbury.——"A Medieval Princess," by Mrs. Maxwell Scott, sketches the life of Madame Loyse de Savoye, niece of Louis XI. of France.——Father Benson sympathetically examines current theories of spiritistic phenomena and explains clearly why the Church is opposed to "Spiritualism."

Études (20 Nov.): Jules Grivet criticizes unfavorably the statements of Henri Bergson with regard to the relations of spirit and matter.——M. Lemozin takes up the question of family life. He insists upon the great influence the home surroundings have upon life and character. Every workingman's home should be provided with hot and cold baths, laundry, drying room—and a garden where the children can play, and the adults find rest.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Nov.): Fernand Cabrol, writing of "The Feast of the Dead and of All Saints," examines the theories of Dr. Frazer and others, who assign a pagan origin to these feasts. He presents facts to prove that these two feasts, although analogous to certain pagan festivals, are nevertheless of Christian origin.——E. Mangenot concludes his exposition of "The Paulinism of

Mark" with a criticism of the view of M. Loisy. He analyzes the latter's arguments, in order to show that the greater number of M. Loisy's reasons depend on his personal opinion of the primitive tradition of the gospels and the processes of formation of the second Gospel. ——J. Rivière treats of the Theological Principles of St. Augustine "On the Harmony of the Evangelists."—— ——In the "Artistic Chronicle" F. Martin reviews a new collection of essays by M. Gaultier, entitled *Reflections of History*. The reviewer examines the work chiefly in regard to the light shed by the art of any particular country on its history.——"A Critical Review of Morality," by G. Michelet, is an examination of two new books, one, *Natural Morality*, by M. de Lanessan, who considers morality as merely the outgrowth of evolution; the other by M. Bayet, entitled *The Idea of Good*, opposing the Neo-Comtist and empirical notion of "scientific morality."——"On Anti-Conceptional Practices," is a print of certain instructions of the bishops of Belgium to their clergy.

(1 Dec.): P. Batiffol answers "the objection put forward by both M. Réville and M. Holtzmann, that the Epistle to the Hebrews knows no other sacrifice than that which Christ offered on the Cross." He further draws proofs of belief in Transubstantiation from the liturgy of St. Mark, the Sacramentary of Serapion, and especially from a homily of Bishop Faustus of Provence, thus pushing back the date of documentary proofs from the ninth to the fifth century.——"The History of France," by MM. Aulard and Debidour, is examined in detail by J. Bricout to show its falsehoods and misrepresentations and to justify its condemnation by the French bishops. ——Gabriel Planque pictures the Anglican civil war as to the nature and value of the Sacraments.——Religion as studied in the comparative method, especially by Frazer, and in the sociological method, by Durkheim and Hubert and Mauss, is the subject of an article by A. Bros and O. Habert.——Georges Michelet examines the moral theories of Fouillée, Leclère, and Gaultier.—— G. G. Lapeyre's *exposé* of the Haeckel-Brass case and the slight regard for truth exhibited by monist scientists is quoted.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (1 Nov.): E. Mangenot concludes his argument against M. Loisy and in favor of the real corporeal "Resurrection of Jesus Christ."——"An Essay in Religious Psychology," by Amaury de Cibaix, is concluded. Its purpose has been to show that Christianity solves the enigmas of the soul as philosophy cannot do, especially that of the relations of the finite to the Infinite, and thus to prepare the way for an historical religious apologetic.——H. Lesêtre says that the "Commemoration of the Dead," dating even from pre-Christian times, was appointed for November 2 by St. Odilon, Abbot of Cluny, in 998. He states that the Catholic doctrine concerning Purgatory explains the "heroic act" and the Church's instructions to the living by means of the liturgy for the dead.——Jean Guiraud gives an extensive review of a *History of the Inquisition in France* praising its learning, but advising caution in its use. The author is M. de Cauzons, who so far has published only the first of three volumes.——The *Review* promises a series of articles dealing with the latest response of the Biblical Commission.

Le Correspondant (10 Nov.): "The Ethiopian Question." The death of Menelek, terminating the history of a wise and resolute ruler, ushers in an era of uncertainty regarding the destiny of the peoples he governed so well. Themselves pacific, they are surrounded with danger from without, owing to the presence of Europeans. Menelek's success has been due to personal diplomacy. Will it survive him?——Émile Faguet, writing of *Charlotte Stieglitz*, gives us a short history of "the heroine of the most authentic and most pitiful novel of the world."——"Aviation, the Machines and Their Pilots," by Émile Lessard, pleads for government construction of aëroplanes.

(25 Nov.): "The Power of Islam" is said to be due to religious confraternities, many of these of ancient origin. They are largely independent of the Kaliph, and their power is underestimated by the three interested European nations, England, France, and Russia. The hostility of the Young Turks to religion predicts, says the author, their downfall.——"Barbey d'Aurevilly," one of the most marvelous of the writers of the nineteenth

century, according to Gabriel Aubray, was praised but not read. This article is an effort to explain his passionate and proud temperament, his sufferings, and thus somewhat to rehabilitate his fame.

Biblische Zeitschrift (III., IV.): "The Biblical Authors and Their Sources," by Dr. Alfons Schulz, Braunsberg. The writer discusses the question whether the passages of Holy Scripture that are mentioned as quotations from other uninspired writings are or are not of the same authority as the author's own narrative, and decides that the holy authors, when embodying into their own writing such quotations, take upon themselves full responsibility, except when they expressly disapprove.——"The Bible-Canon of Flavius Josephus," by Dr. Fell, Münster. Although Josephus knew that the deutero-canonical books, from which he quotes on several occasions, were accepted by the Hellenistic Jews as canonical, he does not mention them in his list of sacred books, since he writes from the viewpoint of the Palestinian Jews—yet he formulated his account of them in a manner that would not offend the Hellenists.——"Artful Use of Rhyme in Psalm 29," by P. Zorell, S.J., Valkenburg. It seems probable that the Hebrews occasionally applied rhyme in their poetry.——Dr. Vincenz Hartl, St. Florian, concludes his paper on "The Genealogy of Jesus According to St. Luke." This genealogy is that of Mary and not Joseph, whom St. Luke expressly mentions as only the apparent father.——"The Owner of the Field of Blood," by P. Pfaettisch, O.S.B., Ettal. There is no contradiction in the accounts about the end of the traitor Judas as given by St. Matthew and in the Acts.——"Aretas IV., King of the Nabatæans," continued by Dr. Alfons Steinmann, Braunsberg. Aretas received the city of Damascus as a present from Emperor Gajus in the year 37 A. D. He appointed an Arabian sheik as governor, who was moved by the Jews to persecute St. Paul. Since Aretas' reign lasted only to 40 A. D., St. Paul's flight from Damascus must have taken place between 37 and 40 A. D. Taking into consideration the fact that the persecution in Judea could begin only after 35 A. D., when Pilate had left Palestine, the date of St. Paul's conversion may be fixed as between 35 and 37

A. D.——"Beginning and End of the Title 'Son of Man,'" by Dr. Vincenz Hartl. This title was in the mouth of Jesus an eminently pedagogical term to lead the people who believed firmly in the heavenly power of their expected Messias to grasp the idea of a suffering and dying Messias. The effect ceases with the cause, and thus after Christ's Messiahship was openly preached throughout the world there was no more need for the obscure title.

La Civiltà Cattolica (20 Nov.): "Galileo Galilei and the Copernican System." Yet another work has come out on this much-written subject, by Father Adolph Müller, S.J., Professor of Astronomy in the Gregorian University. Notwithstanding the vast amount of literature on Galileo, it is said that this book of Father Müller's is a most valuable addition.——"The Third Italian Philosophical Congress at Rome," was conspicuous for the fact that it was attended solely by anti-Christian laymen, supporters of Neo-Hegelianism or Neo-Kantianism, or Postivism. ——"St. Charles Borromeo," gives a short but comprehensive history of the life of the great saint and Archbishop of Milan, and of his work in the restoration of Catholicity.——"Monks of Ancient France" reviews a book by Dom Besse, which shows what a substantial part of the Church monasticism formed; what valuable services the civil government derived from the monks of the Church; all of which is not remembered to-day in France when a concentrated and vigorous action, such as characterized the Crusades, is needed to deliver the Church from her enemies.——"The Christ of Theosophy" reviews Mrs. Anna Besant's book, *Isis Unveiled*, wherein she gives the theosophist idea of Christ. Theosophy holds that Christ was a false Messias, a destroyer of the ancient orthodox religion; and that Christianity sprang from Buddhism.

La Scuola Cattolica (Nov.): Father Augustine Gemelli, O.F.M., treats "The Obsequies of a Man and of a Doctrine." The man was Cesare Lombroso. The doctrine was that genius and degeneracy could both be explained by abnormal anatomical characteristics, by a naturalistic concept of man's intimate dependence upon his ancestors and upon all other living creatures. Lombroso, he says,

would have turned the world into a giganic lunatic asylum.——F. S. further answers the attacks of M. Loisy upon the testimony of St. Irenæus to the Fourth Gospel and upon the value of the historical and traditional arguments.——C. Romualdo Pasté contributes some "Intimate Pages of St. Anselm" from his letters, showing the vehemence of his affections and the strength of his endurance under trial.

Razón y Fe (Dec.): Different people have different conceptions of what representative government means, says F. Lopez del Vallado, though all affirm it to be the best modern form. Only six European nations have equal and universal suffrage. The author pleads for the "plural vote" to be given to the wisest, best, and most socially inclined citizens.——L. Murillo maintains that there is no insuperable or even grave difficulty in defending the exact historical character of the first three chapters of Genesis. He attacks the thesis of P. Lagrange, which he presents as affirming only "the vague record of a transgression" not inspired as to its present detailed form.——M. Cuevas praises the organization, aims, and spirit of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. ——C. Gómez Rodeles continues the description of ancient Jesuit printing houses in Austria, Germany, Poland, Russia, and France.——Enrique Asunce begins a series of articles on "The Conquest of the Air," with illustrations.——A. P. Goyena reviews at length the judicial proceedings in the Ferrer trial.

España y América (15 Nov.): P. M. Coco concludes his series of articles on "Biblical Exegesis and Modern Criticism," attacking Loisy's assertion that our Lord was buried by His enemies in a common trench. This example of Loisy's criticism rests upon the fact that only St. John, and not the Synoptists or St. Paul, mentions the part played by Nicodemus in taking down the Sacred Body, a detail which Loisy considers so essential as to invalidate, by its absence, not only the inspiration but also the historic truthfulness of the New Testament. Two Protestant writers are quoted who call Loisy the new Renan.——P. B. Martínez prophesies the ruin of France because of its race suicide.

Current Events.

France.

M. Briand's position is so well-assured, for the time being at all events, that he can attain his ends by the mere threat of resignation. Electoral reform has become a question in which the whole country is interested. The chambers, after a long bebate, voted by a large majority in favor of the substitution of *scrutin de liste* for *scrutin d'arrondissement*, as well as for a method of securing the better representation of minorities by proportional representation. M. Briand, although himself in favor of the change, felt that there was no time, before the end of the present Chamber's life, to carry out so great a reform. If the discussion was to continue, he declared that he would resign. The Chamber, although by so doing they took back what they had said only a few hours before, reversed its vote, and thereupon the Premier consented to retain office.

The reform, however—so far, at all events, as *scrutin de liste* is concerned—seems certain of being made, as both inside the Chambers and outside the desirability of the change seems to be recognized. The chief motive for its adoption seems to be, by widening the constituency of each member, to free him from the domination of local interests—a domination which has militated seriously against the well-being of the country at large. More doubts, however, are expressed with reference to the proposal to give to minorities a larger voice in the legislature—a proposal of which M. Combes, the late Prime Minister, is an ardent supporter. To outsiders, like ourselves, the number of parties into which the legislative bodies on the Continent are divided is an evil rather to be abated than furthered; and it seems likely that proportional representation would tend in that direction. It has been condemned for another reason by M. Hanotaux, a former Foreign Minister and the author of a history of the Third Republic. Proportional representation, he says, would throw all the political institutions of France once more into the melting-pot. "By your reform, if it passes, you will destroy, pulverize, and annihilate the only principles on which the political and social order of our country rests." That principle he declares to be the prin-

ciple of majorities and of the necessity of bowing to them. Reviewing the history of France, he endeavors to show that whatever of stability its institutions in the nineteenth century had, and, more recently, the greater stability of Cabinets, is due to the government by absolute majorities. The logical outcome of listening to a minority he finds in the *liberum veto* of the old Polish Diet, which led to a tyranny of anarchy far worse than the so-called tyranny of majorities.

Sometimes we are able to see the good which comes out of evil, and so, in consequence of the unspeakable loathesomeness of the Steinheil trial, there is reason to look forward to a much-needed reform in the judicial methods of France, survivals as they are of an age characterized by harsh and arbitrary proceedings against the accused. In this case the judge was so severe in his examination of the prisoner, that he not only caused an extension of almost universal sympathy towards her, but led many to doubt the wisdom of allowing a judge, whose office it is to be impartial and judicial, to act the part of cross-examiner as well. The manifestation of this feeling was so strong that the Minister of Justice recognized that a reform was urgent and necessary, and he has accordingly appointed a Commission for the study of the whole question. French judicial procedure, he pointed out to the President, was out-of-date, unnecessarily complicated, and ill-adapted for the impartial discovery of truth. Its slow progress, the contradictions and the dangers of a method which is neither public nor secret, the inadequacy of its procedure, its want of correspondence with the necessities of criminal justice have become, he says, more and more obvious. The Commission, therefore, is instructed to prepare a Bill for the reform of these evils. Of the Commission M. Ribot is one of the Vice-Presidents.

Another question which was raised by the Steinheil trial was how far this woman and her family might be considered as representative of French life. A common impression is that the French are both wicked and frivolous. But as in the former case, so in this, the discussion has led to the bringing out of the truth. In the words of M. Jules Claretie, "the type which is common in our midst is that of simple devotion, of obscure toil. The type of a mother of a family who goes with a smile of resignation from the cradle of her infant to

the office or the workshop of her husband, . . . who inspires him with fresh courage, and shares his too-frequent sorrows and his too-brief joys." And as to frivolity, there are English observers who recognize that the reason why the French are the best entertainers in the world, is because they do their work so well that the result is the perfect delight of others. "The foreigners' pleasure is the Frenchman's business." Paris is supreme because Parisians never relax their efforts to maintain its efficiency.

France has to endure, with most of the other European nations, still further additions to the load of taxation under which she groans. Some of the French people, patriotic though they are, relish as little as the rest of the world, the payment of this taxation. The long-talked-of plan for the imposition of an income tax, so much dreaded by the wealthier classes, has been postponed by M. Caillaux' successor; but in its place other ways had to be found. Alcohol and tobacco, it was proposed, should be subjected to heavier imposts. In opposition to these taxes, which are keenly felt by the masses of the people, members of the Extreme Right and of the Extreme Left, together with some of the Radical supporters of the government, joined hands, and there was every appearance that a ministerial crisis was imminent, or that M. Cochery, the Minister for Finance, would be forced to resign. M. Briand, however, proved his power once more. His intervention saved the situation. He made an appeal to the dignity of the Chamber that, as it had voted for expenditure for worthy objects, such as the relief of the working classes, it should be willing to pay for what it had itself voted. As a result of this appeal the prejudicial motions were all withdrawn, and another victory was won by the Cabinet.

The question of the schools is, of course, that in which the most interest is felt by Catholics in other parts of the world. All the schools which are supported by the State in France are what are called free schools—free, that is, from all religious influences. They are also called lay schools, in order to indicate that the Church has no control of them in any shape or form. Neutral schools is another name that has been given, to signify that they are neither for nor against the belief or practice of any religion. The latter position it is impossible to hold. "He that is not with Me is against Me." There have

been many instances of the violation of this professed neutrality, both on the part of the teachers and by means of the text-books which have been adopted. This departure from neutrality is admitted more or less fully by defenders of the existent school system, such as M. Steeg, the reporter of the Budget of Public Instruction. M. Steeg warns the supporters of the State system against excessive zeal; he tells them not to furnish any pretext for an attack on the schools. He recognizes that the associations of parents which have been formed for the protection of the children are quite lawful. The text-books are not so bad as has been asserted, but they are not all of them in accordance with the recognized ideal. "Let there be no veiled proselytism supported by ingenious distortions of fact or interpretations with an object." Such is the admonition given by M. Steeg, an admonition which shows that in some cases, at all events, there exists the evil against which the Bishops have protested and which justifies them out of the mouth of an opponent in making that protest. It is, in fact, the Bishops who are the defenders of the law—of a law, indeed, of which they cannot but disapprove—but which, when such violation is to the detriment of religion, its authors do not themselves find any scruple in making. The conflict will be bitter and its issue is doubtful, especially as supporters who are more likely to do harm than good are proffering to the defenders of religious education their unsought-for help. The defenders of secular education, on the other hand, are trying to stigmatize every effort to save the schools from irreligious domination as unpatriotic, and as an attempt to destroy the institutions of the Republic. The neutral school, M. Briand declares, is of the very essence of the Republic, and the moral safeguard of France. M. Paul Deschanel declares that the school system is the characteristic work of the Republic, to be defended above every other. More consistent than others, he enumerates the right to believe among the liberties which the school is to secure; the religious faith of a Pasteur is as legitimate as the rationalism of a Littré. M. Deschanel ought to be on the side of the Bishops. To the same side should M. Raymond Poincaré, one of the most distinguished members of the Republican party, who has just been elected to the Academy, lend his influence. For, while he declares the schools to be the *foyer* of the Republic, he recognizes that regrettable ex-

pressions are to be found in the text-books used in the schools, and that certain teachers have violated the principle of neutrality. The school is not, he says, to be a centre of proselytism either for or against religion. It is bound scrupulously to respect all beliefs. To a certain extent, therefore, leading public men in France justify the campaign which the French Bishops, in view of the coming general election, are entering upon. Perfect union, however, does not seem to exist as to the way in which the campaign is to be carried on.

Labor questions in France have not been so acute and have not given cause for so much anxiety as in the earlier part of the year. There has not been, however, perfect peace, and grounds for apprehension exist that the troubles may be renewed. A new confederation of trade unions has come upon the scene. There have been for some time "Red" unions, representing the ideas of those who have no respect for parliamentary methods and would overturn by violence, and by what is called direct action, the existing capitalistic organization; and "Yellow" unions, who have the same ultimate aim of destruction, but who are willing to make use of gentler means, even Parliament itself, to secure their object. The new confederation, to which has been given the name of "Greens," is of a more moderate character, with less subversive aims. While aiming at securing for the working people due recompense for their services, they give to their employers a more ample recognition of their rights than is done by the Reds and the Yellows. But, to the disappointment of many of the supporters of the Greens, in a recent dispute in the north of France they joined their forces in an alliance with the more radical unions.

A cause of greater anxiety, however, is the action of a very large number of the members of the Civil Servants who represent the State in the practical administration of the government of the country. These Civil Servants have some twenty legally organized associations of *employés* of the Post-Office and the State mint, of tax collectors, Custom House officials, *Lycée* professors, and so forth. These associations are recognized as legitimate. They have, however, taken a step which is declared by good authorities to be an act of rebellion, an attempt to form a State within the State. They have made a National Federation of these already existing Associations. They appeal to certain laws to justify them in this action; and give a long list of

grievances from which they suffer and for which they hope to secure a remedy. These grievances are due, they say, to the survival under the republic of monarchical methods of administration. The adaptation of those methods to the conditions of a modern Republican society is the fundamental end which they have in view. They have the excuse, too, that the government has not fulfilled the promise made during the recent crisis in the spring, to introduce a bill defining the rights of the Civil Servants.

The relations of France with foreign powers, if changed at all, have changed for the better. The German Emperor went out of his way in his speech at the opening of the session of the Reichstag to express his satisfaction at the way in which the agreement with the French government regarding Morocco was being carried out, as being in a spirit which thoroughly answered the purpose of adjusting mutual interests. On its part, France is satisfied with the way in which the German government has fulfilled its part. The fall of Señor Maura's ministry in Spain, and the virtual conclusion of the operations against the Riffs, have relieved the anxiety which was being felt in France as to Spain's ulterior aims. France is left a free hand to deal with the Sultan of Morocco. This is not an easy task. He does not like paying the bills which have been incurred for the chastisement of his unruly subjects—bills which amount to a sum of about thirty-five millions of dollars—and has been interposing so many obstacles that he has had to be warned that the patience of France is nearly exhausted, and that efficacious steps will be taken to secure payment in the event of further attempts to delay. The peaceful penetration of Morocco by France is beginning to be talked about again.

Germany.

During the parliamentary recess very little was said or done in Germany to call for remark. The new Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, disappointed those who were desirous of learning his policy by saying so little that he has already had an epithet bestowed upon him —that of the silent Chancellor. The extensive robberies that have taken place from the government stores at Kiel show not only that the business management of a department of State is not so perfect as the world has generally thought it to be,

but also that the virtue of honesty is as great a desideratum in highly disciplined Germany as it is in less advanced countries.

At the opening of the Reichstag the German Emperor made a speech, or at least he read the speech which was handed to him by the Chancellor. This speech largely dealt with the remedies which it is proposed to adopt for social evils. The Imperial Insurance Laws are to be completed, the existing system of State insurance against sickness is to be extended to larger sections of the people, and a system of life insurance for the benefit of surviving relatives is to be introduced. A special law to regulate the conditions of home work is announced. In these proposals may, perhaps, be discerned the hand of the new Chancellor, for his work in the past has manifested the interest which has been taken by him in subjects of this kind.

The consolidation of peaceful relations with all foreign powers is declared by the Emperor to be his constant endeavor. Confidence is expressed that the Triple Alliance will continue to hold together. About the alliance between Austria and Germany, and its strength, no reasonable doubt can be felt. In fact, it seems to be growing stronger. It is said that there have been no fewer than five exchanges of visits between the Heir-apparent of the Dual Monarchy and the German Emperor in the course of the present year. But recent events in Italy make it reasonable to doubt whether the feeling there in favor of the alliance has not grown much weaker.

Perhaps the German Emperor's speech was as remarkable for what it did not say as for what it did. There was not a word about the Navy or about the necessity for its further increase. This may be due to the fact that no further provision is necessary, ample having been already made. It may, perhaps, be due to a wish not to call public attention to a matter which has already attracted so large a measure of that attention. It is certainly not due to the relaxation of the efforts to increase its strength. A few days before the Reichstag met there was launched a seventh Dreadnought, destined, as was said in the speech made upon the occasion by the Duke of Saxe-Altènburg, to be a powerful weapon of an aspiring people. But, as Prince Eitel, the Emperor's second son, said, at the banquet held in honor of the launching, that the duty of the new ship would be the protecting of the coasts of the Fatherland and of preserving peace, no apprehension should be

felt by any other power, for not one of them has warlike designs upon Germany. It is, however, somewhat difficult not to be suspicious of these oft-repeated expressions of peaceful ends.

Prince Bülow's *bloc* having come to a not undeserved end, what the new Chancellor will lean upon becomes a matter of lively conjecture. The Prince's defeat having been due to the co-operation of the Catholic Centre with the Conservatives, a blue-black *bloc* might, it is thought, possibly be formed to lend him the support of which he will stand in need. The fact that of the new sessions of the Reichstag a Conservative has been elected the President, and that the first Vice-Presidency has reverted to a member of the Centre—Dr. Spahu—as in the days before Prince Bülow's attempt to deprive the Centre of all influence, lends countenance to this view. That the Social Democrats voted in support of the Catholic candidate, while the Radicals and National Liberals abstained from voting, may perhaps give an indication of the new alignment of forces. Enemies of the Church in Germany have tried to make out that the Centre Party has no other object except the strengthening of the position of the Church, and that, therefore, it cannot be truly patriotic. In self-defence a pronouncement has been made that the Centre is fundamentally a non-denominational party, which will guard, indeed, the civil rights of the Catholic minority, but which takes its stand upon the Constitution in fulfilling its duty to the Fatherland.

Austria-Hungary.

Dr. Wekerle has been the retiring Premier of the Hungarian Coalition ever since last May, and although repeated efforts have been made to find a successor for him and his Cabinet, these efforts so far have been unsuccessful. The strongest party wants concessions which the Crown will not grant, and within the ranks of this party differences have arisen. M. Justh, a prominent member, is making demands which M. Francis Kossuth, the son of the celebrated Louis Kossuth, who has hitherto been the leader of the party, considers to be too extreme. To M. Kossuth's surprise, the followers of M. Justh were found to be the more numerous. This dissension complicates still more an already complicated situation, and no solution seems to be in sight.

Light is being thrown upon the dark places of diplomacy by the controversy which has arisen between Count Aehrenthal and M. Isvolsky concerning Austria's action in the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Space will not allow us to go into all the details, but it seems clear that it is but one more instance in which the public at large has been deceived by its servants. There was a secret treaty between Russia and Austria by which Russia gave her consent to the ultimate annexation of the two provinces in return for concessions as to the Dardanelles; but Russia seems to have been deceived as to the time when the annexation was to take place. The most interesting point brought out is that Count Aehrenthal was deeply disappointed by the agreement which was made between England and Russia, as he had formed plans for an alliance of the three Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia, hoping thereby to establish for them a dominating influence in Europe. This plan failed by reason of the agreement made between England and Russia. Diplomats do not often speak their full mind, and so the extent of the ill-feeling entertained by Russia towards Austria at the present time may be estimated by recent utterances of the representative of the Tsar at Constantinople. He is reported to have said that faithlessness was an Austrian characteristic, that Austro-Russian differences were not susceptible of conciliation, and that the route of the Tsar's journey to Italy was a striking protest against Austria-Hungary and corresponded to the conviction of the Tsar and the Russian people. Later on we shall refer to the utterances of the Italian, General Asinari, which indicate the feelings of an increasing number of people in Italy. The trial of Dr. Friedjung, the well-known Austrian historian, on charges of libel is expected to throw still further light upon what took place before the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Italy.

After having held office since May, 1906, Signor Giolitti's ministry has fallen and has been succeeded by one of a more conservative character, at the head of which is Baron Sonnino. Signor Giolitti and his colleagues never received enthusiastic support, nor did they realize the expectations of even their friends. A disaster was averted a few months ago by undignified surrender, and a reversal of policy

on a question involving the giving of a monopoly to the Italian Lloyd Steamship Co. The defeat, however, was due to the vote appointing the Committee to consider the taxation for the ensuing year. This was of a distinctly democratic character, for it involved a reduction of the tax and duties on sugar and an increase of the death duties and of the taxes levied on landlords and owners of houses. It is too soon as yet to indicate what will be the policy of the new Ministry.

The general in command of one of the Italian Army Corps made a speech which contained an "irredentist" allusion of a somewhat pronounced character, the exact terms of which we have not learned. It caused a considerable sensation, and without delay the government spontaneously relieved him of his duties. This forms one among other indications that the Triple Alliance is not becoming more popular in Italy.

Greece.

The revolution or reformation which is being made in Greece is one of the most noteworthy that has ever taken place. It is being effected by a League of army and navy officers; yet they have not taken power into their own hands, but have been content, so far, at all events, to let the constituted authorities devise remedies by legal methods for the ills of the body politic. These ills are inveterate and seem to permeate parliament and people alike, even the judges being corrupt. But as there seems to be a general recognition of the necessity for reform and a willingness to accept it, under the constraint exercised by the League, there is hope for a better future. The King has acted in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice. He has remained at his post, and not abdicated, as it is said it was his personal wish to do, and has been willing to co-operate with the League in all its proposals for the good of the country, not standing on his dignity or thinking that nothing could be good except it was done by himself. The future, however, is still doubtful. All the authority of the League has been usurped. Examples of this kind are contagious. The Navy Mutiny was quelled in a few hours, but it is said that there are within the ranks of the League itself insubordinate elements. Even the clergy are infected, and a Bishop has set at naught the authority of his Metropolitan. Success, too, has hardened the hearts of the League, for there

was the expectation that a policy of proscription might be inaugurated, and that a list of some two hundred officials, looked upon as deserving of punishment, would be published. It has, as a matter of fact, had the audacity to bring to light alleged evil doings on the part of a leading man of science, if such an archæologist may be called.

Turkey.

The experiment of constitutional government in Turkey seems in a fair way to succeed. The same Cabinet remains in power, with one or two changes, as was appointed just after Abdul Hamid's depositon. On not immoderate terms a loan has been issued; and a few schemes have been inaugurated for the development of the resources of the country. The Baghdad railway is to be continued through the Euphrates valley, and a line connecting it with a Mediterranean port is to be built. Its external relations are satisfactory, although the visits paid by that astute monarch, King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to the King of Servia have caused apprehension that some unpleasant step is in contemplation.

Persia.

The prospects of success in the constitutional government of Persia are not so bright as they are in Turkey. The depth of degeneration to which it has sunk under despotic rule is so great that only an optimist can look forward with confidence to its ever emerging. The government has no troops and no money. In all parts of the country there are uprisings and disturbances, to cope with which there is need of both. Russian troops are still upon its soil; although some have returned to their own country, and there is good reason to expect the withdrawal of the rest. Such parties as exist are so curiously divided that it is impossible for an outsider to understand their various standpoints. The second Parliament, however, has met; and a new Ministry has has been formed, with the man at its head who commands the greatest degree of confidence. The monarch is a boy of ten, and is not likely to give much trouble. There may, therefore, still be ground for hope for eventual success.

The Congo.

The much-needed reforms in the administration of the Congo which have been introduced into the Belgian Parliament are looked forward to with hope by many who have long recognized the necessity for them. They are not so satisfactory to some who have been the most ardent of the advocates of reform. But there is reason to think that the public opinion of the Belgians, as well as their *amour propre*, has been thoroughly aroused. The chief obstacle, too, has been removed. Therefore, the future may be looked forward to with a greater degree of confidence.

RECENT EVENTS IN BARCELONA.

The execution in Spain of the anarchist Ferrer, has elicited such world-wide comment and so many false and misleading statements in the public press, that we have deemed it advisable to publish the following reliable data concerning the matter furnished us by our own special correspondent in Barcelona. [EDITOR.]

E wish to review briefly for THE CATHOLIC WORLD events in Barcelona that occurred just previous to the execution of Ferrer, when it was found necessary for the Spanish Government to send troops to Melila to suppress the attacks of the Moors upon the Spanish workmen there, and to punish the offenders. The forwarding of forces was actively opposed and hindered by the Socialists, by some of the papers in Barcelona—especially the *Progreso*—and other sheets but little known, which said that the only purpose of the Government was to shelter, at the cost of the blood of the townspeople, several capitalists who owned mines in Africa claimed by the Moors. A general strike was declared in Barcelona on July 26 to protest against the movement of troops, and the strike spread throughout the four Catalan provinces. It was feared that there would be much public disturbance and rioting; therefore it was declared by order of the Minister of the Interior, at a meeting

of the authorities held in Barcelona, that the Civil Governor should resign and turn his command over to the "Captain General." The latter, unfortunately, had but few troops to resist the strikers, who had recourse to physical violence; and all sorts of outrages were committed by them.

To mention but briefly some of these outrages: they burned seventeen churches and chapels, thirty-two convents, four asylums, eight colleges, in some of which were magnificent libraries. Many of these edifices were sacked and robbed. They killed one Capuchin Monk, a Marist brother, one friar, one priest, and wounded one missionary. One nun was exposed to vile public ridicule. Other nuns suffered grave insult; graves were desecrated and the dead were carried through the streets in indecent procession. There were loud shouts of "Long live the Republic"; and in some towns, revolutionary congresses were formed, and became active. The government troops were delayed in reaching these towns by the destruction of the railroads.

In Barcelona barricades were erected, and from these and the housetops the rebels fired upon the soldiers. Street mêlées and fights with the rebels resulted in the following casualties: Town watchmen, 10; Police, 24; Civil Guard, 51; and, of the military, 47. Of these there were 8 killed, 52 seriously wounded, and 72 slightly injured; making a total of 132. The telephone and telegraph lines were destroyed, so that Barcelona was practically cut off from the outer world. The pavements of the city were torn up to make barricades; the street cars were burned, and the street-car employees and other workmen were compelled to join the ranks of the rebels. The strikers killed one workman and wounded others who refused to follow them, dynamited a public bridge, and drove from their asylums a multitude of the aged, the sick, and children. 104 died in the street battle and 296 were wounded; a total of 400.

It will be most evident that there was drastic necessity to enforce the law and punish the instigators of the uprising. For this purpose courts were constituted under the Spanish Code to take charge of such cases, one of which sentenced to death Francisco Ferrer Guardia, of whom we deem it proper to speak separately in order to refute the dreadful calumnies, which many, to further their own purposes, have spread abroad against the Spaniards.

The details of the whole Ferrer case have been published in a little book of 69 pages, so that everybody may be familiar with it. It contains the charge of the District Attorney, the opinion of the council's legal adviser, the court's sentence, the opinion of the General Auditor, the decree of the Field Marshal, and the proceedings shown in the Military Code of Justice.

In these papers a complete history of Ferrer's political life is given. They include also an autobiography and various manuscripts written by his own hand, in which, among other things, it is said: "We wish to, and we must, destroy all existing laws; expel and exterminate all religious orders; overthrow all churches; and confiscate all banks and railroads.

In addition, he was a friend of, and connected with, such well-known anarchists as Malato, Kropotkine, Tainda, Malatesta, Reclus, and was affiliated with various Masonic lodges.

Nobody, therefore, was surprised when the proceedings proved that he participated in the riots at Barcelona. Seventy witnesses, many of them republicans, and some of them radicals who were participants in the bloody events, some others soldiers, only one Catholic representative, and none of the clergy, testified against Ferrer.

The law of Spain says that the leader of the revolution is one who goes among the people, arouses and directs them, excites them to rebellion, and furnishes and distributes supplies and means necessary for revolution. It was proved that all this was done by Ferrer. In consequence, under the provisions of Section 1 of Article 238 of the Military Judicial Code, he deserved the death penalty. The Court was composed of a Colonel and six Captains, before whom Ferrer might have pleaded, but this he did not do. A lawyer was assigned to his defence, and he was allowed to summon whatever witnesses he wished. The plea of the Prosecuting Attorney was unanimously acquiesced in by the Council's counsellor, all of the court, the General Auditor, and the Field Marshal. The Council of Ministers who reviewed the sentence found no extenuating circumstances to warrant a recommendation to the King for pardon, and Ferrer was, therefore, executed.

No point was made by the Prosecuting Attorney of Ferrer's principles. He was condemned simply for his participation in the revolts in Barcelona. Of course the judge referred to Ferrer's work in the Modern (Atheistic) School, so as to bring out with more force his guilt. Ferrer saw that the revolution could not be carried out by sudden and violent steps, and he therefore decided to establish a school for the purpose of educating and making revolutionists. The money needed for its establishment was furnished by Ernestina Meunie. By means of various ideas of philanthropy, and promise of succor to the helpless, he secured the sum of 10,000 francs annually for the sustenance of an Asylum School, which he converted into the Modern School, wherein he taught both atheism and anarchy.

With Our Readers.

IN the Christmas numbers of the popular magazines the absence of anything like a real and robust Christmas spirit must be evident even to the casual reader. What little spirit they show is pale and bloodless indeed. For the most part it is a thoroughly humanized Christmas; and when man humanizes he never gets beyond his own small self. To some it may appear that we ought to be grateful that the magazines give us anything at all of Christian truth, or even faint shadows of that truth. But the faith that has civilized the world, and given to man the only abiding message of hope, is surely worthy of thoughtful and capable treatment. Some of the secular magazines throw together a number of truths, half-truths, no truth at all, jumble them with a mixture of pleasing words and meaningless phrases, and serve them up to the public with the studied intention of trying to please faithful Catholics; the believing Protestants who still have a dislike for Rome; and the unbelievers who will not relish any dogmatic statement and to whom Christimas is not as definite as the Fourth of July. With such a cringing attitude, even the man with only a solid, true literary taste must grow impatient.

For example, there appeared in *Scribner's* magazine for December an article on the saints. The keynote of the article are the humanizing words of Pater: "Nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality." The article contains many truths, and if it inspires any one to turn back to the saints, as we hope it will, and study the true secret of their sanctity, we are ready to forgive all else. But it contains many statements that are not true, and in itself gives not even a hint of the faith, the hope, and the charity that produced saints and that are still necessary if we are to turn back to them in any way other than an imaginative and romantic one. For example, to quote some of its superficial generalities: "It was not the Church that made the saints; but the saints, in a very real sense, who made the Church." "Christianity has always been the religion of the individual, and its power from the very beginning lay in its appeal to personality." "Before the Catholic Church split into two bodies, the Greek and the Roman, or the Eastern and the Western, as they are called. . . ." Of the Bollandists—after some words of praise—we are told of the great work of these men: "There is so much gloom and grotesqueness, such verbosity and repetition, that one

feels sorry for the joyous, lovable, and interesting saints whose individuality has been enveloped and concealed by priestly veneration. Their (the saints) figures stand out especially in what are called the 'Dark Ages' as light-houses on that black sea of existence." The article also speaks of St. Bridget consecrating "her fermented spirits to the service of God."

* * *

AGAIN in the December magazine number of the *Outlook* another writer is allowed to insult gratuitously the old monasteries. Speaking of the works to be found in The Treasure Room of the Harvard Library, he writes of a "thick, rugged volume of monastic manuscripts on various religious subjects, severely bound in covers of ancient oak, with uncouth pigskin back, and attached to it a clanking iron chain. It still seems to carry with it something of the chill of the dark, dismal monastery from which many, many years ago it first emerged into the free air and light of the open world." The "clanking" and the "chill" are, we fear, mere creatures of the writer's imagination. H. Addington Bruce might not have written it had he a fairer mind—a little wider reading, and had he given a little more thought to his own opening sentences, particularly to one wherein he writes that up to two years ago this same book was locked up in a closet for safe-keeping. Even now the free air and light of the open world are confined to this Treasure Room and to special days when it is open to the public.

* * *

SOME of the opinions which the *Cosmopolitan* magazine asserted are taught in our American universities, reappear in *McClure's* magazine for December. The article containing them, entitled "Divorce and Public Welfare," is from the pen of George Elliot Howard, Professor of Political Science and Sociology in the University of Nebraska. His article is quite impossible of analysis. The following sentences, however, with the comments on them, may be fairly taken as a sample of how any commentary on the whole article would read.

The Professor first characterizes the rapid spread of divorce as "a moral paradox absolutely unique." If the professor uses words in the ordinary sense, there is no paradox here. There is either moral degeneracy or moral regeneration, as the professor elects to hold. Sane men have their own opinion about which of the two terms should be used, but the professor has the privilege, of course, of selecting either. Is not a man free to think as he will? So the professor selects—both. In proof of which is Exhibit A: "Assuredly it signifies somewhere the action of sinister forces, vast and perilous. Doubtless here we are face to face with an evil which seriously threatens the social order, that menaces human happiness."

Now for Exhibit B: "Divorce is a sign of the mighty process of spiritual liberation." "In its origin the prevailing modern doctrine of divorce was shaped by the brain of Martin Luther. It was a righteous revolt against the absurdity, cruelty, and wickedness of canon-law theory and practice in matrimonial cases."

A little after he grows virtuously indignant about the causes of this "spiritual liberation," and becomes a decadent slave of domesticity. Exhibit C: "Just think of it," he exclaims, "more than 180,000 marriages dissolved and homes destroyed by the drink curse." Exhibit D: He declares that "the ever-growing list of legal causes of divorce . . . does in effect give expression to the new ideal of moral fitness, of social justice, of conjugal rights."

It is difficult to see how a remedy gives expression to an ideal —it is commonly thought to give assistance to a diseased condition; as, for example, a social wrong. Further on the professor does in fact reach this conclusion. We shall call it Exhibit E: "No one favors divorce for its own sake, but merely as a remedy for social wrong." But surely one should favor for its own sake "the expression of a new ideal." The professor next takes the clergy to task. "There is crying need of a higher ideal of the marriage relations of man, careful selection in wedlock," he says. "This the clergy should give and do not." The clergy may well ask: "Do you know of any better way to give a high ideal of the marriage tie than to insist on its finality and irrevocability? Once done, forever done! Can you improve on the solemnity of that? And what possible lower ideal can you excogitate of the marriage contract, than one which allows it to be made and loosed more easily than a promise in the betting ring?"

The author next scores Cardinal Gibbons for declaring: "But now, turning from Pagan to medieval Christian Europe, to the much misrepresented, ill-understood, so-called 'Dark Ages,' which were really intensely the Ages of Faith, one would search far and wide for examples of divorce, sanctioned by either Church or State, or, indeed, even connived at by Christian men and women of those days."

The taking to task is done with such a wilderness of gratuitous assertion, irrelevant questions, and digressions, that a book might be written on the lack of logic, the inconsequential facts, and the misstatements of this section alone.

"Shall the canon-law dogma of indissoluble wedlock determine the rules of modern social conduct?" says the author with some presumably hazy-minded idea that this query refutes the statement of Cardinal Gibbons just quoted. It is a fair sample of the argument of the whole section. What has "canon-law dogma" to do with the truth or untruth of the Cardinal's assertion?

We will confine our attention to the question as a question, and will first eliminate two wholly impertinent adjectives. Indissoluble marriage is not a "*canon-law*" dogma. There are no "*canon-law*" dogmas, known to the writer in the Catholic Church. Next, "*modern*" may be omitted. Social conduct is neither modern nor ancient. Time is the merest accident of accidents in the relations of man to man and man to woman, known as social conduct. Thus the question reads: "Shall the dogma of indissoluble marriage determine the rules of social conduct?" The answer to that is simple. It will, since the "dogma" is Christ's pronouncement, unless men are in utter rebellion against Him. The words of Christ are absolutely clear: "Whoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her" (Mark x. 11).

Is the question answered? The rest of the contention against the Cardinal's assertion would need to be taken in the same manner, sentence by sentence, for it is an incoherent, heterogeneous mass of unproved assertions, individual opinions, raised to the dignity of historic deductions and falsehoods, *e. g.*: "Before the Reformation it (divorce) had become an intolerable scandal to Christendom." This in the face of the fact that England was lost to the Catholic Church because Henry VIII. could not force the Pope to dissolve his marriage with Catherine, and leave him free to marry Anne, his paramour! Gairdner's *Lollardy and the English Reformation* will furnish the last word to the professor on this point. "No wonder," he continues, "that Luther and his followers repudiated the sacramental dogma!"

The whole article leaves upon us a most unfavorable impression. For it begins with a frank statement of the enormous proportions of the divorce evil, continuing and concluding with the insinuation that divorce is, after all, the best thing which can happen. In plain words, this means that evil is the best we can look for in this world.

* * *

AN interesting feature of the *Outlook* for December 18—and last among the series of great representative poems—was Crashaw's beautiful "Hymn of the Nativity." Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie contributed a brief introduction, appreciative and discerning after his wont, if at moments incompletely sensitive to that rapturous intensity which was the poet's birthright. It is easy to forget the "exteriorness" of literary conventions in any age; and difficult to remember that beneath some strained and fanciful "conceit" may be imprisoned a most authentic heart-beat—in the case of Richard Crashaw even the aspirations of a passionate spirituality. The exiled Catholic poet had drunk deep of the bitter waters, but upon

his lips they turned to song; and in the old, high-hearted way he tuned his song to victory and to praise. This curious and resurgent joy would seem to mark the very abandonment of the contemplative soul:

"A hundred thousand goods, glories, and graces,
And many a mystic thing
. . . . .
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name."

As a poetic craftsman, Crashaw stood with the best of the Carolinians, sharing their merits and excesses. As a mystic his affinities were with St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross—and further back, with the last of the *real* Pre-Raphaelites.

* * *

To the Editor of the Catholic World:

With your permission, I would enter a courteous protest against Mr. T. F. Meehan's misreading (CATHOLIC WORLD, December, 1909, pp. 430–31) of a passage in my article printed in the November number. I am sorry indeed that an assertion of mine, under a "nautical figure" or otherwise, should be translated into attempted disparagement of the Catholic Encyclopedia. But in the very excerpt which Mr. Meehan quotes, I have called it (surely in the sincere accents of one who is intensely proud of it?) "our own great new venture." And as in the foregoing phrase the subject-matter is "better pens," and as in the phrase following, there is mention of the fewness of our "trained craftsmen in prose or verse," the context must make it plain as a pikestaff to every reader except Mr. Meehan that scholarship, not organization, was what I was talking about! "The fact must not be obscured that we owe the Encyclopedia to purely American enterprise and direction." Is not all this, under claim of "historical accuracy," just:

"Saying the undisputed thing
In such a solemn way"?

Who does not recognize the magnificent editorial work, and the energy, generosity, and public spirit of the American Catholic body, in the upkeep of the Encyclopedia? Yet we are getting, and must get, foreign scholars (very notably, in proportion to their small number, our English co-religionists) to write our more important articles for us. That was my point. There it stands, with Mr. Meehan's "dissent" quite wasted on it, or on what he takes to be it. Let us be honest, if we cannot be humble. We are a nation of doers, not of thinkers, so far.

Very faithfully yours, LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY, New York:

The Great White Plague. By Edward O. Otis. Pp. 321. Price $1.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Art of Life. By Frederick C. Kolbe, D.D. Pp. 125. *The Unbidden Guest.* By Frances Cooke. Pp. 255. Price $1.25. *City of Peace.* Pp. 145. *Sermon Delivery.* By Rev. George S. Hitchcock. Pp. 82. Price 75 cents. *Spiritual Cantical of the Soul.* By Benedict Zimmerman, O.C.D. Pp. 313. Price $1.95. *Life of Mary Ward.* Pp. 140. Price 85 cents. *The Romance of the Silver Shoon.* By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. Pp. 195. Price 85 cents. *Bishop de Mazenod.* By Very Rev. Baffie, O.M.I. Pp. 457. Price $1.80 net.

HARPER'S PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

The God of Love. By Justin H. McCarthy. Pp. 346. Price $1.50. *The Redemption of Kenneth Galt.* By Will N. Harben. Pp. 353. Price $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

Abraham Lincoln. By George Haven Putnam. Pp. 292. Price $1.25.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:

The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets. By Jane Addams. Pp. 162. Price $1.25 *Stradella.* By F. Marion Crawford. Pp. 415. Price $1.50. *As Others See Us.* By John Graham Brooks. Pp. 365. Price $1.75. *The Approach to the Social Question.* By Francis Greenwood Peabody. Pp. 210. Price $1.25 net. *The Book of Christmas.* Pp. xix.-369. Price $1.25 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:

Anna Van Schurman. By Una Berch. Pp. 204. Price $2. *Field and Woodland Plants.* By W. S. Fourneaux. Pp. 352. Price $1.50. *Garibaldi and the Thousand.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Pp. 395. *Present-Day Preaching.* By Charles Lewis Slattery. Pp. 198. Price $1.

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York:

Education Through Music. By Charles Hubert Farnsworth. Pp. 208. Price $1.

JOHN LANE & CO., New York:

Ceres' Runaway; and Other Essays. By Alice Meynell. Pp. 143. Price $1. *The Ball and the Cross.* By G. K. Chesterton.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

American Prose Masters. By W. C. Brownell. Pp. 400. Price $1.50.

FR. PUSTET & CO., New York:

Officium Pro Defunctis cum Missa et Absolutione necnon Exsequiarum Ordine cum Cantu Restituto.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER, New York:

Christian Pedagogy; or, the Instruction and Moral Training of Youth. Pp. 229. By Rev. P. A. Halpin. Price $1.50.

HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:

The House of the Heart; and Other Plays for Children. By Constance d'Arcy Mackay. Pp. 226. Price $1.10 net.

CHARITIES PUBLISHING COMPANY, New York:

Social Forces. By Edward T. Devine. Pp. 226. Price $1.25

ROY P. MORRIS, Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Religious Progress in America. By Samuel Harden Church.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:

The Courage of Christ. By Henry Schuyler, S.T.L. Pp. 127. Price 50 cents.

PARISH SCHOOL BOARD, Philadelphia:

The Present Situation in France. By Alvan F. Sanborn. Pp. 57.

RICHARD G. BADGER, Boston, Mass.:

Skimming the Skies. By Russell Whitcomb. Pp. 250. Price $1.50. *Locks to Pick.* By Anna Jane Harnwell. Pp. 59. Price $1. *The Trend of Scientific Thought Away from Religious Belief.* By Horatio Oliver Ladd, S.T.D. Pp. 29. Price 75 cents. *Toleration.* By A. Nygaard. Pp. 354. Price $1.50. *The Silver Lining.* By Nelson Glazier Morton. Pp. 55. Price $1. *Verses.* By Wilson Jefferson. Pp. 32. Price $1. *Variations On An Old Theme.* By Johanna Pirscher. Pp. 33. Price 50 cents. *Why Not Now?* By Charles Gilbert Davis, M.D. Pp. 114. Price $1.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:

Wanderings in the Roman Campagna. By Rodolfo Lauciani. Pp. 376. Price $5. *Greek Lands and Letters.* By F. G. and A. C. E. Allinson. Pp. 472. Price $2 50. Postage 16 cents. *Classical Moralists.* By Benjamin Rand, Ph.D. Pp. 790. Price $3.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:

The Shepherd's Vision. Cantata for Christmas. By Irénée Bergé. Pp. 34. Price 50 cents. *Twenty Father Goose Melodies.* By Hyatt. Pp. 13. Price 75 cents. *Twenty-four Violin Studies in the First Position.* By Carl Bersch. Pp. 94. Price $1.50. *Songs from the Operas.* Alto. By H. E. Krehbiel. Pp. 176. *Fifty Songs.* By Hugo Wolf. Pp. 160. Price $1.50. *Hand Expansions and Contractions.* By E. R. Kroeger. Pp. 27. Price $1.50. *Echoes of Naples.* By Mario Faviill. Pp. 87. Price $1.25.

C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:

The Story of a Beautiful Childhood. By Katherine E. Conway. Pp. 107.

THE AVE MARIA PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:

Phileas Fox, Attorney. By Anna T. Sadlier. Pp. 349. Price $1.50.

JAMES H. BARRY COMPANY, San Francisco, Cal.:

The Holy Man of Santa Clara. By Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. Pp. 197. Price 75 cents.

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FATHER TABB.

BY ALICE MEYNELL.

THE expectation of America for her poets seems to have set in promptly after the nation was made one, and the old race secured on the new —or newly-stated, newly-grouped, newly-conditioned—customs of a great Western civilization. After institutions are instituted comes the desire for that which cannot be instituted; and in the case of America this desire was conscious, eager, and boldly prophetic. If I may hazard, in the ears of the nation that bore him, an alien opinion on the disputed question as to the powers and productions of Walt Whitman (a writer for whom, I should confess at the outset, I have no admiration) I should wish to say that he seems to me to have arisen—more properly to have raised himself up—in order to answer an expectation, to reward a hope, to fulfill a prophecy. That prophecy, unlike the divine prophecies of a divine advent, had not been the vaticination of foreknowledge; it had been the prophecy of rash conclusions, and not of foreknowledge; the conclusions of men of normal average size, proud to be in a country of exceptionally large acreage, and rashly concluding that their poet should prove to be on their country's scale. Whitman thus came ready-made, and the ready-made is always the mediocre, the commonplace. This is why—albeit I hesitate to put my opinion on American record—I dare to think Walt Whitman the poet of mediocrity, the poet who was clamorous, not thunderous; who was less

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than he seemed; who professed what he could not perform,* and yet thought he performed fully; who was but an ordinary man hugely puffed up and made inordinate; who was created by a common ignorance and a common ambition and a wholesale average kind of hope; who, in a word, announced himself so that a vulgar prophecy might be fulfilled. Not large enough —since he intended to be large; not wild enough, since he would be wild; the poet (again in a word) who offends, not by excess, as his critics will have it, but (inasmuch as he intended excess he shall be judged by his intention) by defect.

In all the perfect comedy of Shakespeare's Falstaff there are no two words that carry the character more fortunately than these "Us youth." They are the two words that sign, for me, the Whitman legend. Walt Whitman was no younger than Falstaff.

And yet the national expectation of a poet had been a noble one. It had been an honoring and an honorable hope. But it erred by defining itself, whereas in human things it is the unexpected that happens; and I think it erred also by confining itself. The national desire for national poets was to be answered, beyond hope, beyond thought, but not by one man—by divers men; not by one kind of man—by several and sundry manners of men; not by the blast alone—but by the blast and the bird-voice; and, here is perhaps an undeception not easy to bear, not always or often by a voice distinctively American. The poetry of the nation was not, as it proved, to be strikingly national. Carrying to new lands a language charged with old poems, the American could not easily discharge it; he must teach the forest grown old in the transatlantic solitude (rather than be taught by it), and teach it the language grown old in the European multitude. Scattered, unlike, unlooked-for, original, derivative, fresh, antique was the many-noted genius that did, indeed, come to pass in its own time—its several times; in its own way—its various ways. Old romance was to be not only remembered but raised up to life; and Greece to shine again, and the seventeenth-century England to glow again, in the West. A great novelty, neverthe-

* In one place Walt Whitman protests that he includes—that he *is*—all men, all things, all diseased, all criminals, and then shivers on the brink of such a plunge, and tells us that he cannot so much as tolerate a hypocrite. Now, as the proverb says, a miss is as good as a mile; and if this is true of ordinary sport and sportsmen, how absolutely true it is of one who has aimed at the universal target! One failure, and the failure is universal and final.

less, was to have its place, and this novelty was to be not in the suggested Whitman but in the unsuggested Emerson. Assuredly Emerson was to be the one conspicuous greatness of American poetry; and, apart from that master-character, the most conspicuous of American characters was to be exquisiteness. In prose, in poetry, in the sensitive and delicate modern art of criticism, in the intensive modern art of fiction, the close, the tender, the vigilant thought, the conscious and deliberate style have been American. And our common language has had, in the centuries that include George Herbert and John Tabb, nothing quite like these two for simplicity and for security, if I may give that name to the lovely confidence of a poet in his own dignity, needing no effort, admitting no pretence, not anxious even to conceal art—nay, confessing it with exquisite pleasure in the success of thought, in the success of style.

Success of thought: here, I think, we have lighted upon the peculiar perfection of Father Tabb's complete poems—making, appropriately, our own little success of appreciation. It is not without cause that those complete poems are so brief. Sudden flights of song are they, and swift and far, but quickly closed, all-content. Their end was implied in their fortunate beginning. They are, each and all, so many surprises. And though one may be loth to adopt the too-prevalent practice of illustrating one art by means of another, or of describing one in the terms of another, we may find an analogy in music—that is, in that character of music which we call melody. The ear-enchanting and heart-delighting melody of Mozart—let us say "Batti, batti"—could not be other than brief; its close, too, is implied in its beginning. What a pity it is that none of us can remember the first time of hearing it! We were children, probably, and heard it almost unconsciously, and we grew to the age of reason knowing its close. But if we had heard it for the first time yesterday, with what surprise of pleasure should we have heard that successful close! It could not be other than it is, for every one of all the few notes from the beginning expected it; and yet though those notes foretold it, the listening ear did not know it until it came. So it is with Father Tabb's entire and perfect stanza.

To a form so light, so frail, so small as that of his verse

it might have been expected that he would commit the lighter freights of epigram in thought, and of visible and material similitudes in imagery; in a word, that his poetry would be the poetry of the fancy rather than the poetry of the imagination. But something less than half of his poems are merely fanciful; the greater part are greatly imaginative. And so important, so momentous, and so significant is Father Tabb's finer imagery, that it is at once the matter and the form and the substance of the poem. There is none of the indirectness of "as" or "like" or "even as" in his similitudes; he does not merely illustrate. Let us take as an example the two lovely stanzas from the second book, the *Lyrics* of 1897—"The Young Tenor":

I woke; the harbored melody
  Had crossed the slumber bar,
And out upon the open sea
  Of consciousness, afar
Swept onward with a fainter strain,
As echoing the dream again.

So soft the silver sound, and clear,
  Outpoured upon the night,
That Silence seemed a listener
  O'erleaning with delight
The slender moon, a finger-tip
Upon the portal of her lip.

And another poem, from *Later Lyrics*, dealing also with silence and sound—"To Silence":

Why the warning finger-tip
Pressed forever on thy lip?
"To remind the pilgrim Sound
That it moves on holy ground,
In a breathing-space to be
Hushed for all eternity."

And another yet, that perfect poem "The Mist":

Eurydice eludes the dark
To follow Orpheus, the Lark
  That leads her to the dawn

With rhapsodies of star delight,
Till, looking backward in his flight,
He finds that she is gone.

It is by no means Father Tabb's invariable practice to assign the play of his fancy to little themes, and to keep the drama of his imagination for great ones. One of the peculiar charms of his poetry is to be found in the slight paradox of interplay and counterchange. It is, perhaps, this character that he shares with George Herbert, so as—in spite of some extreme unlikenesses—to remind us so often of the seventeenth-century wit and worshipper.

It is Father Tabb's delightful will to devote a majestic image and thought to the little flower mignonette, and to award a light, familiar, or daily image and fancy to the Incarnation, or even, at very solemn play, to the Crucifixion, or to the tragic griefs of human life. But when there comes to pass the union of his mere fancy with little things, then also we are as much delighted, albeit less surprised. His gaiety is extraordinarily touching, as beauty is affecting, and courage moving, and the little blue and white horse led by a child with a string pathetic to the heart of manhood. The gipsy winds that wander prophesying rain; the green tide of the sap at flood in forests; those toys of God, the rainbow and the bubble of sky; the mystic Three in the violin—string, bow, and music; the darkness of his blindness in age welcomed as the black face of his dear negro nurse in childhood; those heroes, the champion glow-worm raising a spear against the night, and the slenderest shade bearing a sword against the noon; the shepherd stars keeping their watch before the birth of the "manchild, Morn"; the cry of Easter lambs; and, perhaps most beautiful of all, the fancy of the poem on the Assumption, in which the Holy Virgin is figured as the mother bird that hears the voice of her Fledgeling, for Whom her bosom had warmed the nest of old, and Who from a loftier tree now calls her home; then the light epigram about the Painter, Youth, and the Sculptor, Age; all these and some hundreds more are examples of the poetry that thinks and feels in imagery. "Hundreds" is not here a word of hyperbole; Father Tabb has produced some hundreds of poems in a few slender volumes, and every poem harbors—or rather *is*—a separate thought, and a thought "accepted of

song." This is fertility of a most unusual kind; it is not only quality in a little space, but—more remarkably—quantity in a little space. For Father Tabb's admirable things are not merely to be weighed; they are, most emphatically, to be counted. They are many. Nay, they are so many that I doubt whether one of the voluminous poets, even the great ones, would easily make up such a sum. *Multum, non Multa* has been said in praise of others. But that praise in no wise suits Father Tabb. It is for abundance that we must praise him—the several, separate, distinct, discrete abundance of entire brief lyrics. Would a slower or longer-witted poet have made of each of these thoughts, these fancies, these images, a longer poem? I cannot tell, but I think the longer-witted one would not have had these thoughts. Father Tabb conceives them at once in their perfection; and one cannot think of them otherwise than as bearing their own true shape in his exquisitely shaped stanza.

The poetry of the senses is in our day greatly prized, and perhaps it can hardly be prized too greatly if it is prized also rightly. For it is not the sensual poet or the poet of violence who is the right poet of the senses; their hero and champion is the poet of exalted senses; who hears, feels, touches, with an ecstatic spirituality. Spiritual senses are the poet's heavenly privilege. And though I will not claim for Father Tabb such rapturous senses as those of Coleridge, for example, I find in him the extreme sensitiveness of poetry, the apprehension of external nature, a nature of his own that is explored by the keenness of natural beauty; I perceive in him the pierced and contrite heart of the poet.

Such is one, and not the least, assuredly not to be the last, of the poets of America. That great nation has looked ardently for her poets. She has found them in places unransacked. She must have been much amazed to find one of them here, in the less literary South, in the person of a Catholic priest, in the seclusion of an ecclesiastical college, and, finally, in one of the deprived and afflicted of this troublous life, a man blind for his few last years but alight within, who has now gone down quietly to an illustrious grave.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

A HOME-COMING.

WHAT was she to do? It had been borne in on her irresistibly that she could not stay where she was. She had come to dispossess her uncle and his boy, a dispossession which must involve Stephen Moore in something of disgrace. People do not arise from the dead and push others out of the place they have taken without something of a nine days' wonder and a clatter of tongues. She had come with no friendly ideas towards them, prepared to fight for her mother's rights and her own—and what had happened? They had taken her into their lives and made much of her. The child had laid soft and strong fetters about her heart. She could no more have hurt or injured Jim than she could a dear brother of her own; and Jim adored his father. She ought never to have come. She saw plainly now that she ought never to have come. To her agitated mind her entering her uncle's house in the way she had done took on an aspect of treachery and deceit. If she had wanted to push him from his stool she should have come openly as an enemy, not with the mask of a friend.

"You will go, then," Stephen Moore said, glowering at her, "when you like, and the sooner the better. But you are not to see Jim. I will comfort him for your absence."

The ugly face that had been friendly was distorted now with malice towards her. For the first time she felt that she might fear her uncle.

"You will let me see him once, to say good-bye?" she pleaded humbly.

"You shall not see him," he answered. "He is asleep now. When he wakes I will tell him that you are gone. When he knows that you were so ready to be gone he will

not grieve long. It is only that he has thought you something you are not."

He seemed as though he never would get rid of her. He ordered a carriage to meet the 5:15 to London, the same train by which she had gone that first day of early spring. He scribbled her a check for six months' salary, which she tore across and left in her room in an envelope addressed to him. He hustled her out of the house as though she had been discovered in the act of robbing his safe. Before the household was aware that she was going she had gone.

She did not protest against her enforced departure. She was too unhappy to care very much. At lunch they had been together in perfect friendliness. Now it was not five o'clock, and she was being driven away from the door, with not a soul to wish her God-speed. She felt rather than knew that her uncle was with Jim telling him that she had left him. It was heart-breaking that he must think that she had gone coldly. But she could not explain. She was going back to the dead from whom she had come. So far as Outward Manor and the Moores were concerned she was dead henceforth and forever.

On the way up to London she sat in her corner of the carriage, very cold and miserable, with her veil down, trying to warm her chilly heart with the thought of what her home-coming would mean to her mother. They would be together for a little while; but she must not be long idle. There had been a month's salary due to her, and that was gone with the torn-up cheque. There was very little in her purse. The summer holiday had left it all but empty. What matter? She would get something through the Signor or the nuns soon. She was not going to burden the slender resources for long.

It was a golden autumn afternoon, but she had no heart to delight in the scenes of beauty that passed by her window. At Althorne, a junction, there was a stop of fifteen minutes, and she decided that she might have a cup of tea. One had been brought to her; and she was sipping its rank bitterness in the corner of the comfortless, third-class carriage when a train came in side by side with hers.

It was going in the opposite direction towards all that she had left behind, and she looked at it with something of desire in her eyes. Her carriage was window by window with a first-class carriage of the other train. She glanced listlessly at the

occupants—then she drew back into her corner and praised heaven that she had thought of the veil.

Lady Eugenia Grantley was sitting so close to her that she could read the page of the magazine which engaged the lady's attention. The other two occupants of the carriage were Maurice Grantley and a lady—his cousin, of course. They were at the other end of the carriage, with the light from the carriage-window full upon them. His head was turned towards Miss Beaumont. He was talking to her, and he held carelessly between his fingers an end of the exquisite scarf of chiffon that was around her neck. Nothing could have been more intimate than the aspect they presented.

The train quivered throughout its length preparatory to moving. As though he had a revelation, the young man suddenly stood up and coming to the end of the carriage sat down in the seat opposite to his mother and looked almost in Stella's face.

She drew back behind the dusty and smoky curtain. Her train began to move. They looked almost in each other's eyes. She was certain he knew her through her veil.

So that was the end of it. He was not grieving for her; he had forgotten her. Those three in the carriage there, a world away, were kin of hers, but she would never claim them any more than she would claim the fortune that ought to be hers or the love that had been offered her. It was all over and done with. She was going back to Shepherd's Buildings and to a working life. Let all the rest be as though it had never been.

The dusk was down over London when she reached it. It was spangled with a million lamp-lights; and the purlieus of the Euston Road had the old familiar fried-fish smell she remembered and detested. A four-wheeler took her and her small luggage to Shepherd's Buildings. A lad who loafed by the door, whom she remembered since childhood, carried up her trunk and deposited it outside the door of the flat.

She gave him one of her last remaining sixpences and waited while his clumsy feet went down the stone staircase where the gas flared unshaded as she remembered it. The walls were as dirty as ever: the floor as unswept. A sullen hum of life arose from the crowded flats below: a smell of cookery, a reek of onions, and something in the spirituous way.

It had been the same during all the years of her childhood and girlhood. There was the shrill crying of a child. At Outwood how green the lawns were! how sweet the autumn's second crop of roses! Roses and honeysuckle scented the air. There was no sound but the singing of the little river in the darkness. The contrast gave her a sharp sense as of physical pain.

She was about to knock at the door when it yielded to her touch. She went in and found the room unoccupied. She looked into the bedrooms. There was no one in the flat. The lamp was turned low. There was a fire set in the grate, but it was unlit. A solitary cup and saucer stood by the lamp; an uninviting end of a loaf; nothing else.

Stella was not alarmed. Her mother had been called down to some of the neighbors. She remembered the crying child. Ah, that was it. The mothers in the buildings would run first for Mrs. Mason when a child was ailing.

She turned up the lamp, and, finding a box of matches in the place she knew, she set light to the fire. She shook her head over the end of loaf on the table. Then she went to the cupboard and looked in. It was as bare as Mother Hubbard's. It was quite time she came.

Well, to-night they should feast, if to-morrow they should go hungry! She ran down the stairs of the buildings, glancing at the half-open door of the flat where the child was crying. The crying was quieter now, and she thought she heard her mother's voice.

She ran round to the shops and made her few purchases just before closing time—eggs, a pat of butter, a little cream, a tea-cake, a bunch of violets.

When she got back the fire had burnt up brightly. She set the table for two, spreading out her purchases invitingly. She put the eggs in a saucepan ready to be cooked, the kettle on the fire, and began to make the toast. She was all but ready when she heard her mother's foot ascending the staircase, slowly and wearily.

She heard her sigh on the threshold. They would send for her in the buildings if but a child's finger ached; and she always came home so tired from her tuitions.

She came into the room. Stella dropped the piece of bread she was toasting and ran to her.

"Darling," said the poor woman, "I was longing for you. And how warm and bright it is! You don't know how lonely it is here in the flat without you. And I am so tired."

"You are not going to be tired any more," the daughter said, putting her into the chair by the fire, kneeling down by her, and chafing her cold hands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FLITTING.

"There, eat," she said. "I can see you have been starving yourself. Afterwards we shall talk."

"It is good to have you here; but why have you come?"

"I shall tell you presently. I am not going to leave you any more. I must get something in the way of daily work, so that we may be together. Supposing you had been ill?"

"I used to think of that. Supposing I had been ill. I have felt ill sometimes. Do you see what I have nailed up there?"

She pointed to a card above the mantelpiece: "In case of my illness, send to Miss Mason, Outwood Manor, Burbridge, Loamshire."

"Poor little mother; you had those fears and you never told me."

She fed her mother tenderly, as one coaxes a child to eat, eating little herself. The hot, freshly-made tea and the food seemed to revive the tired woman. The color came to her cheeks. She spread out her hands to the fire, seeming to feel the comfort of it.

Stella sat down on the footstool and took her mother's feet into her lap as she had done many a time before. They looked into each other's eyes. No matter what happened, it was good to be together.

"Well," she began, "little mother, what will you say to me when I tell you that I have failed, that I could not go through with it?"

"I felt you would fail. You were so brave, darling. But —I dreaded for you a task I should never have dared to undertake for myself. You were afraid of them, as I was?"

"Not afraid, mother; never for one moment afraid. A few

hours ago Uncle Stephen"—Mrs. Mason started at the name and looked half-fearfully about her as though something lurked in the shadows beyond the fire and the lamplight—"Uncle Stephen was furious with me. He drove me out with injustice and unkindness. But I was never for one moment afraid of him. I was only bitterly grieved that I must seem cold and careless of his kindness to me, and the love of my darling Jim."

"You told me you liked the child," the mother said with an air of stupefaction. "Well, that is quite natural. One does not blame children for the sins of their elders. But that you could like Stephen Moore! I thought you must hate and dread him as I did."

"I meant to hate him indeed—but his child adores him; and, apart from that, I pity him. He looks as though he had suffered so much. From the beginning I could not hate him. Then—and I struggled against it, because I thought it was like a treachery to you—I began to like him. He trusted me so entirely. They—he and Jim—thought there was no one like me—"

"But he drove you out—as he drove me out—he and his brother."

"Because I would not stay. Because his last kindness was the last straw. Remember, we are strangers to him. He has no idea that we are who we are. He wanted us to live together. It was my darling Jim's discovery that I fretted for you, as I did. He wanted you to have the cottage in its garden outside the mills. Why, now I come to think of it, all it contains is yours. He wanted you to accept an income from him, to be happy there, untroubled by him or any one else. Remember we were strangers to him. He thought I had done so much for Jim. Any woman of common kindness and common intelligence would have done as much. Any woman must have loved him—my Jim. His room had a sort of heavenly brightness about it. He was like a light in the house—"

Her tears suddenly overflowed.

"And you left him?" the mother said wonderingly.

"Because I couldn't stay, with the thought always in the background that I was the real owner of all they possessed. We have done very well without riches, mother; we can do without them till the end. I felt I deserved Mr. Moore's

wrath. How could I have the heart to leave Jim? Of course he didn't know. Jim will miss me dreadfully; but—any woman must love Jim and be good to him."

"And he wanted me to have the cottage? If you were to know what memories it has for me! I was nearly drowned there once in the river that flows by the end of the garden. Your father had it railed in afterwards. He was wild with terror about me. He—"

She broke off suddenly. The memories were too poignant. She remembered how her husband's illness had begun from that plunge in the river.

"He saved me," she went on, after a breath that was like a sob. "You had fallen in first. I sprang in after you—"

"Did Father save me, too?"

"Your Uncle Richard saved you."

"Then he could not have wholly hated us."

The mother said nothing. There were things with which she could not darken the girl's mind. In those years she had prayed to forgive her enemies, and she had forgiven them. She had forgiven Richard and Stephen Moore as she hoped to be forgiven.

"Mother," the girl said, leaning forward and placing her folded arms upon her mother's knees, "let us leave this. I do not want any one to come looking for me here. Let us leave the Moores in peace. I have taken my shadow off their threshold."

"Child, where would you go?"

"We need not go far. Any other rookery but this would hide us. It is the easiest thing in the world to hide in London, you know."

"And—we ought to have something cheaper. The money I have had to fall back upon all those years—it was a gift from my great aunt, Sophia Grantley. I remember how your father wanted me to buy a jewel with it—is all but spent. And—and—what should I do if some day, when I was alone, Stephen Moore should come to my door. I should die of fear."

Stella flung her arms about her mother.

"You will never be afraid while you have me," she said. "Why, I believe you have always been afraid of your own shadow. But now you have a grown-up daughter to take care of you. We shall go out to-morrow morning and find a

new abode. And we can pay a week's rent and clear out at once; so that if any one comes knocking at our door he will find us flown."

"Why, you are in as great a hurry to be gone as I," the mother said wonderingly.

CHAPTER XIX.

A VAIN SEARCH.

There were times when Maurice Grantley was not to be consoled for the loss of the girl he had fallen so strangely and completely in love with, times when he raged as any forest creature might for the loss of its mate; when he felt that all the barriers in the world, including the barrier of her own will, must fall down before the strength and energy of his love.

One of those fits came upon him after his train had passed hers. He had known her through the veil; and he was furious with himself afterwards that he had let her go. Why, he could have passed from one carriage to the other with the greatest ease. He had obeyed the conventions, which are strong upon all of us, and in the result he had lost her.

When his train had gone on its way a gloom fell over his gaiety. Lady Eugenia, absorbed in her book, noticed nothing, but Mary, who, of late, had grown to understand his moods and to humor them, saw that something had dulled him. She had the wit to let him be; of late she had learned many ways of wisdom with her cousin.

He had no fear but that Stella's journey up to town implied her return. When he went to see his friend, Jim, the following day and found that she was gone altogether he did not know how to contain himself. Only the sight of the child, with his air of sad patience, made him put constraint on himself to speak in his natural and accustomed manner. Jim could only tell him that Miss Mason was gone and that his father was very angry with her and had forbidden him to speak of her. "But I must think of her," said the poor little lad. "I think of her all day. I was so lonely before she came; and now the loneliness has come back again."

Maurice Grantley knelt down by the sofa and whispered in the boy's ear.

"Shall I go and look for her and fetch her back, Jim?" he asked. His face was flushed and excited.

"If you only could!" cried Jim, with a joyous hopefulness, followed too soon by an overclouding of his face. "But she will never come back. Father said she never would."

"I shall try to bring her; and perhaps your father will forgive her," he said; and repented afterwards of the hope he had given the child.

He succeeded in obtaining her address—by arts he blushed to think of—from the old village-postmistress, who was a great friend of his. He had not dared to ask it of Stephen Moore, who was raving against her. What excuse could he give for wanting Miss Mason's address? But, leading Mrs. Quelch on to talk of one thing and another, he discovered the secret at last, without giving the excellent woman any cause for wonder.

A day or two passed, during which one thing or another held him while he chafed against his fetters. The third day he was free.

He found his way to Shepherd's Buildings without very much difficulty. Their size and height made them a landmark in the crowded district. He fretted within himself while he traversed the sordid and noisy streets. Good heavens! was it here his flower had grown, while he had the beauty of the sleek countryside about him, the dappled gardens, the deep shadows of woods, and all the circumstances of refinement and charm that could make life worth living? As he sprang out of the cab at the door of No. 4 he looked up at the towering buildings above him. The street was a mere dingy well at the bottom of them. Was it here that she had gone to and fro, lighting the dreariness with her heavenly face?

A slatternly woman stood in the doorway of No. 4. He glanced past her up the dirty staircase. He could see no indication of the names of those who inhabited this swarming hive.

"Could you tell me on which floor Mrs. Mason lives?" he asked, lifting his hat.

The woman felt vaguely warmed by his courtesy, by the unwonted presence of youth and evident gentleness.

"I'd be glad to oblige you," she said, "but Mrs. Mason don't live 'ere no longer. She did occupy the top floor for

more years than I can count. But abaht two days ago she and the young lydy flitted. I don't suppose as any one in the buildin's knows where they're a-gone to."

His heart fell with a sudden drop. He had been thinking that he should see her. Perhaps a few minutes more and they should be face to face. And now—

"But some one must know," he said. "People can't walk out of a house, with all their belongings, and no one know where they have gone to."

"Bless yer 'eart, that's all you knows abaht it!" the woman said compassionately. "W'y, many a one goes out o' this 'ere buildin' as is never 'eard of again. An' Mrs. Mason she kep' 'erself to 'erself. We never know'd nothink of 'er affairs, we didn't. It was only this morning as Mrs. Byles, on the fifth floor, was a-tellin' me as Mrs. Mason 'ad flitted. I'll make inquiries of some o' the lydies in the buildin's if it'll satisfy you; but, bless your 'eart, it ain't no use."

Under the good-natured woman's escort he mounted to the little flat which for so many years had housed Stella and her mother. It stood bare and empty, waiting for its next occupant, showing so clean in its bareness that the fact in itself would have indicated a different class from that which usually occupied the buildings.

She left him in the bare rooms, which were open for the inspection of any intending tenant, while she went up and down the stairs, seeking for some crumb of information which might guide him in his quest. He stood looking out over the chimney-pots to the yellow sky of smoke, the towers and steeples standing against it, and tried to picture Estelle as she had grown up here from childhood to womanhood. The injustice of it smote him sharply again—that this narrow plot of earth should have sufficed for her beauty, while he had had the wide world for his inheritance. His heart ached and swelled with a generous pity for her, that he might atone to her, that he might give her the world to make up.

The puffing and panting of the friendly woman ascending the last little staircase brought him back from his dreams. There was no definite news of where Estelle had flown to. But there was a clue. Mrs. Murphy, the lady who took in washing, on the third floor, had been able to impart the information that Miss Mason was a great friend of the Sisters at

the Convent in Sanctuary Square. The Sisters might know where they had flitted to.

It was a clue; and he followed it up gratefully, having bestowed on the helpful woman a reward which provided high feasting for her family for a day or two. He left the little bare, white-painted flat with a feeling as though it had been holy ground, and drove away from the buildings, followed by the blessings of the slatternly woman and the open-mouthed admiration of the young persons whose playground was the street, to whom such a well groomed, well dressed young gentleman was like a being from another sphere.

Within the convent he began to recognize the atmosphere amid which Estelle had grown up. The bare, austere room—with the crucifix and a few ancient pictures on the walls, a row of straight-backed chairs, and a long polished table for all furnishing—held within it the spiritual atmosphere. He looked from the deep windows, and saw the enclosed garden with the school children and the nuns walking in couples and groups. The room was polished and beeswaxed to the utmost point of perfection. A slender, brown-eyed nun, the only English nun in the house, came in to inquire his business. She was graceful in her narraw robe and her eyes were wells of spiritual peace. She told him she was Mother Margaret.

He asked her if she could tell him Miss Mason's new address. Plainly she had not known that they had left the old one.

"But I shall know in time," she said. "Mrs. Mason often comes to see us on Sunday. Shall I say that a friend wishes to know?"

He blushed hotly.

"Say—to Miss Mason—that Maurice Grantley wishes to see her," he said. Than, emboldened by something in the nun's kind face, he was moved to confidence.

"More than a friend," he said. "She would not listen to me—but—she knows."

"I shall tell her," the nun said. Ever afterwards Maurice Grantley had a memory of her as of something exquisite. The severe, austere air of the convent seemed her aura, the atmosphere in which she moved as in light. "I shall tell her," she said. "She is a dear child. She has grown up with us here. You will take care of her, if it is God's will that you

should marry her? We have kept her, God has kept her, unspotted from the world."

"You may trust me," he said fervently. "If only she will give me the chance."

He wanted to kiss the nun's hand or her beads, but he did not know if it was permissible. He felt as though he was in the presence of a saint who was also an exquisite woman.

"I understand now," he said, "how Estelle has that air, different from all other women I have ever known. You taught it to her."

"She is a dear child. We had very little to teach her," the nun said smiling. "And I will let you know, if I may, when I have Estelle's address."

"Wish me God-speed!" he said impulsively.

"If God will," she answered.

CHAPTER XX.

LOVERS' MEETING.

He left Mother Margaret with hope that day; but the hope had no fruition. A letter in a slender, delicate handwriting, a little later, informed him that Miss Mason wished her address to remain unknown, and the writer was his "very sincerely in Jesus Christ, Mary Margaret."

He had a feeling that she had been his friend and would have sent him a less unkindly message if it had been possible. So the girl would have none of him. In his first anger he swore to forget her. Pheasant-shooting had begun, and there were half-a-dozen country-houses where he had been invited to make one of the guns.

It ought to have been easy to forget the face which had been so much in his thoughts, so little in his actual life. His father and mother were at Burnham Dene, the country-house on which he finally decided, and so also was Miss Beaumont. Life was uncommonly pleasant there those autumn days: out shooting all day in the woods and over the stubble, coming home healthily tired, when the dusk fell, to tea in the beautiful hall for which Burnham was famous, and to an evening of

pleasant loafing when one did pretty well what one would after dinner: played cards, or billiards, or listened to the music; or danced if one felt equal to it and there was dancing afoot; and retired with commendable earliness to bed.

For all the pleasantness of the time he was out of sorts; obviously, to the least observant, he was silent and out of spirits; not as good a comrade as he was wont to be. Why, his father was twice the jolly sportsman and good fellow his son was, some of the elderly gentlemen remarked.

It was a beautiful autumn, mild and sunny, and very often the ladies joined the men at lunch in the woods. Mary Beaumont attracted a deal of admiration from the men of the house-party, not only for her bright eyes, wholesome color, and fine figure—all of which testified to her love for the life of out-of-doors—but for her unvarying good temper and cheerfulness, which did something to cover up her cousin's gloom.

One day an old gentleman—who had spent the morning tramping the moors at Mary's side instead of doing his duty by the pheasants—congratulated Maurice on his luck.

Maurice turned very red and made a confused answer, to which the old gentleman responded soothingly that of course such things never were spoken of till the lady had said yes, and he was sorry to have intruded; but that every one saw how things were tending.

At first the thing annoyed Maurice intensely. Then, after a time, he grew accustomed to every one's giving way for him with Mary. If she had shown the least sign of consciousness he would probably have fled from the danger. As it was, her unvarying cheerful, cousinly kindness persuaded him that she at least took the sensible view of things whatever the rest of the world did.

There was a round of visits to friends and kinsfolk, which took up the weeks till the New Year. After the New Year they were going home; and Captain Grantley was looking forward to the hunting as keenly as Maurice would have been if he had been himself.

"My dear Maurice," his mother said, taking him apart one day for a private consultation—Mary was supposed to be sleeping off a headache. Lady Eugenia was pale, and her eyes were full of trouble. "What will you think when I tell

you that Mary has had a letter from Sir Courtney Blakeney asking her, for at least the tenth time, to marry him."

"The old miscreant!" said Maurice in disgust. "I suppose she put his letter in the fire?"

"That is just what she did not do. I think her father has been pressing her. What a bad egg Pulteney is! The poor girl is leaving us. Pulteney is in London, and summons her to his side. He has been borrowing from Sir Courtney Blakeney most probably—they are a pretty pair. I believe Mary will marry him."

"Impossible!" Maurice broke out hotly. "It would be a profanation. If it is a question of money we must find it. Mary shall not be sacrificed."

"My dear boy," Lady Eugenia sighed. "You have no idea how obstinate she can be! There is something the matter with Mary, something which is driving her into this distasteful marriage."

She looked wistfully at him; and without a word he turned and left her.

After a time he found himself alone with his cousin. He did very often so find himself these days. People were so kind in making opportunities for them.

She bore traces of her headache, or heartache. She had a dulled look, and there were shadows about her eyes. All of a sudden she looked her age, which was not far short of thirty.

He felt such a compassion for her that for the moment it was almost as warm as love.

"Mary," he said, taking her hand in his, "won't you trust me? Let me get you out of your trouble, whatever it is. Don't you think I'd make a better husband than old Blakeney?"

"*Maurice!*" The color rushed to her cheeks, but her hand was yet cold in his. "Why should you say such a thing? You do not care for me. Not in that way."

"I believe I care for you very much, Mary," he said, and kissed her.

He felt afterwards that it was a tame wooing; but it seemed to satisfy most of those in whom he was interested. His mother was enchanted. His father was almost equally pleased. He was overwhelmed with congratulations on every side; so that

he felt he had never known before how popular a girl Mary was. For a day or two his Quixotism satisfied him. Long after the day or two had passed by he refused to acknowledge to himself that he was not, as every one said he was, the luckiest fellow in the world. He was determined to forget Estelle. Let her be as though she had never been, the girl who had first come into his life, standing erect and willowy, bright as a flame, at a London crossing. Let her fade again into the darkness from which she had emerged—Fiammetta!

He said it bravely, but it was not so easy to forget. Mary and he had now parted for a time. She was with her father in London, being made much of; his mother and father were with Lord Mount-Eden in the North. Presently they would all meet at Mount-Eden and stay there for the remainder of the hunting season.

He had been at home for a week, and, growing tired of his solitude, he had run up to London. To be sure he ought to have flown to Mary, and he hated himself for his unwillingness. She was charming in her new relationship—so gentle, so kind, so unexacting. Perhaps he could not have borne it if she had been more exacting, yet he felt her reasonableness as something of a grievance. He had flown to her rescue like a knight-errant, yet after the first he had no sense that her deliverance was so great a thing as he had thought. With her arms about his neck she might have won him through the fire of his own generosity; but there was very little more ardor between them than there had been in the old brotherly and sisterly relations!

London in January, murky and drizzly, seemed to bring Estelle back to him vividly. He had to fight against an impulse to go to Mother Margaret, in Sanctuary Square, and ask for word of her. That was a door that was closed in his face forever, he reminded himself. And he ought to forget her; she had been cruel to them all.

He was walking along, with his head bent, in the teeth of the wind and the rain. He did not look at all a happy person, despite his youth and his smart clothes and the flower in his coat. Some time or other he must arrive at the decorous lodgings in the quiet street north of Oxford Street, where the Hon. Pulteney Beaumont pitched his tent when he was in town, where he should find Mary ready to respond gently to his em-

brace and to give him a cup of tea. As a matter of fact, in his abstraction he had left it behind, and had got into a maze of streets and squares further East.

Suddenly he came out of his abstraction with a shock of gladness. There she was, the girl of whom he had been thinking, coming towards him, virginal, flower-like, flame-like, in the dreary winter street. They were face to face before she saw him; and as they stopped a wave of coldness seemed to come upon his heart. There was something he had to tell her. He had to tell her the cruel thing she had done, the trouble she had left behind her when she had gone away. She was looking at him, half in fear, as though she would fly from him.

He laid a detaining hand upon her coat-sleeve, noticing at the same time that it was thin and soaked with rain. She was carrying a roll of music in her hand.

"You ought not to be out," he said roughly, "in such weather as this—and do you know that your going has nearly killed Jim? Nearly killed him! Why the doctors say they have little hope of him—!"

"Jim! My darling Jim!" she cried, looking at him with such a shocked grief in her face, that for pity he could think only of her.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

RELIGION AND HEALTH.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D., LL.D.

TO find the value of an unknown quantity in mathematics you must eliminate all the other unknown quantities but one from the equation and get the value of the desired factor stated in terms of the known. Nature sometimes takes a very different yet suggestively analogous way in physiology, and above all in pathology. She eliminates an unknown factor as an organ or a function, and then by the difference readily to be seen in the health equation demonstrates its value. The significance of a good many organs and tissues has been discovered only after their elimination by disease or injury. For instance, it would have been very difficult to learn by any direct method that heat and cold were in psychics quite different sensations and not merely degrees of each other as they are in physics, had not certain diseases, by suppressing one of them and leaving the other, showed that they were two entirely different sets of nervous impulses. The same has been found to be true with regard to many other nerve functions. When a man has lost the sense of bringing together the various sensations, so as to be able to recognize objects by touch, we know that he has a tumor or some serious lesion in the cortical region of his brain. We say that he is suffering from astereognosis, that is from the incapacity to recognize solid objects. We did not know that this was a separate sense until we found that it was absent in certain cases where men could feel heat and cold and pressure and weight and contact very well, yet were unable with the eyes closed to tell the difference between a penholder and a penknife, or between a button and a coin. They had lost their faculty for associating sensations. Nature had eliminated a special sense and shown us thereby its existence and its value.

In like manner it might be proved that the elimination by disease of a supposedly useless organ has made us realize in every case just how useful the organ was, and has taken us

away entirely from the idea of there being anything useless in the human body. Physicians who still talk about the uselessness of the appendix do not realize the strides that are being made in our knowledge of physiology in recent years.

Elimination serves a like purpose in revealing to us the physical usefulness of certain moral as well as physical factors in life. A typical example of this is to be noted with regard to religion. In recent years men have come to eliminate religion to a very great extent from their lives. As a consequence, physicians in many parts of the world have come to appreciate the value of religion for health of body and mind as they never did before. It used to be quite customary to say that religion was responsible for certain exaggerated manifestations of emotion and that it disturbed the minds of many people. There grew up a tradition, for the origin of which physicians were largely responsible, that religion was a contributing cause, or at least a rather common occasion, of insanity. Undoubtedly many people, who eventually find their way to insane asylums, exhibit the first manifestations of insanity with regard to religious subjects. A good deal, therefore, has been said about the evil caused by religion, because of its tendency to excite certain minds. Moreover some of the religious practices that involve self-denial and mortification have been proclaimed as at least contributory to, if not sometimes directly causative of, serious injury to health.

But all this has been changed. There is now a very general recognition on the part of physicians, especially those who are occupied with nervous patients, of the soothing influence that religion exerts. Medical authorities in many parts of the world have, in the last few years, declared that probably nothing contributes so much to lessen the sum of human suffering as a deep and abiding sense of religion. By this is not meant any mere emotional manifestations of attachment to a particular sect or to certain external religious observances. What the psychiatrists insist on is that a profound conviction that a Providence exists, a Providence which foresees and oversees everything that happens, and somehow orders all for its own great purposes, even though these purposes may be hidden from mere human observation, is the best possible auxiliary for the relief of pain and suffering.

When one feels that his sufferings are quite without pur-

pose, and must be endured under a blind necessity of nature, while nature herself remains an inscrutable mystery, he bears pain with much less equanimity than if he believed in a personal God. As we shall see, prayer has been praised by many specialists in nervous and mental diseases as an excellent remedy for their patients. What they mean by prayer is not a mere repetition of wordy formulæ, but a raising up of the mind to the Creator; a submission of oneself to His will; a begging, perhaps, that suffering should pass; but still more that capacity may be granted to bear with proper patience the trials and sufferings ordained by Providence.

Such ideas in medicine will, no doubt, seem startlingly novel to many. They represent, however, the attitude of mind of a large number of our distinguished investigators in nervous and mental diseases. An exposition of this revolutionary change in physicians' ideas will surely be of interest to all classes of readers. I was very glad, therefore, to accept the suggestion of the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that this newer medicine should be set forth.

One of the most striking recent expressions of the intimate relation of religion to health, and, at the same time, one of the most significant tributes to the power of firmly-rooted religious ideas comes to us from Dr. John K. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, in his *Self-Help for Nervous Women.** This book contains a "Series of Talks on Economy in Nervous Expenditure." Dr. Mitchell represents the third generation of a family of distinguished physicians, and his opinion, therefore, is all the more valuable. Moreover, his opinion should probably be taken as representing the Philadelphia School of Neurology, which is favorably known throughout the world for its accurate observation and conservative thinking. Far from considering that religion adds to peoples' worries or cares, or disturbs their minds in any way, Dr. Mitchell is sure that the more severe and formal types of religion, especially those which beget a deep, abiding sense of intimate relationship with God, which prescribe many duties requiring self-denial and frequent prayer, are especially likely to be helpful to nervous and suffering people. He says:

> Although it is a mere impression, and one, from the nature of the case, not capable of documentary or statistical proof, I

* Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1909.

am inclined to think that those communions in which ceremonial observances are strictly enforced, with hours for prayer, set times for meditation, and so on, furnish less than their due quota of nervous patients. According to one's individual belief this may be considered as an effect of religion or may be attributed to the fact that, as a consequence of the necessity for carrying out these duties at exact moments, there is a sort of approach to the schedule plan of life I have recommended for the nervous, with a resulting improved mental and moral equilibrium. It is certainly true that, considering as examples two such widely separated forms of religious belief as the Orthodox Jews and the strict Roman Catholics, one does not see as many patients from them as from their numbers might be expected, especially when it is remembered that Jews as a whole are a very nervous people and that the Roman Church in this country includes among its members numbers of the most emotional race in the world.

Of only one sect can I recall no example. It is not in my memory that a professing Quaker ever came into my hands to be treated for nervousness. If the opinion I have already stated so often is correct, namely, that want of control of the emotions and the over-expression of the feelings are prime causes of nervousness, then the fact that discipline of the emotions is a lesson early and constantly taught by Friends, would help to account for the infrequency of this disorder among them and add emphasis to the belief in such a causation.

Even those authorities in nervous diseases who are themselves without any religious belief and who, indeed, affect to despise it, often cannot help but realize to what an extent religion enables many to withstand patiently, and, therefore, with less reactive disturbance for their general system, the trials and sufferings of life. Dubois, for instance, who has written on *The Psychic Treatment of Nervous Diseases*,* cannot but praise the patience with which true Christians withstand the difficulties of life. He says:

In this state of mind, that of true Christian stoicism, which is, alas! so rare in the thinking world now, man becomes invulnerable. Feeling himself upheld by God, he fears neither

* Translation by Professor Jelliffe, of Fordham University School of Medicine. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

> sickness nor death. He may succumb under the attacks of physical disease, but morally he remains unshaken in the midst of his sufferings and is inaccessible to the cowardly emotions of most nervous people.

Dubois even goes so far as to suggest that a physician who is himself a freethinker, in which class he does not hesitate to place himself, is justified in appealing to the religious convictions of his patients, that his patients may receive aid therefrom.

Professor Oppenheim, the distinguished Berlin specialist in nervous and mental diseases, whose text-book on this subject is recognized as one of the best published in recent years, has expressed himself very emphatically on the subject. Professor Oppenheim is himself a Jew. He does not hesitate to declare that for many nervous diseases, especially those that are either incurable or are accompanied by great solicitude of mind, nothing is more valuable as a therapeutic adjuvant than a belief in an over-ruling Providence—a readiness to recognize that in the moral world suffering has a definite and reasonable purpose. If suffering is looked upon only as an incident in the physical world, then its inevitableness is a tragedy without consolation of any kind. In the moral order, however, it takes on quite a different significance, and therefore deeply religious souls have a fountain of consolation within themselves which is very helpful to the physician.

A distinguished authority in England, who was selected as the President of the section of the British Medical Association devoted to the study of mental diseases, in his Inaugural Address as President, four years ago, stated very explicitly his experience with regard to prayer. Far from thinking or finding that religion or its personal manifestations hurt his patients (and this man had been for many years the head of a large asylum in England), his observation had shown him that those who prayed fervently bore up under the hardest trials of life much better than those who had not prayed. He stated that, occasionally, sincerely religious persons did go insane, but the worst forms of insanity manifested themselves in the irreligious, or rather the unreligious. And when his patients began to pray, not loudly, but quietly and in solitude, then he always knew that a distinct sign of improvement had come, and that

it would not be long before further decided amelioration might be looked for.

I have quoted from leaders of thought in this country and in Germany, France, and England, where the decadence of religion has made the absence of its influence felt upon the people in general. Thus the statement made at the beginning of this article is confirmed.

There is one place where religion and religious motives and consolations are supremely needed in medicine, and that is with regard to incurable disease. If all diseases were curable, and if death were not inevitable, then the ordinary consolations of life and the auxiliaries of human motives might be sufficient. But suffering is inevitable; death is certain; and to many it comes in a way that involves much pain. When one suffers from Bright's Disease and knows it, and is sure that a fatal termination is not far off, when in addition there are physical ills that must be borne, many obligations that must be put aside, then the motives to be drawn from religion are the only ones that serve the purpose of uplifting one so tried.

In recent years there has been a noteworthy increase in the number of cases of cancer. For these sufferers the consolations of religion are particularly helpful. Without a conviction that suffering is not in vain, it becomes almost intolerable. Much is said about euthanasia—the right of the physician and of the patient himself to shorten life so as to avoid incurable pain. As a matter of fact, pain is such a discipline that, except in the young and in the very impatient, it nerves patients to stand discomfort, and there is very seldom any real desire to shorten life. Of any deliberate shortening of life there can, of course, be no question. The prolonged suffering of many patients is not the drawn-out tragedy that it might seem to be, because they feel that somehow the Providence that afflicts them, also cares for them, and that their suffering has a meaning even though that meaning be not clear. Religion, that is an abiding trust in the God of all consolation, is the only ultimate resource of these poor sufferers.

Continued pain is the lot of the very few. Probably more of the discomfort of life is due to fear of pain than to actual pain itself. Many nervous persons are almost constantly in a state of dread lest something unfavorable be about to happen. Some hesitate in opening a letter, lest it should

contain unpleasant news. Others are quite sure that they are the victims of an unhappy fate. Is there a succession of very favorable happenings? Then there surely must be some serious evil impending to balance things. For this ever-misgiving state of mind nothing is so beneficial as the conviction that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." Belief in an all-ruling Providence lifts the premonition of ill and dissipates fear of evil.

It is frequently maintained that religion by taking many of the pleasures out of life makes it much harder to bear. Religion does, of course, take us away from many of the stormy pleasures of life. It is not in the violence of passion, however, that any real satisfaction or happiness is experienced. Such pleasure is, at most, momentary and is usually followed by feelings of discomfort, physical as well as moral, that more than exceed the pleasure. Many seem to think that without pleasures that contain at least a spice of the forbidden, life would be very dull and colorless. As a matter of fact, they win the most from life who follow conscience and, as a consequence, have leisure to cultivate the best that is in them.

It has been very well said that what our generation needs is less pleasure and more joys. While we seek its pleasures, we are missing, especially in our large cities, the joys of life. The joys of home are now but seldom experienced, and the gathering of generations of the family around the hospitable board on the great festivals of the year is rare. The joy of doing good to our fellows, not through the mediation of others, but by direct contact, is now seldom experienced. The joy of the country in the springtime, of simple friendly intercourse and neighborly sympathy, most of this is gone, and, instead, we have the sophisticated pleasures of the modern time. Any one, who has seen how profoundly miserable they can be who apparently have the fullest opportunity to enjoy these pleasures, well knows how little there is in pleasure compared to the joys of life. Pleasure is sometimes forbidden. Joy is always allowable. The most joyous people in the world are those who are profoundly religious.

There is another aspect of religion and health that might well be expressed in Francis Thompson's phrase, Health and Holiness. Saints are usually not supposed to get very much out of life, but that is due to the mistaken popular notion as

to what a saint is. Probably the best definition of a saint, and certainly the most complete brief one that I know of, is that a saint is a person who thinks first of other people and only secondly of self. Forgetfulness of self might be supposed to be the last thing in the world which would contribute to health, since health is thought to be the result of care and attention to all the details of the physical life. But it has become extremely clear in the modern development of psychology, and in the application of its principles to medicine, known as psychotherapeutics, that the source of many ailments is really over-attention to self, and that the best possible cure is forgetfulness of self. No ailment, no matter how bad it may be, is ever quite as bad as thinking makes it. Not that ills are imaginary, but that symptoms are always exaggerated by dwelling on them.

The capacity to bear pain without being disturbed by it, and to withstand physical ills without complaint, is supposed to be one of the highest qualities of the saint. It is also, however, one of the supreme qualities of good health. The perfectly sane, healthy man can stand pain with equanimity. Training in the bearing of pain without disturbance of mind is one of the most precious forms of discipline for health as well as for holiness. Suffering will inevitably come to all of us. To allow it to incapacitate us, to live in constant dread of it, to murmur under it, all this is the sign of a certain lack of physical as well as mental equilibrium. Indeed, what is pain for the unhealthy is often only a joyous exercise of function for the perfectly healthy. The man unused to exercise suffers aches and pains if he takes considerable exercise; while to the man of well-developed muscles exercise is a pleasure. In a word, pain is a very relative thing. What is almost unbearable pain to sensitive people, may be scarcely more than an inconvenience to other and healthier people.

As a rule it may be said that those who have accepted and who live by great religious truths, are much less disturbed by the discomforts of life than those who have no religious belief. The former know that their suffering has a meaning in the scheme of creation. The latter are weighed down by fatalism, and fatalism adds to their suffering. They are not able to throw it off. They feel their helplessness and have no consolation. But the genuinely religious can and do occupy them-

selves with the meaning of human life and human suffering, and such occupation diverts their attention from their own suffering and makes it much less. It is all the difference between having nothing else to think about than one's own pain and discomfort, and having all the significance of the universe with its mystery and the consciousness of union with its personal Ruler.

We all know that even severe pain can be greatly helped, and, indeed, made quite tolerable, by preoccupation of mind. In battle men suffer severe, even mortal, wounds, yet do not know it until they fall from weakness. In every big theatre fire of the last half century some people who have escaped have had severe injuries, such as the breaking of an arm or the loss of an ear, or a serious dislocation, and have known nothing about it until they were out of the theatre. Such preoccupation of mind cannot be looked for under ordinary circumstances. Lesser degrees of it, however, are very helpful. A headache may bother one very little while he is with pleasant friends. A toothache may be quite bearable while one is at some agreeable occupation. Neither may become intolerable until one is alone and has nothing else to think of. The serious preoccupation of mind with the Creator and the meaning of life and the significance of pain, and the acts of resignation that are likely to accompany such considerations, may act as effective, even though not complete, anodynes in cases of discomfort.

This is particularly likely to be the case when there is question of mental pain. Mental states are the hardest for the physician to cope with. It is in these, particularly, that he feels the need of the help of religion for his patients. They may have a serious physical ailment of which their mental state is a complication; or their physical ill may be trifling and the mental state seriously affected. In either case religion makes one of the best adjuvants. This is now a universal experience on the part of physicians who have seriously tried it. It forms the basis of the success of the medico-religious movement of recent years.

In recent years teachers have come to realize the sad lack in our modern education of proper training for the will and the serious consequences of such an omission. A popular French book, written by Professor Jules Payot, is called in its English translation *The Education of the Will.* An idea of its

popularity in France can be gathered from the fact that the English translation, made by Professor Jelliffe, of Fordham University School of Medicine, is from the thirtieth French edition. M. Payot recognizes that there were many methods connected with religious training in the past which are seriously missed at the present time, and he has endeavored to supply them by suggestions for the training of the will. Nearly all of the practices, judged in recent times to be old-fashioned, are recommended by him as helpful in making life more significant and in increasing our power for work. He says:

> . . . there are certain helpful methods by which our reflections are enabled to produce their effects. The greatest leaders of the Catholic faith, rich in the experience of their predecessors and their own personal observations which they have increasingly gathered from the confessional, have made many arrangements by which people are enabled to make more out of their lives.

He then describes the method of making meditations, examinations of conscience, and suggests the necessity for times of retreat. No reference to religion or to God is made; the recommendations are made simply with the idea of helping one to think more deeply and of realizing more thoroughly what life means.

Another very interesting change has taken place in the attitude of physicians in general towards the office of another phase of religion in helping men even in this life. After having for many years argued that in the olden time, and especially during the Middle Age, men occupied themselves over much with the next world, many have now come to recognize that too great solicitude with regard to this world makes for the bitterest kind of unhappiness. It was argued that religion, by counselling fasts, abstinences, and mortifications of various kinds, had a tendency to disturb health. Now there is a very general realization that many of the religious practices and regulations in these matters were excellent auxiliaries for the preservation of health, and that fasts and mortifications are not only good in themselves for a great many persons, but are also excellent means of making us realize that it is possible to eat much less than we are accustomed to. The discipline of reli-

gion fosters self-discipline and control, making life much more reasonable.

Of course it would be too bad, as Professor Munsterberg insists in his book on psychotherapeutics, if religion should be used only to salve the little ills or even the greater physical trials of life. He insists that "the meaning of religion in life is entirely too deep that it should be employed merely for the purpose of lessening the pains and aches of humanity and the dreads that are so often more imaginary than real." "This," he emphatically continues, "would be only to diminish the real significance of religion." "It cheapens religion by putting the accent of its meaning in life on personal comfort and absence of pain." He adds: "If there is one power in life which ought to develop in us a conviction that pleasure is not the highest goal, and that pain is not the worst evil, then it ought to be philosophy and religion." It will be readily understood, then, that present-day religious therapeutic movements, or those which make of religion a force for rendering life more comfortable, subordinate religion to worldliness, and empty religion of that other-worldliness which is its very heart.

These present-day movements, that exaggerate the influence of religious belief over physical nature, are in no way new in the world's history. Originally medicine was quite subordinate to religion and the first physicians were priests. A recurrent tendency to re-assume this relation has frequently shown itself. But the result has always been unfortunate for both religion and medicine. It has taken much of the spirituality out of religion and much of the science out of medicine. Professor Munsterberg calls attention to the work of Pastor Gassner in Southern Germany in the eighteenth century, because it represents certain similar movements of our own time. Father Gassner believed that a great many nervous diseases were from the devil, and he cured them by various religious means. The Catholic Church did not, however, approve of the exaggeration of his ideas in this regard, and so Father Gassner died in obscurity, though not before he had influenced Mesmer very materially and so led to a new medical movement.

Religion and medicine are intimately related. Each has its own definite limits in life. They are co-ordinate factors for happiness here, for there can be no happiness without

health, and for pain and suffering help and strength from above are needed. These necessities are given by the two co-ordinate factors—religion and medicine, but each must be kept in its own place. Whenever two such intimately related factors exist, there is apt to be mutual invasion of the other's domain. Medicine for a time promised to make life so much happier and so much longer that men forgot how essential religion is in enabling them to withstand the trials of life. There is danger now of a reaction in which religion, in turn exaggerating its importance, will invade the domain of medicine and most likely do much harm. In the midst of all such agitation it is important to realize that the Catholic Church has been quite unmoved. As she was the main barrier against the infidelity that came from over-confidence in science, she now sanely places spirit and matter each in its proper place; shows us how other-worldliness may make for happiness even in this world; how confidence in God may lessen tribulation; how self-denial may lead to happiness; and, above all, how prayer and confidence in Providence may give that placidity which robs suffering of its terrors.

THE WAR AGAINST RELIGION IN FRANCE.

BY MARIA LONGWORTH STORER.

"See that it is an evil and a bitter thing for thee, to have left the Lord thy God" (*Je. ii. 19*).

THE Catholic bishops of France, in the early autumn of the year 1909, issued a manifesto, warning Catholic parents against certain books used in the public schools (called "neutral") and forbade that these books should be placed in the hands of Catholic pupils. This step toward protecting the Catholic children of France from the aggressive teaching of positive atheism, roused the most bitter antagonism of a radical governing power, which has been carrying on a war of extermination against any and every form of religious faith. The whole aim and end of the teaching in the "neutral" schools is to establish the reign of the *Déesse de la Raison*, which means self-love and self-worship—the apotheosis of human conceit.

To achieve this, God must first be left out entirely. Each child's soul becomes a little hot-bed of atheism; so that the evil which is planted may grow and flourish, and when the child becomes a man he will propagate his *unfaith*, and so it shall spread far and wide, until it covers the whole earth.

The *Ligue de l'Enseignement* and *La Francmaçonnerie* have undertaken this gigantic task—and they are the rulers in France to-day, against whom what is called a "religious majority" has been powerless, and has done nothing, except to protest in words. Petty political differences of opinion have hitherto kept the Catholic population from uniting in a great and powerful army, which shall fight for God and for France; for their altars and their fires. The enemy is a united body.

To give a clear idea of these two great forces of evil, which act as one power, I cannot do better than quote from a letter written to the London *Times*, by Eugène Tavernier, published on November 6 and 7, 1909. I shall explain first the origin of the League.

An Alsatian schoolmaster, named Jean Macé, started the *Ligue de l'Enseignement* in 1870. After the battle of Sadowa the cry went up and was repeated everywhere: "It was the German schoolmaster who won the battle of Sadowa." Jean Macé and others profited by this popular outcry to start a league which should multiply the number of public schools in France, and change the character of the instruction given there. It was announced to be only a patriotic movement and thus enlisted all the sympathies of a people suffering from the results of a disastrous war.

> Jean Macé and his league declared themselves at first to be neutral towards religion—that is to say, indifferent. But by degrees this neutrality became a definite and passionate hostility. In 1881, after the annual congress of the league, the wary and courageous propagandist emphasized his attitude. He proclaimed that the true neutrality, whether in politics or religion, is that which "dominates all." From that moment the league was in open conflict with Christian belief. It organized gigantic petitions, it urged on Senators and Deputies, it resorted to agitation throughout the country, and exercised a definite influence upon the framing of those laws which introduced the spirit of unbelief in the schools.
>
> Simultaneously a still more powerful association—that of Freemasonry—was actively exciting anti-religious passions in the name of liberty and tolerance. The league and Freemasonry went hand in hand; Jean Macé himself said so. They pursued the same object together, but each by its own methods. The league gently attracted the Liberals, the indifferent, and the moderates, and persuaded them to share in the combat. Freemasonry excited the extremists. Four hundred lodges every month, and the great Masonic Convention every year, set before the Chambers the rules necessary for the struggle against religion, and the rules were established by vote. There are still many such in preparation, and held in reserve for future use. It is well known that on September 1, 1877, the Grand Orient of France eliminated from its constitution the ancient formula: "To the Glory of the Great Architect of the Universe"; and since then the lodges have shown a marked zeal against religion. Proofs could be produced from every page of the official publications of the Masons.

This, then, is the great plan to be carried out by these two

arbitrary powers. The *Lanterne* of May 19, 1908, expressed it as follows:

> Lay education, no matter what form it may assume, is the strongest power everywhere to combat the religious spirit. Lay education must spread and extend itself in all directions. We must drive out Religion from each and every position to which she may cling as a refuge.

Many years ago—in 1883—Paul Bert expressed his *fear* that after the death of the Comte de Chambord the Catholics of France would become republicans. Paul Bert, and all those who agreed with him, did not want a republic which would not be the bitter enemy of religion. He asserted that "religions are not qualified to speak of morality, for they are based on false foundations, upon unjustifiable hypotheses, upon conceptions that are inimical to man's nature and to the part he must play in society and the physical world, and if they speak rightly of morality, it is because they have borrowed divine and eternal precepts from the universal conscience of all time and all peoples."

Some Catholics have (and it was thought that many more should have) rallied to the republic. But the Freethinkers would have prevented this. Their leaders openly asserted that they would not allow religion to have any voice in the government of France. Behold the result in twentieth century history!

In 1905 a *Republican Catechism* was circulated gratis (as a gift to its adherents) by the Society of French school-teachers. The preface to this catechism announced its dominating idea and object in these words: "There shall be no God! It is not only the Church that we must destroy—we must kill God!" *(Ah! plus de Dieu. Ce n'est pas seulement l'Eglise qu'il faut abbattre. Il faut tuer Dieu!)*

All this is madness, but with a great deal of method in it, and with the power to ruin a whole country.

The extremes meet. The acme of mental cleverness melts into folly, and they *blend.* The fool who says in his heart: "There is no God," behold him incarnate to-day in Clémenceau, in Jaurès, in Viviani—those men of *great brains!* Could a cap and bells flutter with more unwisdom, than the jingle of their glib blasphemies? Were these men not political powers,

with a madman's dangerous strength, we might only laugh at their fantastic defiance of the Most High! Clémenceau in *Le Grand Pan*, calls man a "Titanesque atom" who is destined to become the true God! Listen to this raving:

> Let us respond to the hard blows of fate with renewed effort; and having no need of the lying promises of religion, we will go into the Great Repose with resignation, content to have lived, and proud of having at least attempted the sublime scaling of the heavens (page 320).

Viviani, the Minister of Labor, made a speech in the Chamber of Deputies, on December 8, 1906, which was afterward printed and distributed gratis, by order of the Government, throughout the 36,000 communes of France. One passage has been widely quoted, both in French and in English:

> The French Revolution let loose all the audacity of men's minds and the ambition of their hearts. But this was not enough. The Revolution of 1848 gave men the suffrage and raised the workingman, bent by his task, and made the humblest the political equal of those in power. But this was not enough. The Third Republic summoned round her the children of the peasant and the workingman, and into their obscure minds, their unenlightened intelligences, she poured little by little the revolutionary germ of education. But this was not enough. With one consent, with our fathers, our elders, and our fellows, we have bound ourselves throughout the past to a work of anti-clericalism and irreligion. We have torn the minds of men from religious faith. The wretched workman, who, weary with the weight of his day's work, once bent his knee, we now have raised up. We have told him that behind the clouds were only chimeras. Together, and with a majestic gesture, we have put out in the heavens the lights that will never be lit again.

Jaurès, the distinguished Socialist leader, proclaims the greatness of the "Titanesque atom" in eloquent words:

> The idea that must be safeguarded before everything is that there is no sacred truth; the idea that no power, no dogma, must limit the perpetual effort, the perpetual aspiration of the human race, humanity resembling a great commission of inquiry (!) with unlimited power; the idea that all truth

> which does not come from us is a lie; the idea that whilst we adhere faithfully to this truth the critical spirit must be ever awake and watchful. . . . If God Himself arose before the people in a palpable form, the first duty of man would be to refuse Him obedience, and to consider Him the equal of whoever holds Him in debate, not as the Master to Whom he must submit.

He ends his remarks by the following assertion: "In this consists the beauty of our *neutral* teaching." These are the declarations of the leaders in the Government of France today. These are the men—and a multitude of others like them —who have helped the *Ligue de l'Enseignement* to drive out of the French "neutral" schools all belief in prayer, in a future life, and in God Himself! To accomplish this massacre of religion, they have revised all the old schoolbooks, eliminating every allusion to God, and they have garbled and mutilated history.

In a manual of history by Monsieur Calvet, censor of the Collège Michelet, six lines are considered sufficient for the Thirty Years' War, and two pages for the military achievements of Louis XIV. Robert the Pious and William the Conqueror are suppressed altogether, which of course obliterates also the battles of Tolbiac and of Hastings. The French Revolution is described as the great *humane* uprising to help humanity. There was no lawlessness, no guillotine, no Reign of Terror. The child is taught, in the "neutral" schools, to believe that religion means cruelty and persecution, and that tolerance, fraternity, and morality must be founded on reason, alone.

Payot in his book *La Morale*, page 190, speaking of religious dissensions, says:

> The three great religions to which the majority of men belong —buddhism, christianity, and islamism—are in disaccord. In the bosom of christianity itself, sects are mutually excommunicating each other. Protestantism and catholicism are, besides, torn by internal strife. What does all this mean? Unless that not one of these religions possesses any truth sufficiently universal to unite in it all believers. Happily for us, moral ideas, independent of metaphysical hypotheses or religious beliefs, are unshaken by the ruin of these systems.
>
> Christianity seems, not in theory but in practice, to have

> limited its efforts to a struggle against pride and sensuality. It has condemned neither war nor slavery. It has shed oceans of blood, in its atrocious persecutions and in its religious wars. Its holy scriptures, written by a war-like people, have familiarized the faithful with deeds of violence. Jehovah has all the characteristics of a cruel and vindictive despot.*

Monsieur Aulard, Professor at the Sorbonne, the author of a special history for primary schools, of the Revolution has spoken out frankly in the *Annales de la Jeunesse Laique* (August, 1904, p. 86). He says: "Away with temporizing! (*'Point d'equivoque!'*) Let us not say any longer: 'We don't wish to destroy religion.' Let us say on the contrary: 'We mean to destroy religion!'"

I shall give a few examples from two schoolbooks in general use for many years: a grammar by Larive and Fleury, and the *Tour of France by Two Children*, written by G. Bruno, Laureate of the French Academy.

Every mention of God or of religion has been cut out of the grammar since 1902. There are very many. It is enough to point out a few.

On page 7, "God is great" has been changed into "Paris is great." Page 9: "Man excites himself, God leads him," is now "The lightning flashes, the thunder roars." Page 99: In the place of "God is," we find, "I think, therefore I am." Even ancient history is wiped out. In a list of proper names Adam and Eve have given place to "Robert" and "Julie." Finally (for I have given enough examples) I find on page 130, in the old editions: "If you transgress the commandments of God, you will never fulfill the purpose for which you were put into the world." In the new editions: "If you transgress the laws of Nature, as to hygiene, you cannot do so with impunity."

The *Tour of France* is a charming story of two little Alsatian boys, left orphans after the war of 1870 (it has reached its 326th edition). Their father, on his death-bed, asks the children to go to France. He prays to God to protect them and commits them to His care. In the revised editions (since 1904) this prayer is left out, and afterward every allusion to

* *Cours de Morale*, par Jules Payot, Agrègè de Philosophie, Docteur ès Lettres, page 193. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin, 5 rue de Mézières.

prayer or to God is effaced. In the course of their travels they see some beautiful churches, which make a great impression upon them: Notre Dame de la Garde at Fourvière; Notre Dame in Paris; the Cathedral of Rheims. All mention of these is stricken out in the revised editions, and even an illustration of the Rheims cathedral gives place to a map of Champagne! There is no God in heaven; there are no churches on the earth.

Another neutral schoolbook is called *Lectures Courantes*, by Guyan. The revised editions of this book (changed since 1902) have eliminated three poems by Victor Hugo and de Musset, and a sentence from *Voltaire!* Voltaire spoke of the soul; de Musset's poem was *L'espoir en Dieu;* and Victor Hugo's was a wail over Metz and Strasburg *and their altars!* The mention of these latter made it obnoxious. I translate in prose the objectionable lines: "Honor, right, *the altars where we kneel in prayer;* Lorraine and Alsace; all, all belong to thee, eternal France!"

The French Government has, indeed, degraded France. Even Victor Hugo, were he alive to-day, might think that Alsace and Lorraine are to be congratulated that they belong to Germany; for churches and altars flourish on German soil, and not one stone will be left upon another in France, if the Radical-Socialist power be at liberty to carry out to the end their work of destruction. Where there is no God there shall be no church and no altar!

That this war against God must end in the ruin of the country morally and politically there can be no doubt.

Not long ago some anarchists were brought before the court of assizes in Paris, accused of being such. One of them said to the President of the Court, who was calling them to account severely for their doctrines and deeds: "But, Monsieur le Président, these doctrines were taught us in our schoolbooks when we sat on the benches at school," and he recited from memory whole pages from the books introduced into the neutral schools by the *Ligue de l'Enseignement.*

When the anarchist Ferrer was shot, members of the French Ministry cried aloud: "He was our friend, he preached our doctrines." The French Government sympathized with a "demonstration" of Socialists and Anarchists, one of the leaders of which was a deputy wearing his official scarf. It was a meet-

ing to protest against the execution of Ferrer. The mob threatened to attack the Spanish Embassy. When the police force opposed them, Monsieur Lépine, the prefect of police, was fired upon, one sergeant was killed and two seriously wounded. The following Sunday, a procession of from sixty to eighty thousand Socialists, Anarchists, and Revolutionaries marched through the streets of Paris. Although there is a law forbidding such public processions, and any religious demonstration would be speedily repressed, the French troops called out to "keep order" marched with the procession, apparently in active sympathy with it.

The *Paris Daily Mail* gave, the following day, an account of the procession from which I quote, as it mentions an "anti-religious" outburst, which came near to being very serious, and which shows that all this smoldering hatred may leap into a flame at any moment:

> Linking arms, they walked along shouting the "Carmagnole," the "Internationale," and other revolutionary songs, punctuated with cries of "Vive Ferrer!" and even "Death to Alfonso XIII." There must have been at least one hundred thousand spectators in the streets. Everybody in Paris makes holiday on Sunday afternoon, and the people, having nothing better to do, flocked in thousands to see the soldiers and the procession.
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> The most exciting incident of the day was a brief scrimmage in the Tuileries Gardens, where a gang of young roughs made a wanton attack on an unoffending priest, who was peacefully taking the air. Some passers-by came to the priest's assistance, but not before the coat had been torn from his back, and a nervous citizen had fired two revolver shots, which brought up the mounted guards, who drew their sabres and promptly cleared the ground.
>
> In the morning six thousand Socialists, Anarchists, and Nihilists, held a mass meeting at Tivoli-Vauxhall, and made incendiary speeches against the Spanish Government and King Alfonso. The proceedings terminated with shouts of "A bas les Tyrans!" and "Vive la Revolution Sociale!"
>
> The members of the Paris police force have protested against the decision of the Municipal Council to adopt and bring up the grandchildren of Señor Ferrer, while they have done nothing for the families of the men who were shot during the riots last Wednesday evening.

At a people's theatre in a rough and disorderly quarter of Paris, a play was put upon the stage three weeks after Ferrer's execution. Ferrer was the hero, and his trial and death were the events. At the end of the play there was a scene, where thirty or forty persons were brought upon the stage, dressed as Catholic priests and were ranged against a wall and shot, amid the frenzied delight of the audience. No one who remembers past horrors in France but must shudder at the dangerous possibilities of the future, seeing how history may repeat itself. In one of the neutral schoolbooks the author says: "It is our duty to see that our country continues to radiate its enlightenment over the whole world, and that it shall spread abroad everywhere the generous and beneficent ideas of the Revolution."

Fouquier-Tinville one day demanded of the Revolutionary tribunal the heads of the Carmelite Nuns of Compiègne. His request was granted. Their crime was "fanaticism." The Mother Superior said to him: "What do you mean by fanaticism?" He answered her: "Fanaticism is your attachment to the Catholic religion."

These are, in a few words, some of the political dangers of the situation. It may not take a long time for a government whose army is badly demoralized, and whose working classes have been incited to lawlessness, to drift away to hopeless and dangerous anarchy.

In speaking of the Radical rule during the last ten years, Monsieur Ernest Judet, whom the London *Times* calls "the most brilliant of French journalists," wrote recently in his paper, the *Eclair:*

> In 1909, as we look back upon the ravages which have been committed by the unbridled dictatorship of Radicalism let loose in all the Government services, we can measure all the ground that we have lost since July 14, 1898. The evil is so deep-seated that remedy can no longer be awaited from a mere return to the men whose fall was the signal for all these demagogic eccentricities. Whatever constitutional changes may be deemed imperative in order to establish the equilibrium of the country, our first concern, our first duty, is to expel from Parliament that Radicalism which has been able to govern only by giving hostages to Collectivism and by lowering France in the eyes of the world to such a degree that

> if the process were continued the day would inevitably arrive when she would be overwhelmed in a European cataclysm.
>
> If the next elections have any object or significance they must serve to complete the Radical defeat. Twelve years of a *régime* of this kind are enough to make one sick. Let Radicalism be abolished forever, as it already is forever despised and discredited.

Monsieur Judet is trying to save his country. The Bishops of France are trying to save the souls of the Catholic children of France from corruption. It is such men as these who are the only true patriots.

The manifesto of the Bishops demanded that the public schools of France should be really neutral, and pointed out certain books as unfit to be put into the hands of Catholic children. The letter was written to Catholic parents urging upon them the duty to see that their children should have assured to them a Christian education, either in the school or outside of it, and to exact that this Christian education should not be condemned or set at naught by the oral teaching of instructors in the public schools or by books put into the hands of the children.

Monseigneur Amette, Archbishop of Paris, has written to the parish priests of his diocese, a letter which concludes in these most significant terms:

> We are making no war upon the Republic. To assert that we cannot denounce a school of anti-religion without attacking the Republic, would be to declare that this *régime* has identified itself with impiety and atheism. We refuse to admit this, and we demand that the Republic shall apply in her schools one of the principles which she proclaims so loudly, namely, respect for liberty of conscience.

The decadence of France under the present rule admits of no denial. The only thing that can save her from shipwreck is: that some influence, some power, may turn the tide at the next elections. She must surely drift toward anarchy if she keeps at her helm these men without compass or rudder, the mad fools who have proclaimed aloud: "There is no God!"

THE PROPHET'S MANTLE.

BY HELEN HAINES.

I.

HILLYER knew it was but a step through the old turnstile in his ragged cypress hedge to the wider, more orderly spaces of the Fremleighs' grounds. And, as well as though he could see them, through all the intervening green tangle, that on the great southwest gallery, facing his smaller one, Archer and his wife would be seated now in the languorous Southern spring evening with their guest, Mrs. Grantham.

He knew that Blaylock, ever loyal to a friend's friend, had taken the radiant creature to its tolerant heart—even as it had tried to take him on his return last September—for he had seen her flashing through its quiet streets like some brilliant bird startling the shadows of a forest.

Yet an almost prophetic hesitancy had detained him, had kept him deferring his duty to dear Lucy Fremleigh's old school-friend.

Even now, as Hillyer decided that to-night must "end it," he lingered—finding comfort in the reflection that somehow Blaylock had always understood. This short walk of his, too, in the after-supper twilight, with a long black cigar, had assumed the proportions of a habit, even when it was not to serve as preface to a long night of work at his desk. As he walked, his thin fingers interlaced behind him, his clear cut scholar's face began to glow again with the peace of his inner communing.

Back and forth he paced over the worn brick path, which wandered with decorous unevenness from the front gate—where one end of the small stucco house parted the street wall—ran past its galleried side-entrance, disappeared back among the forsythia and lilac bushes, and crept out drowsily in moss-covered patches on the other side of the house, to find the

glory of the garden—a great red rose tree propped up by a dilapidated arbor.

The house had once been an office for some Colonial Fremleigh, whose stately dame had resented any closer contamination of her husband's dealings in tobacco. It had suited the tobacco-enriched Colonial, and, by a series of interior transitions, now suited Blair Hillyer, over two centuries later, because he was carrying on the work of Professor Edward Thorndyke, and because of its proximity to the University of Blaylock and Hillyer's classes.

Indeed it had become all a part of the literary legacy Blair Hillyer had found awaiting him, upon his arrival from long months of study abroad. He had returned to deliver the lectures on Psychical Research in the Glade Foundation at a great Northern college. It had meant crowded courses, increasing reputation, a widening influence—for outside of Hillyer's work on psychology, widely used as a text-book, it was known, by his contributions to recent periodical literature, that he had been dipping deeply in certain foreign pools.

Instead he had turned his back upon all this, and had traveled south to his sedate old Alma Mater, because, on the day he had sailed from Liverpool, his dying friend and professor had scrawled a few lines to reach him at New York.

"The drops have lost out," Edward Thorndyke had painfully written, "and I am going—my task undone. It becomes yours."

There had followed directions which Archer Fremleigh, Hillyer's classmate, and now Blaylock's Professor of Biology, had carried out; and then Hillyer had come, bearing with him, from Baltimore, Edward Thorndyke's ashes, and had himself deposited them, as was his old friend's wish, under the red rose tree, where for years the professor had worked and studied.

Yet now Hillyer was not thinking of these grimmer details, nor of the great unfinished treatise he was pledged to, nor of the professor's classes in psychology, which in response to the university's anxious query he had temporarily undertaken—but of a last broken line in the letter.

It was for this that he had withdrawn from Blaylock's festivities, and in an attitude of hushed expectancy had watched the fall and winter pass and spring come again—had waited, had watched—for what? He scarcely knew.

Yet if Edward Thorndyke's words had meant anything they were the assurance of his future precious co-operation, some manifestation of his continuing personality after death.

"Be watching," the letter had warned in closing. "If, afterwards, I am *I*, and I am potent, some message shall come to you."

This was no promise of a pallid individuality, for the professor's had been a puissant soul imprisoned in a refractory body—an affection of the heart causing him through life the greatest suffering.

His last words, then, had not only set Blair Hillyer's thought soaring speculatively to the future, but had also forced it into a tender retrospect of their former relations.

As an undergraduate, Hillyer had been slow to perceive his attraction to Edward Thorndyke, for the professor's soul never lost the power of flight, in spite of his body's humiliations, and dwelt in starry heights, apparently far removed from the wholesome energies of college life.

In those earlier days it had seemed to the boy that it was the mystery surrounding a man who walked the world with death, that had challenged his own blunter chivalry. The very prelude to Thorndyke's lectures was an explanation of the use his hearers must make of the drug he carried always in case of need. "So," he would say, with a contented smile, to the strong, full-breathing youths before him. "So, I buy my life—by the drop." Hillyer could recall even now the tense silence that followed his remarks, and the relief they all experienced when he turned to the subject for the day.

Often they read agony in the mute, eloquent eyes, there were periods of enforced absence from the class-room, and there came a terrible day when the drops were needed—and when, in spite of them, he was carried home.

But it was not until near the close of Hillyer's senior year, with the sudden death of his father, that the explanation came. His stricken mother demanded her boy's immediate return to her. In his misery at the loss of his coveted honors the studious lad had fled from his books, from Fremleigh's well-meant advice, and had sought Edward Thorndyke. Hillyer would never forget that afternoon they spent together in the old rose arbor, the red blossoms swaying overhead in the soft breeze; for there, bewildered by life's first divided duty, he

had plunged his head in his hands and wished he had never been born.

The professor had offered no advice, but after a moment said gently: "You are young, Hillyer, to have merited the sweet franchise of suffering. You have crossed the threshold of experience." The youth raised his eyes wonderingly; the elder man's dauntless spirit signalled from his own. "An immortal soul must take blithely its privilege of *living*. Anywhere serves," he added.

And then he impressed upon his listener the boundless significance of all natural things, the far effect of our thoughts and actions and their power to echo on through future generations in the heart of man.

As he spoke, Hillyer's consciousness awakened to the splendor of the shining day, to the insistent peace of the quiet garden, with its myriads of tiny lives, its odors, its voices. He felt one of that elemental brotherhood, and with this sudden perception of life's responsibilities, strong in the primitive bond between nature and all humanity.

Hillyer gave up his graduation, and returned to his home in the Virginia valley, to sit for months by the bedside of a dying woman. When, afterwards, he returned to Blaylock for his degree, he was a man, with a full comprehension of that debt—second only to the parental one—for he knew that Edward Thorndyke had taught him how to *think;* that it was he who had marshaled his vague distrusts, chaotic impulses, and hazy aspirations, so that now they trooped in brave, disciplined array; that to him he owed that inner detachment from everyday exigencies, that clear vision of the *unum necessarium*, without which all life becomes blurred and purposeless.

A scattering of the ash from his dead cigar arrested Hillyer in his walk, and aroused him to the realization that his visit was still unpaid. He flicked his coat, tossing away the cigar, and with a sigh of resignation walked through the hedge.

Darkness had descended from the shrouded stars, and the night was filled with the sweetness of earth's renewal.

On the wide veranda, in the hospitable glow that streamed from open doors and windows, he could see now the three figures as he had pictured them.

Fremleigh came part way down the steps to meet him, an exclamation of reproach withering on his lips at Hillyer's

disarming allusion to his preoccupation, as Mrs. Fremleigh rose to greet him.

"I have come from a far country, Lucy, to make a new friend," he said.

Lucy Fremleigh laughed. "If I did not know the distance, Blair, I should chide you with being a trifle behind the rest of Blaylock." She presented him to her guest.

Ada Grantham gave him her hand with a sinuous inclination of her shapely head. Hillyer thought of the movement of a beautiful serpent; but the idea repelled him, when she raised her frank, gray eyes.

"If it's to be a friendship, Professor Hillyer," she said graciously, "nothing can ever console us for the loss of all these days."

Archer placed his friend in his own big wicker porch chair, and Hillyer, warming to his gentle welcome, leaned back gratefully, his eyes resting on Mrs. Grantham with the impersonal appreciation he would accord to any beautiful picture. Her slim hands idled in her lap—her arms and shoulders gleaming white through misty chiffons, all her vivid beauty glowing, as the soft light from the house stole over her caressingly.

"I don't know, Ada," Archer had stopped before her to say, "why Blair's intervals of aberration should ever surprise Lucy or me." Then Professor Fremleigh turned to glower threateningly over him. "If this is the way you're going on, what becomes of the restoration of our dear old companionship?"

Blair smiled up at him with grave tolerance. "After all, Archer, the great fact is that I am here. You scientists beg us to stick to facts."

"If you'd stick only to psychology," groaned Archer, drawing up another chair and sitting.

"Ah! what's this?"

"Archer's jealousy, Blair, of your newer interest—psychical research—" Lucy suggested.

Mrs. Grantham now leaned forward vivaciously. "You see, Professor Hillyer, Archer has been moaning over your absorption in your work. Your arrival has refuted some of his statements. He hasn't recovered yet, nor"—she added confidentially—"have we."

"And what did Archer say, Mrs. Grantham?" was Hillyer's half-amused query.

She had bent her head to the violets in her bosom, and, as Hillyer watched her, he thought of a preening swan dipping to its white breast. This analogy better satisfied him.

"Tell him, Lucy," she demanded brightly, "you can remember all those big words."

Archer grumbled. "Oh, come, girls, I am merely fearful that Blair's overworking."

"Tell Professor Hillyer, Lucy," teased Ada.

Lucy acquiesced. "Archer's contention is always the same, Blair—that no specialist should take up even a cognate branch, unless he can deduce from it some beneficent result for the use of mankind."

Hillyer was mildly enjoying Fremleigh's discomfiture. "But how do you all know I won't?" he asked, looking from one to the other.

"Well, I know Archer won't," laughed Mrs. Grantham. "His 'cognate branch' has led him to experiment for months to change the colors of some of Lucy's plants, by pouring things he calls nitrates—solutions of this or that chemical—at their roots."

"And what has been the beneficent result, Archer?" Hillyer asked dryly.

"It has given Ada amusement," his host retorted; "though I confess I had hoped she would absorb a little information."

Mrs. Grantham's red lips parted into laughter. "Oh, I acknowledge I have no *rôle* to play among learned folk. One either must know or love to know." A beguiling gesture of her open palms softened her attack. "I don't know and I hate information!"

Lucy sighed playfully. "You have no imagination Ada. Think of the new æsthetic possibilities—a red lawn, perhaps, with a border of green violets."

"Oh, but I have thought! It's all *their* sacrifice!" her friend exclaimed. "The poor things ask only to be fed in the usual way—the rain, the dew—and a little light from heaven."

A note of sweet pity in her voice smote Hillyer's sensitive spirit and sent it vibrating. "A little light from heaven," he echoed. "That is all any of us need, Mrs. Grantham."

His thought sped off to the professor's promise, his work calling him irresistibly, and he rose to go.

Fremleigh linked his arm in his friend's and sauntered off with him, murmuring in his ear practical advice on the folly of candle-burning at both ends. "And Blair," he said, "we must see something of you before you flit to wider reaches."

Safe in the shelter of his own pure secret, Hillyer smiled to himself in the darkness. "Why do you think I will go? There is work to be done in Blaylock."

"Oh, you belong to the big world," fretted Archer. "Blaylock can't help you."

"It has kept *you*—"

"Can you fancy the university without a Fremleigh? My tendrils are too deep to be uprooted—anyway till the boy grows up."

They had entered Hillyer's study. He looked towards an old mahogany escritoire, its open desk-lid strewn with papers. "It kept *him*," he suggested reverently. "If a man has anything to say, Archer, he will be heard from Blaylock."

Fremleigh was soothed by this allegiance. He nodded towards Hillyer's desk.

"How much more is there? How are you getting on?"

Blair pushed up the lid and pulled out one after another three deep drawers underneath. As he did so, a peculiar pungent odor escaped into the room.

Archer knelt beside his friend, looking over the pages of the new manuscript, the neat, indexed packages of notes which the drawers contained.

"I'm beginning to see the end," Hillyer said quietly.

"You've done wonders—wonders!" was Fremleigh's comment. "Oh you must be the right man for it! Thorndyke knew. Archer stood erect again as Hillyer closed the drawers. "How the odor of that drug he used impregnates everything, Blair. Poor chap! towards the last—it was blood, and bone, and muscle to him."

"Ah! he must have longed to finish!" Hillyer replied, following his friend out on the gallery.

A few fugitive drops scattering on the roof hurried Fremleigh away.

Hillyer came inside, unlocked the glass doors of the escritoire over the desk, and, drawing from the shelves a reference book, arranged his light and his papers for work.

The night was intensely still, all nature awaiting with longing receptivity the tranquil rain.

Hillyer crossed the room to look out for an instant's inspiration towards the rose tree where his master's ashes lay. "Just a little light from heaven," he repeated slowly, returning to his desk. Then he sat there to work far into the night, to the comforting patter of raindrops outside.

II.

Sheer fatigue the following morning forced Hillyer, on his way to his classes, to consider his friend's admonition. Perhaps Fremleigh was right, and he had been scrupulously overzealous. He acknowledged that the little visit of the evening before had been recreative, and for the first time began to question the wisdom of his isolation; his neglect of all the social endearments of a community where the joy or sorrow of the individual is the sorrow or joy of the sympathetic whole.

He compared his consuming greed for work with Edward Thorndyke's careful conservation of a feebler manhood that had made him so effectual.

Here, too, with one old servant, had the professor lived alone—as Hillyer now was doing—but of all men had been the least forlorn. Denied by his frail body many normal diversions, he had so keen a consciousness of species, so sweet an apprehension of all life and endeavor, that every smallest thing was attuned to this rare sympathy. All nature spoke to him in friendliest intercourse: the great, the humble, even little children, were his friends, and the most casual student of his subject found time to bring to him the latest undergraduate news.

The comparison so disadvantaged Hillyer, that he reached the university with a resolve to descend a little from his decorous levels; to relinquish his contemplative early evening stroll; to compromise with Archer by smoking their cigars together, before Blaylock's social demands should encroach upon their fellowship.

This concession Archer proclaimed to his wife some evenings afterwards as *his* victory.

Lucy was tucking in her boy for the night. "But I don't see why you insisted so just now, Archer."

From the foot of the child's crib Fremleigh commiserated her density. "Because just now we've a big counter-attraction to Blair's work—the interruption he needs. If you real-

ized all he's accomplished! Yes"; he added complacently, "we're offering him a big diversion, when we offer Ada Grantham."

Lucy's clear brow wrinkled. "Oh!—Ada as a *diversion!* But, my dear, what will Blair be for Ada?"

Fremleigh, a trifle disconcerted, kissed the boy and made off down stairs rather abruptly. This little wife of his, with her prompt irrelevances, had a way of surprising his boundaries, which all his years of microscopic fidelity to life's lower organisms had never seemed to widen.

But though Archer shrugged as he left her, in his heart there sounded a vague alarm, when he saw his friend and his wife's guest wandering together in the garden. Briefly reviewing Blair's other little evenings, he found that, somehow, Ada had dominated them all. With her vitalizing touch—an animated word here or a sparkling jest there—she had wrought her values.

And now, as they strolled towards him from out the budding bushes, he could hear Blair talking of his work. "You must remember, Mrs. Grantham," he heard his friend say, "that Archer, as a biologist, or indeed any scientist, has the advantage over us. He controls the conditions under which he works, while the element we deal with is evanescent, uncontrollable."

"I suppose, Professor Hillyer," was her light reply, "there is no counting upon how a thought may misbehave in one's absence."

They stood beside Archer now, Hillyer smiling. "No; it may even escape altogether—as those I left just now." He gave a half-regretful sigh, turning towards his friend to accept a cigar and a light.

Fremleigh considered a moment, as Lucy appeared and they all disposed themselves on the gallery. If Ada would span such openings with her trivial threads the chasm must be widened. She must be shown how alien were Blair's real concerns. "You'll find your thoughts and more, I fancy, Blair, in the professor's notes," he comforted.

Hillyer grew serious. He left Mrs. Grantham's side and leaned against the railing. "They are wonderful, Archer; so voluminous, yet so clear; and then again, with beautiful generosity, he has merely indicated the trend—hoping that I may bring some new light to the variants."

It was Lucy who asked then whether Professor Thorndyke had chosen the same elusive subject.

"The same subject, but is it so elusive?" Hillyer asked quickly—"this 'Triumph of Personality,' as the work is to be called?" Then he turned to include Mrs. Grantham: "The triumph of personality over *death*—you understand. It is what *you* would call my 'cognate branch.'" He smiled as he spoke, although he became acutely aware of a change in her whole harmonious attitude; but a remark of Lucy's claimed him.

"We know that it does triumph," she said.

"Certainly that has been our whole religious teaching; but psychical research is trying to *prove* it." He was walking slowly up and down now, his fine eyes alight, and talking with all the fervor of an apostle. "You've all followed what has been done, you are familiar with me in print, how fairly I've tried to represent all the aspects of the telepathic, the spiritistic theories—their claims to authenticated evidence."

Fremleigh's interest was now thoroughly aroused. He had entirely forgotten Mrs. Grantham. "Yes, Hillyer"; he answered. "But I think *we* should know just how you stand now."

Hillyer paused. "It is like tuning one stringed instrument to another. There can be no consonance without. Then, too, there is the possibility that an enthusiast may explain as a message from the other world what to another would be explicable by some other cause." He was silent a moment. "But I do firmly believe this, Archer—that if by exceptional purity in this life a departed soul has earned the right to pierce the veil, it could never need the intervention of tranced humanity."

"And Professor Thorndyke?"

"He goes even further," Hillyer went on. "Recognizing the indissoluble union between man and nature, he suggests that the manifestations may—frequently *do*—occur in some nature change, are indeed waiting there for us, if only our souls are open to receive—are in tune."

Hillyer's voice died away, his thought with his dead friend's promise. He walked back and forth the whole long gallery.

A servant came and went, handing to Professor Fremleigh the cards of visiting students.

He glanced at them absently, rising as he did so. "But, Hillyer, that's getting back to pantheism. The question is how

such manifestations concern us—you, I, Ada, Lucy—*all* humanity?"

"Why, we have a tremendous concern with them," Hillyer paused to answer with enthusiasm, but realizing that he was pressing his point chiefly because of Mrs. Grantham's persistent silence. "The scientific assurance of immortality will stop this creeping paralysis of materialism. It will be *the proof of faith*"

"Ah, Blair," protested Lucy, "if you reduce faith to a scientific fact, it becomes a material, not a spiritual asset."

Archer walked off with a laugh. "I've always thought," he wheeled about to say, "that if the three wise men had been three wise *women*, the history of Christian evidence would have been made more convincing."

"Archer!" expostulated his wife to his retreating back.

Mrs. Grantham, smilingly silent, had leaned back in her chair with closed eyes. Hillyer was filled with an intense desire to penetrate this defense. "Pardon me, Mrs. Grantham," he said with gentle deference, as he sat beside her, "but you have said nothing."

She opened her eyes, and they rested upon him inscrutably. "It is because I have nothing to say. It all seems so—so—unimportant—to me, for what I want is life—*life!*" She repeated the words in a low intense voice.

"You!" he cried involuntarily.

"And why not?" she asked sitting upright, her beauty accentuated by her seriousness. "You, Professor Hillyer, have these thoughts—they absorb you. It is your work, your life. Archer has his microscope, his experiments, Lucy, the boy. Lucy has the home, the boy, Archer." There was a moment's silence. "Oh, Lucy!" she cried, "you and Archer have too much!"

Little Mrs. Fremleigh rustled happily. "Perhaps we have, Ada," she said with deep content.

"Fie, Mrs. Grantham!" exclaimed Hillyer, thoroughly aroused; "life, forsooth! with youth, beauty, possessions, and the tender memories surrounding your husband's—"

"I bear his name," she corrected coldly. "But I have no memories; unless they be of a little orphaned girl, nurtured by schools and paid attendants, and married to her dying guardian because he advised the protection of his name and fortune. If that is *life*—I have lived."

From overhead came the clamorous crying of Lucy's child. But the mother paused to hover tenderly at her friend's side. "No, dear Ada"; she said, "that isn't life."

Mrs. Grantham and Hillyer sat silently on, listening to the mother's cooing lullaby above, to the contented answering crooning of the little one. They watched all the familiar garden stretches retreat mysteriously, enfolded by the quick gathering dusk of the South—the sudden silvering of tree plumes, the gradual return of the garden robbed of its sombre pall, as the moon climbed up over the house.

Blair's voice sounded strange and unfamiliar, as it woke the stillness. "Are you not rather ignoring opportunity, Mrs. Grantham?"

"Oh, I know you cannot agree with me," she despaired. Her slender fingers wreathed her knees, her voice was appealing, as she leaned towards him. "But I thought you might understand."

"Tell me and I will try," he answered submissively—though you have been warned by this time of my remoteness."

"While I am merely suburban." She tried to laugh with all her gay assurance, but it faded before the warmth of her earnestness. "There lies my complaint. My chances mock me. I come so near to *being*, to tread forever the outskirts. I only peep in upon others' happiness—full, full lives like Archer's and Lucy's—"

Mrs. Grantham paused a moment, but all Hillyer's ready arguments seemed to desert him.

"Yet I have an infinite capacity for joy," she pursued; "a boundless desire to feel. Oh, believe me!" she cried from her deepest heart, "I have faith enough, love enough, belief enough, to suffer if need be, for the sake of the experience."

"But not for its deeper lesson?" he philosophized.

Mrs. Grantham shivered and drew back. "Don't prate to me of renunciation."

"There life begins," was his grave reply.

She regarded him bitterly. "And you mean to tell me, then, that I *am* living?"

Hillyer returned home strangely troubled. He understood, with all the ardor of the studious recluse, the mystical sweetness of life as a preparation, life to be suffered for its incomparable future splendor. But life, tempest-tossed, suffering, its

sole reward in the tempest, in the suffering, clashed with all his finer theories.

He bent again over his notes, expecting to write far into the night, but between him and his deeper thought there hung a filmy barrier. The merest gossamer it seemed, as he thought in the ensuing days to disperse it by some glistening argument, but the fabric spread, spun of all the fine enchantments of a woman's weaving. Once in a dream he saw it—a cobweb built of her laughter, but all the dewy drops it had ensnared were tears.

What was, at first, his reason's pity for her poor philosophy, grew to be a wonderment whether all *his* beliefs were but dear prejudices, which further contact with hers might dissipate. If his truths were truths, he knew they must serenely conquer—but this humble-mindedness became his fair excuse to watch for the accidental meeting, the lambent glance, the intimate word, that hushed the dread whispering of his own reproach, the silent eloquence of his unfertile desk, and so enshrined this friendship.

All these little intervals converged towards one perfect day, when Hillyer, chancing by the Fremleighs' on his way to dinner, met Mrs. Grantham arriving from some festivity in Lucy's carriage.

Blaylock was all ablush with roses now, transformed as is a plain woman at her lover's approach.

Ada, coming down the narrow street, sat enthroned in the old-fashioned vehicle, a festal, diaphanously garbed goddess, on whom the bright, high sun seemed glad to shine.

Hillyer paused, as he said, to offer incense; but she besought permission to return to earth, and he gave her his hand with a bantering word upon her pleasure quest.

"Shall I tell you a secret—Blaylock's secret?" she gaily whispered, stepping down beside him.

He bent a discreet ear.

"I've been made the pretext for *Blaylock's* own frivolity."

He lowered his voice, catching her mood. "I believe you, Mrs. Grantham. I had to bar my door. There is no other way."

"Oh, yes there is"; was her sprightly answer. "I am going away."

Like a puff of thistledown the airy tissue vanished. Hillyer ceased to think, borne on by the sweet, sentient blue that

spread through every fibre of his being. "But you must have more to tell me?"

The color surged up from her white throat, flushing the blue-veined temples and tiny ears. He watched it with a fine perception of his own technique, wondering vaguely at his skill.

Her white lids trembled and lifted, disclosing her eyes that deepened now to his. "Why?" she asked, "since now you understand."

Wise Lucy, watching this little episode from the nursery windows, shook her head gravely at her husband over the fluffy, bobbing curls of her baby boy. Archer always arranged his home-coming before their two o'clock dinner, to marvel freshly each day over the pair—the child dewy-eyed, awake from his long morning nap—their confidences, their tender unanimity, the certain deftness with which this dimpled, active little person was fetchingly arrayed. Each day Archer wondered how Lucy had attained this maternal dexterity—but the superlative moment for the father was when she held the boy at arm's length and surveyed him with misty eyes, and then, gathering all her sweet handiwork, crushed it rapturously to her breast.

The performance for the day was over. From this embrace the child had strugglingly emerged, and with gay babblings had disappeared with his nurse—and Lucy had smoothed with her neat touch the great, sunny, happy room.

Fremleigh put his arm about her, as they prepared to join their guest. "Why did you shake your head, little woman?" he asked of her.

"Oh," she answered, "it would never do!" Then she added regretfully: "And each is separately so fine!"

"Then, *together*," began Archer laughing, "by all laws—"

"*Laws!*" Why, Archer dear, Blair and Ada are *people*."

III.

But Hillyer and Mrs. Grantham seemed to want for nothing, when they met that evening, too close they seemed, as Ada had said, for need of further revelations. She asked neither protestations nor avowals, content to sip the froth of her joy. And Hillyer, walking by her side in the moonlit garden, was strangely satisfied, stirred by her near presence to forget the haunting consciousness of his awful eternal self, that ever in his loneliness beckoned to his abandoned work.

They had come to the limits of the garden, to the hedge that marked the boundary. "Ah," said Ada pausing with an exultant sigh, "life, *life* at last!"

He folded her hands in his, and looked into her eyes. "Poets call it by another name," he smiled.

"The poor things must consider their metre," she rippled, safe in the embrace of this tender shore. Then she glided out to deeper currents. "Whatever comes, we have lived all this together."

He did not answer, thrilled into silence by all her warm beauty. In the simplicity of Lucy's old-fashioned garden she was like some exotic bloom exhaling all the mysterious witchery of the night.

A shred of laughter, floating between voices, was borne out to them on the night air.

Ada withdrew her hands. "Those dear people have come to say good bye—I leave in the morning." She lingered near him with shy eyes upraised. "When will you follow?"

"You forget," he answered wearily, "that I have a great task here."

"Here! in Blaylock?" she rallied him. "What? Dine all one's life at two o'clock?" Then, startled by his apathy, she stumbled on: "Why, you can finish as well—anywhere—afterwards—with me!" She clasped her hands, struggling against a vague foreboding. "A great wise world is waiting for you outside, and there—in your fame—I, too, will find light and warmth."

Hillyer folded his fingers behind him, regarding her impassively. Mrs. Grantham grew pitiful. "No dead man's wishes should interfere with the living—"

It stung him to loyal speech. "*He* would be the last to ask it."

She drew closer to him. "But now everything's *changed*," she reminded him pleadingly; "and—and—you would owe it to me to make me happy.

"Yes"; he murmured after her, trance-like. "I would owe it to you to make you happy."

"Then, go," she cried imperiously, "set about you preparations, pack your notes, your books—Blaylock casts a spell upon you, leave it—come with me."

He started apart from her as one roughly awakened. "To-morrow?"

She walked a little way from him, but returned—such patience must she show to this dear dreamer. A tiny timepiece, fashioned like a pearl heart, hung from a chain of pearls about her neck. She held it towards him now in the moonlight, pointing to the hands. "In a little while the others will be gone; but if you are not here in an hour," she warned playfully, "I'll know"—she faltered, his silent, pale face staying her speech; and summoning all her pride, she turned and left him.

Hillyer, dazed, stood looking after her as she slipped away, a mere thread of white now off among the roses. He tried to call, but he was a poor dumb thing, standing silent with outstretched, empty hands, all his pent thought struggling to be free. In this love, a fettering thing, must he trail his high emprise through the dust of her triumphal marches; but so desolate he seemed now in the garish light, that he started to do her bidding, to hurry it—and then—to find her again in an hour.

He entered the study and opened his neglected desk. From it there came the breath of the imprisoned odor. It carried him back to that day when life first took him by the hand, through all his years of preparation, to these later months of work, to the calm of his great awaiting.

Then, with a great onrushing, came the thought of Ada—bearing away all duty, all thought, his innermost self in its molten flood.

Hillyer closed the desk and sought again the outer coolness, following mechanically the old path to the arbor. He reflected hazily that the roses would be blooming now over Edward Thorndyke's resting-place. He had not visited the hallowed spot since that evening when the twigs were tipping green—when he had first met *her*. "Just a little light from heaven," she had said; but the light he had looked for had been withheld. Hillyer paused suddenly. What if the professor had sent his message, and his soul had been untuned! The idea filled him with a deep sense of his unworthiness. With a groan he raised his head—as if to compel some sign from out the radiant night—and then he saw that the rose tree was, indeed, in flower, but that *every bloom was white*.

A deep peace enveloped him as with a garment, and he entered the old arbor.

The song birds were calling in the dews of morning when he awoke from his vigil.

IV.

Mrs. Grantham went as she had come, gaily—Blaylock paying tribute as far as the railway station—and only Lucy guessing the secret of the wistful shadows in her eyes.

Fremleigh and his wife, returning home, parted from the other friends at their own quiet street. "After all," he reflected, "it will be pleasant to settle down to work again." The sun was high and hot, and he clasped his fingers over Lucy's on the handle of her parasol, raising it a little to shade them both. "Blair must have had a class. I noted he wasn't down."

"No"; answered Lucy, "poor Ada."

Her husband glanced down at her wondering, but she offered him no light. At Hillyer's wall she left his side, pausing suddenly, and called: "Why, Archer, what could have happened to the old rose tree where Professor Thorndyke's ashes lie. See, the roses are all white!"

Fremleigh turned back, curious, puzzled. Then they walked on together slowly, past Hillyer's house, with its street eyes shut against the glare, past his gate and other garden strip, to the wall that fronted their own grounds.

Then Archer's face cleared. "My dear girl," he said delightedly, speaking in the authoritative way he had when on his own subject, "that rose change is but another proof of my experiments with plant colorings. If only we had not driven to the station and Ada could have seen *this!* Thorndyke's heart stimulant has so permeated his whole system that its chemical constituents, left in his ashes, have wrought the change."

"You will have to write a paper, dear," said Lucy absently.

They entered their front gate and found the boy playing with his nurse among the flowers. He toddled towards them, offering wilted tributes. His father tossed him high and perched him, crowing happily, upon his shoulder.

Lucy's heart warmed to the joy of all her precious possessions, to pity for those who held no keys to life's mysteries. "Oh, Archer," she cried, "how *simple* all life is—just love and faith and work."

With their boy in his arms, he stooped and kissed her.

AN INSTITUTION ALONG NEW LINES.

UR large cities have grown and are growing steadily, and with that growth the population has become more and more cosmopolitan. Cities like New York have districts to which are drawn separate nationalities, and soon each district becomes identified with the nationality that populates it. This is seen in the great Jewish section of the East Side, the Italian districts of the lower East Side and Upper Harlem, the Syrian settlement in lower Manhattan, and in the French section in the middle West Side. As the process of assimilation progresses, these people become more and more imbued with the American spirit. They spread out, and the nationalistic lines become more and more loosely drawn, as is seen in the case of the Irish and Germans who have practically drifted away from the "district" idea. Here is an evidence of the broadening American spirit, offering freedom of life and effort to all alike; the spirit of democracy welcoming the alien, and by its beneficent influence building up a new race —a composite of the types of the world. The great public and parochial school systems have done much to mold together all these different elements, by educating the children of these peoples, and bringing into the family homes the ideals of democracy. The training and education of the young has, therefore, played an important part in the molding process.

With such a composite population there exists a greater need of institutions for the care of the young, the less fortunate offspring of those weaker ones who have fallen behind in the march of progress. As a result we have orphanages and various correctional or disciplinary institutions. Heretofore, the institution has limited its usefulness to the physical and moral well-being of the child and has made no pronounced effort to specialize, as it were, and to develop it on individualistic lines, or for special pursuits in life. What we say here is not said in any way for the purpose of criticism, since we all know that the records of our institutions deserve to be

blazoned out in brilliant letters of gold, but it is simply a statement of the change in ideals and of the trend of the times towards a more enlightened policy in the educational training of the dependent child.

The old method of caring for large groups of children, of feeding, clothing, and teaching them the three "R's," though eminently practical and economical as regards expense, has hardly met the problem in the true American spirit. There has been something lacking, and that something has been the inability to reach the *individual.*

All men agree that the ideal condition and environment for the child is the *home,* surrounded by the safeguards that only parental love and affection know so well how to provide. Here we find the individualistic training in its fullest and highest development, as a consequence of which the child grows and develops in the ways nature intended it should. The greatest and best of all institutions, therefore, is the *home.* Now, what is the nearest substitute to that *home?*

The Catholic Institutions and their managers are alive to the needs of the times in the care and development of the children entrusted to them, and this is shown in the inauguration of the new Lincoln Agricultural School at Lincolndale, Westchester County, New York—the outcome of a long and most careful consideration of the best and most enlightened methods of child-caring and child-training. The Board of Managers of this School, all of whom are prominent Catholic gentlemen of New York, have given over the direction of the new work to the Christian Brothers, whose success in the education of youth all the world acknowledges, and here a practical working-demonstration of the new idea of training children in small or family groups will be given.

Here the individual will be the first consideration. He will be the object of personal study. The child can no longer be considered a cog in the machinery, but must be reckoned with as a world within himself—a great power for good or evil. What, then, is the first step to get on a working basis? It is small numbers of children. This will permit those who are occupying the place of the parents to know the child personally and individually—to be informed as to its parental history, its early environment, and the immediaie cause of its dependency. With this knowledge, one is able to be in close touch with

the child's strength, its weakness, its capabilities, and its limitations, and the knowledge will enable those who have the child in their care to guide and start it aright in life, properly prepared to meet the exigencies that must arise daily and to cope with them intelligently and courageously.

The time to help the child, then, is during childhood. That is the formative period of its life, when the foundation of character and individuality is to be laid. Childhood is the time to teach it high ideals, and above all, to be near enough to it to create an atmosphere of love and affection. This done, the child is on a par with the more fortunate one who has never been deprived of parental care and guidance.

As individual development is in this new departure the desideratum towards which all energies are to be directed, so in its growth, the numbers of children to be cared for will continue to be limited to the capacity which the organization possesses to reach and hold the individual—whether the numbers bring the children into one group or into separate groups or units, does not matter, provided the principle be adhered to. The real home environment will thus be preserved and the child can grow up under as nearly normal home influences as can possibly be attained. There are no walls about the home, so in the new method of dealing with the dependent child, the idea of confinement must be eradicated, and the child must be led to see that it is here for education and training rather than for humiliating discipline. The dietary must not be too religiously or painfully regular; it should be ever changing, plentiful, and served in real home fashion. This entails greater expense, but in the end it pays handsomely in the development of the child, physically and mentally. In the class-room, small numbers should again prevail, so that each pupil may receive the attention it needs. (This is a most important feature, for it is a sad fact that many children coming to institutions have been much neglected in their early training, and so require more attention than the child that has never left its own home).

In the vocational training, the specialized efforts of the new departure, the Agricultural Department, practical farming and model dairying are taught systematically and efficiently, so that every boy may be equipped with an occupation which will be a life-work for him.

The question may be asked: What becomes of the boy after he has thus been built up physically, received a good common school education, after he has been provided with an industrial training, and been a practical farmer and dairyman, is he then left to shift for himself? By no means. A special bureau is maintained, the work of which is to provide homes and positions for every one of these boys. Catholic families in the rural districts are only too willing to welcome capable and trained workers, and not only to pay them fair wages from the beginning, but also to receive them into their households as members of the family.

To put the matter even more briefly than we have put it, the new idea means the normalizing of the child—developing the individual by cultivating the good and repressing the evil; showing the value and advantage of home life by actually living it; educating the child's mind and hands to be useful—to be self-respecting, self-supporting, to be just the ordinary citizen who respects himself, his home, his neighbor, and his country.

STONOR PARK AND ITS MARTYRS.

BY DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

CERTAINLY for a place of pilgrimage it would be difficult to imagine a spot more beautiful and romantic than Stonor Park, the seat of Lord Camoys, head of the great Catholic family of Stonor.

It is situated some five miles north of the famous riverside town, Henley-on-Thames, and lies in Oxfordshire, indeed, but so close to the Buckinghamshire border that the boundary line on the south and east runs along the outskirts of the woods that crown the heights above the house.

It is attractive for more reasons than one; for its own picturesque beauty, for the long and honorable descent of the family that has owned it since the Norman conquest, and for the fact that it has ever remained Catholic, boasts of a chapel in which the Protestant service has never once been said, and has been the home of one illustrious martyr, and, in time of bitter persecution, the refuge of another yet more famous.

It was, therefore, with feelings of unusual joy that the pilgrim found himself one bright autumn day making his way to Stonor. Would he not have the privilege of offering the Holy Sacrifice within walls seven centuries old, beneath a roof that had never echoed to any other sounds but the solemn chants and sacred words of the Latin liturgy? Was he not to see a place which had been so dear a home to the Blessed Adrian Fortescue, Knight of St. John and martyr for the faith, and as sure a refuge to the Blessed Edmund Campion, the glory of Oxford and of the Society of Jesus?

So, with glad heart, he leaves behind him the fair wide river, gleaming bright in the sunshine, and drives quickly down the stately avenue, well called "The Fair Mile," that stretches straight as a dart, northward from the town. The five-mile drive seems long until the little village is reached at last, and the carriage pauses at the park gates. And then the beauties

of the park unfold themselves. The drive curves round to the left and the great house lies before us.

Very fair and stately it looks, stretching out before us on the hillside, built in the form of an E, with the Church adjoining the eastern wing. And yet there was a dash of disappointment in the view. The house, though undoubtedly ancient, has been sadly modernized in the dark days of the eighteenth or early nineteenth century. The picturesque gables have gone, gone are the mullioned windows, gone the old front of timber, brick, and flint which Leland saw. Ugly modern sash windows, more suitable for a factory than for such a mansion, deface the façade, and there is little left to tell of antiquity but the general outline of the building, and the porch with its carving and statuary. And here, indeed, as we drive nearer, and pass from the deer-park into the enclosure of lawn and garden which surrounds the front of the house, we see something that almost compensates for all the rest. For in the gable over the porch is still seen the stone image of our Blessed Lady keeping watch over the house. She stands upon the crescent-moon, and her hands are folded in prayer. She has stood there through the bright days and the dark, and, as a member of the family said—"we hope we are under her special protection." As we gazed on this glad symbol of faith, we thought of Blessed Edmund Campion, drawn on his hurdle towards Tyburn, and striving with his fettered hands to make obeisance to the image of our Lady of Newgate, which still stood above the arch under which he passed. How his brave heart must have been cheered and gladdened by the sight of our Lady of Stonor, how often must he have bared his head to greet her during those secret, breathless months, while the printing-press, hidden under the gables, was laboring out the burning words which were to put the adversary to silence and to shame!

And there again to the right of us is the little Church of the Most Holy Trinity and St. Amand, which has stood there since the days of the third Edward, and now, under the seventh Edward, is still the abode of the Most Holy. Happy little church, more happy than any of the great cathedrals which make England so famous! Here then, where Mary has lingered, almost alone in all this desolate land, here where Jesus in His Blessed Sacrament has deigned to dwell through seven

centuries of sunshine and of storm, who can distress himself about mere antiquarian details, or fret over the loss of externals when the essential has been preserved?

Still, it must be acknowledged that it is with a pang that the eager pilgrim first enters the little Church of the Most Holy Trinity of Stonor. For think what it might have been! Of course reflection should have warned him not to expect too much. In the perilous days of Elizabeth and James and Cromwell, how could it be possible that a papist chapel should preserve the splendors of its past intact? Who could expect to find the sacred pyx still hanging under its canopy before the fourteenth century altar; the statues set up in 1349 still smiling from their niches in 1909; the screen with the Holy Rood and Mary and John still spanning the sanctuary as of yore; the storied glass unbroken; the frescoes undefaced?

Alas! the whole sad truth must be told—there is absolutely nothing left! The very tracery is gone from the windows, the tesselated pavement has been torn up, not a fragment of ancient glass, not a trace of medieval fresco, not a piscina, not an altar, not a statue, not a wreck or a fragment remains from the ages of faith. The new broom of a drastic restoration has swept away every trace of antiquity left by the heretical foe; and the lovers of the past have to mourn a loss irreparable.

And it is still more sad when we realize that all this was done, with the best intentions, by the faithful not by the foe. But these regrets are vain; Stonor has its consolations that nothing can ever destroy.

It should be explained, before we describe the house, that the East wing, apparently the oldest portion of the house, has been partly cut off, and turned into a residence for the chaplain. There is, however, communication on the upper story between the main part of the house and a tribune in the church, which is reserved for the family and their friends. The porch is the most attractive part of the modernized house. On either side of the sixteenth-century doorway are two curious figures, with an enigmatical inscription below them, which has completely baffled the antiquaries. The inscription runs,

on the left,	on the right,
OMNIBUS JUDICIO	MEMET SINE
AEQUE TAMEN	COGNOSCO FRAUDE

which seems to mean: "In all things justly, yet with judgment, I know myself to be without fraud." But what this refers to, or what the two pairs of figures mean, is a complete enigma. The house faces south and is built against the side of a hill, so that what is the first floor in the front of the house is the ground-floor at the back, and opens on to the garden. The interior has been modernized at the same melancholy time as the front and the chapel, and the great hall has been cut up into rooms and disfigured by a staircase.

The most interesting features of the house to the pilgrim are naturally the secret passages and hiding-places which the zeal of the Stonor family for the ancient religion made necessary. From the butler's pantry a secret underground passage used to run into the hill and emerge in a clump of trees in the park. It was in this tangled dell, amid shrubs and bracken, that the secret printing press of Blessed Edmund Campion was set up. At least so we were told by Lord Camoys. Another tradition has it that the press was concealed amid the labyrinth of attics and passages underneath the roof. At any rate, the passage referred to was used by the martyr and his assistants to convey their books and materials in and out of the house. The passage has now fallen in, and has become impassable, and the entrance from the pantry, long concealed by a cupboard, is now bricked up.

There is also a secret passage in the roof of the house and a hidden place where holy Mass was offered during the days of persecution. This is entered from a room over the porch, the room which is guarded by the image of our Lady that stands outside it. In this room stands a wardrobe, which, being pushed aside, discloses a concealed door, opening into a small room beyond. In this room a triangular piece of the partition lifts up, and thus a hole is made through which a man of average size can just creep.

From this hiding-place, which is small and dark, a rough ladder leads up into the roof of the central gable of the house, and another leads down from thence into a large attic under the roof of the main building.

The religious history of Stonor begins (so far as public documents are concerned) with a license of mortmain granted by King Edward III. to Sir John de Stonore in 1349. This document grants the royal leave to "give and assign a certain

suitable place within his manor of Stonor for the sojourn and dwelling-place of six chaplains, regular or secular, to celebrate divine service forever, in a certain chapel, founded within the said manor, in honor of the most Holy Trinity, for the good estate of Us and of the said John himself, during our lives, and for our souls after that we have departed out of this life, and for the souls of our progenitors and successors and the ancestors and heirs of the said John de Stonore, and of all the faithful departed."

When the time came for the family to prove their attachment to the old religion, they were not found wanting. The first sufferer for the faith who was connected with Stonor, was not indeed a member of the family by birth but by alliance. Sir Adrian Fortescue, Knight of St. John, now numbered among the Blessed Martyrs of England, was married to Anne, daughter of Sir William Stonor by the latter's wife Anne, daughter of John Neville, Marquis Montagu, and co-heir of her brother, George Neville, Duke of Bedford.

Sir Adrian Fortescue was born in 1486. He came of an illustrious house, which owed its origin, it is said, to the Battle of Hastings, where Richard le Fort having saved the Conqueror's life by the shelter of his "Strong Shield," was henceforth known as Fort-Escue. In reference to this tradition his descendants took for their motto, *Forte scutum salus ducum*, "a strong shield the safety of leaders." Our martyr's father, Sir John, held important posts at Court, and fought on the side of Richmond on Bosworth field. He married Alice Boleyn, and thus Sir Adrian was cousin to that unhappy woman whose rise was to bring about the fall of the old religion in England, and the shedding of rivers of innocent blood besides that of her kinsman.

Sir Adrian is first mentioned in 1499, when he was already married. He was doubly connected with the Stonors, for in 1495 his wife's brother, John Stonor, married his sister, Mary Fortescue. On the death of her brother John, Lady Fortescue inherited Stonor, but her right to it was disputed by her uncle, Sir Thomas, and, after his death, by her cousin, Sir Walter. Stonor Park was, however, retained by Sir Adrian Fortescue till Michaelmas, 1534.

Lady Fortescue died in 1518, and in April, 1534, the conclusion of his long lawsuit with the Stonors is recorded by the

martyr in his book of accounts. His own plea was that, "by the courtesy of England," he was entitled to his wife's property for his life and her children after him. He waited on the King at Greenwich, but he was already suspected as "evil in religion," and before the summer was out, not only had he lost Stonor and all its broad lands, but was himself committed a prisoner to the Marshalsea Prison. He was released sometime in 1535; and returned home, but no longer to the "fair park" of Stonor, for Stonor was his no more. Nor had he a long respite of freedom. Arrested once more in February, 1539, he was attainted for having "most traitorously refused his duty of allegiance" to the King's Highness, or, in other words, of having refused to recognize his title of Supreme Head of the Church of England. For this "crime" (of which he was certainly guilty) he was condemned without trial, and beheaded on Tower Hill on July the 9th, 1539.

He has left an imperishable name behind him, and in 1895 he was numbered among the Blessed Martyrs who have made England glorious. And Stonor, his home for more than twenty happy years, is irradiated with the glory of his aureola.

In the church at Husband's Bosworth is preserved Blessed Adrian's book of Hours, on the fly-leaf of which he has written and signed with his own hand a series of maxims or rules of the spiritual life, of which we may quote a few:

> Above all things love God with thy heart.
>
> Desire His honor more than the health of thine own soul.
>
> Take heed with all diligence to purge and cleanse thy mind with oft confession, and raise thy desire or lust from earthly things.
>
> Resort to God every hour.
>
> Be pityful unto poor folk and help them to thy power, for there you shall greatly please God.
>
> In prosperity be meek of heart and in adversity patient.
>
> And pray continually to God that you may do all that is His pleasure.
>
> If by chance you fall into sin, despair not; and if you keep these precepts, the Holy Ghost will strengthen thee in all other things necessary, and this doing you shall be with Christ in Heaven, to Whom be given laud, praise, and honor everlasting. ADRYAN FORTISCUE.

We must now pass over more than forty years, to find our-

selves in the midst of the reign of Elizabeth, in the very thick of the persecution. Stonor was now to be glorified as the abode of a martyr even more illustrious than the Knight of St. John. The Blessed Edmund Campion was in the midst of his romantic mission, risking his life many times a day and all day long for the sake of the souls for whom he burned and hungered.

At this time Stonor was in the hands of a lady, Dame Cecily, widow of Sir Francis Stonor,* who was the nephew and heir of the Sir Walter who had dispossessed Sir Adrian Fortescue. Though the martyr had had to give up his beloved home, it seemed that his spirit yet lingered there, and that there was something in the very air of Stonor which gave, not only men but women, courage to risk goods and lands and life in the cause of Christ.

It was Dame Cecily's privilege to grant a shelter to the hunted priests of God, and not only that, but to give to the great Jesuit martyr the opportunity he needed for launching against triumphant heresy a thunderbolt of God which shook it to its very foundations. For his little book, the *Rationes Decem* or *Ten Reasons* for the faith which was in him, addressed to the great University of Oxford, which was printed with infinite trouble and infinite risk in the shelter of Stonor Park, did perhaps more for the cause he had at heart than any book which has ever been printed in England. It was printed in the life-blood of martyrs, for not only its writer, but one at least of its printers owed to it his crown and palm.

I suppose in the effect it had, first at Oxford and then throughout the country, it can only be compared with that caused by Newman's *Essay on Development*. And Stonor is immortalized, if only that it gave birth to the ripest fruit of Campion's genius, a work of which grave men judged that it was "a truly golden book written with the finger of God." Father J. H. Pollen, S.J., in a valuable article in the *Month* (January, 1905), has given at length the history of the secret press at Stonor. We cannot do better here than epitomize his story.

Campion was asked in November, 1580, to "write something in Latin to the Universities," and especially to Oxford men, of whom he had been the idol. And he proposed very

* He had died in August, 1550.

characteristically to choose as his theme "Heresy in Despair." When his friends laughed at choosing a title so wildly inappropriate at a time when heresy was flourishing as it had never done before, he answered, that the very cruelty of the persecution evidently proceeded from despair, for if the heretics had any confidence at all in the truth of their cause, they would never proceed in such a way.

Campion was just about to start on an arduous missionary journey through the Midlands to Derbyshire and Lancashire. How was he to get time for writing, still less for study, amid labors so manifold and perils so tremendous? His days were spent on horseback, his nights in preaching and administering the Sacraments. Death dogged him at every step, and the need of being ever on the alert must have been a continual distraction. Books he could not carry with him—his task seemed an impossible one. Yet he persisted in it, and overcame the difficulties triumphantly. Within a very few weeks, in February and March (1581), he had written the noble book which was to set England on fire. Circumstances, fresh attacks and fresh needs, led him to alter and improve his original plan.

He resolved "to render to the universities the 'Ten Reasons,' relying upon which he had offered disputation to his adversaries in the cause of Faith." In the introduction, however, he deals with his original theme, "Heresy in Despair." The present writer can never forget the delight with which he first came across a copy of this famous book. It was in the old monastic library of the great Abbey of Monte Cassino that he found it, and having found it, eagerly devoured it. The glow of Campion's eloquence, the romantic history of the book, the fame of its author, but recently raised to the altars of the Church, its dedication to the Oxford men of a by-gone day, were enough to inspire interest in a modern Oxford convert; and, as he read, interest quickened into enthusiasm. Surely never man wrote like this!

The wit and eloquence of the book are so amazing, the extraordinary dexterity with which he wields his rapier, piercing the adversary first in one point then in another, with inexorable skill, with bewildering dash and rapidity, with inimitable art. Eloquence clothed in the most majestic Latin, for Campion was a master of style; humor and sarcasm mingled

with passionate pleading, fierce indignation against the falsehoods and blasphemies of heresy, melting into cries of anguished love which recall the plaints of One Who wept over Jerusalem —all these and how much more—are here.

The "Ten Reasons" include Holy Scripture, the notes of the Church, the Œcumenical Councils, the Fathers, History, the paradoxes, sophisms, and crimes of the Reformers; and they are all put forth with vigor, logic, and conviction. But what perhaps most amazes the reader is the extraordinary learning displayed. The martyr has the controversy at his fingers' ends, the quotations from the Fathers he has by heart, the infamies of Luther and his followers are quoted by one who knows of what he speaks. How was it possible to write such a book under such circumstances. We can only reverently repeat: "the finger of God"—*Digitus Dei hic.* This burning stream of controversy is poured out, from the furnace of a heart white-hot with the love of God, even now after these centuries. The book is alive, it is afire; it enkindles and inflames. It is twelve years and more since I read it, but it lives with me still, and still I feel the glow.

Well might Father Persons be amazed when he received it, some time before Easter, and saw the multitude of quotations with which it bristled. His prudence would not, however, allow him to publish it to the world without having the citations verified, well-knowing how every slip would be seized upon by the adversary. Some young laymen, who had devoted themselves to helping the apostolic work of the Fathers, and had given up their wealth, their time, and their all to this noble cause, were glad to undertake this task. The most diligent of these was Thomas Fitzherbert, of Norbury in Derbyshire, the representative of an illustrious house which has given martyrs to the Church, and still flourishes among the noblest Catholic families of England. He was then just married, but after his wife's death he became himself a Jesuit, and a most distinguished member of the order. "At Persons' request," writes Father Bombino, "he visited the London libraries, for being a good man and a noted scholar, he could do so in safety. In fine, *having found that all was quite accurate*, he brought the good news to Persons, and urged on the publication of the work."

Campion was now sent for to see his book through the

press. And now new difficulties came in crowds. Mr. Stephen Brinkley was the name of the devoted Catholic gentleman who had given himself to the printer's trade for the love of God, and he had already, at the most deadly risk, printed off three little books for Father Persons. But the old house near London was no longer safe, and it was necessary to find a surer hiding place. And now another member of the gallant little band of laymen came forward with help. This was John, second son of Lady Stonor, and as devoted a Catholic as his mother. He suggested that Stonor would be a safe place, and convenient, being hidden in woods, near the river, and within reach of Oxford and London. Both he and his mother well knew the risk that they were running by this generous action —the risk of a cruel death for themselves and absolute ruin for their family. But no such fears could shake the resolution of these brave hearts. Lady Stonor's quality may be gauged from her answer to her judges when she was "convented" before them. Having been reproved for her constancy in the Catholic religion, she replied: "I was born in such a time when Holy Mass was in great reverence and brought up in the same faith. For King Edward's time this reverence was neglected and reproved by such as governed. In Queen Mary's it was restored with much applause, and now in this time it pleaseth the State to question them, as now they do me, who continue in this Catholic profession. The State would have these several changes, which I have seen with my eyes, good and laudable—whether it can be so, I refer it to your Lordships' consideration."

This brave widow then was not likely to shrink from the danger of harboring priests and assisting in their great work. She gladly gave up her house to the Jesuit Fathers and their assistants, among whom John Stonor was proud to be reckoned. And so to Stonor "were taken all the things necessary, that is, type, press, paper, etc., though not without many risks. Mr. Stephen Brinkley, a gentleman of high attainments both in literature and in virtue, superintended the printing. Father Campion went at once to the house in the wood, where the book was printed and eventually published." So far Father Persons.

There was grave risk of discovery from the number of extra men about the house, of whose fidelity it was not always

possible to be absolutely sure. Traitors, indeed, there were about them, and one of them during this time caused the loss of all Persons' papers and other effects in London, and the apprehension of the Blessed Martyr Alexander Briant. But the work at Stonor went on safely. It was begun late in April and finished about the end of June, 1581. The time taken to print so small a book (it consisted of only about 10,000 words) seems surprising at first sight, but Father Pollen has shown, very ingeniously from intrinsic evidence, that the stock of type was very small. "The printers had to set up a few pages at a time, to correct them at once, and to print off, before they could go any further. Then they distributed the type and began again. When all was finished they rapidly stabbed and bound their sheets." There were only seven workmen at most, of whom five, including Stephen Brinkley, were subsequently arrested. Another was the Venerable William Hartley, afterwards a glorious martyr for the faith.

For many years it was supposed that no copy of the edition printed by the martyrs was still in existence. Now, however, two copies are known, of which one was given to Stonyhurst College by the late Marquis of Bute. Father Pollen shows that the printing-frame was so small that it would have been covered by half a folio sheet, 9 by 13 inches. Each little sheet had to be printed off by itself. They had no Greek font, and though the book was printed in the new "Roman" type, they had to use the query-sign which belonged to the old English black-letter font. Their stock of diphthongs was also but a small one, and, as the text shows, soon gave out. Otherwise the little volume is distinctly well gotten up. There is nothing, indeed, at first sight to indicate the peculiar circumstances under which it was printed.

Meanwhile Campion was not content to spend all the precious time at Stonor. Father Persons tells us that "he preached unweariedly, sometimes in London, sometimes making excursions. There was one place whither we often went, about five miles from London, called Harrow Hill. In going thither we had to pass through Tyburn. But Campion would always pass bareheaded, both because of the sign of the Cross, and in honor of some martyrs who had suffered there, and also because he used to say that he would have his combat there." The hour of that combat was, indeed, soon to sound.

The book was finished in time to be distributed at Oxford at Commemoration. On Tuesday, the 27th of June, the congregation who assembled in St. Mary's Church to hear the responses of the students, found the benches strewed with the little books, hot from the press at Stonor. Four hundred copies had been brought post-haste to Oxford by the Venerable William Hartley, who had disposed of them partly in this way, and partly in gifts to various persons. The audience seized upon them with avidity, and the disputations of the students passed unnoticed, so absorbed were all in reading Campion's burning words. "Some were furious, some amused, some frightened, some perplexed; but all," says Simpson, "agreed that the essay was a model of eloquence, elegance, and good taste."

Three weeks later Campion was captured at Lyford, and led in triumph to London. It was probably the crowd of Oxford students, who had journeyed to Lyford to hear him preach, that did most to bring about his apprehension. For he had done his work, and the heart of Oxford was moved to its very depths. He had now but to seal the work with his blood.

When William Hartley, in his turn, won his reward at Tyburn, in 1588, his mother, we are told, made a great feast to which she called her neighbors and friends as to a marriage, bidding them rejoice with her, for she was the mother of a martyr of God. So St. Felicitas and the Blessed Mother of the seven Macchabees had worthy followers in Elizabethan England.

Campion was arrested July 17, 1581, and by the 2d of August the Council was in possession of information which enabled them to seize the little colony at Stonor. They wrote to Sir Henry Neville, at Billingbeare, and ordered him "to repair unto the Lady Stonor's house and to search for certain Latin books dispersed already in Oxford at the last commencement, which . . . have been there printed in a wood. And also for such English books as of late have been published for the maintenance of Popery, printed also there, as is thought, by one Persons, a Jesuit, and others. And further for the press and other instruments of printing, thought also to be there remaining."

And so, two days before the Feast of our Lady's Assump-

tion, the Madonna who looks down on Stonor might have seen a sad sight. A night raid by armed men upon that peaceful park, torches gleaming in the darkness, fierce battering down of doors and wainscot, triumphant arrest of the little band of faithful men. But they, like Campion himself, had done their work, and no more could it be undone. The press was seized, the books and papers, and a large quantity of "massing-stuff," chalices, vestments, altar-stones, all sancitfied by a martyr's use. The council ordered that the "massing-stuff" should be defaced, and the proceeds given to the poor, and the press, books, and papers were despatched to London.

John Stoner was lodged in the Tower, and it is strange that his life was spared. One of the most romantic episodes of that strange time is connected with his name. Cecily, daughter of Sir Owen Hopton, Lieutenant of the Tower, saw her father's prisoner and fell in love with him. Whether or not he returned her affection, he succeeded in converting her to the faith for which he was suffering. Henceforth, while her father's rule lasted, she was ever ready to give her secret assistance to the Catholic prisoners. In 1584 she was denounced to the Government as conveying "letters and messages between the prisoners in the Tower and the Marshalsea," and her conversion and active ministry to the prisoners of Christ became the principal cause of her father's subsequent disgrace. John Stonor afterwards gained his freedom and went abroad, where he served in the army of the Prince of Parma.

There would be much to add about the sufferings of the Stonors for the religion to which they clung so faithfully, but our space does not permit.

In later times the family have given distinguished prelates to the Church. One of the best-known of the Vicars Apostolic who ruled the Church in the eighteenth century was John Talbot Stonor, Bishop of Thespia, who died in 1756. And there are few to whom the name of Stonor does not recall a venerable prelate, the titular Archbishop of Trebizond, still happily living at Rome, and so well known for his kindness to all English pilgrims to the Holy City.

Such then are the thoughts which Stonor Park suggests. And yet how little, in these days of freedom, can we even imagine what the grinding tyranny of that century and a half of persecution meant to the faithful few. To be branded as

traitors for fidelity to conscience, must have been keenest pain to descendants of the heroes of Crecy and Agincourt. "Unless they will forget God," writes one, "and profess the errors which are here established, they will not only lose lands, liberty, and perhaps life, but, through these laws now passed through Parliament, they may leave tainted names to their children."

"It is small wonder," says Falkner, in his *County History*, "that the Romanist creed was gradually battered out of Oxfordshire under such assaults as these. And yet there were some who dared to profess it in face of all, and the 'recusants' were duly registered by the Protestant rectors in each town and village. There is a list of eighty-eight such returns made by the parsons in Oxfordshire, preserved in the library at Stonyhurst. . . .

"Many of the recusants were in humble life, and quite unable to pay the fine, and in the case of those who could pay it, it is to be hoped that it was sometimes not exacted. But, although the Catholic gentleman was left very largely to himself, except in time of popular excitement, he was a pariah for more than two centuries, cut off from his fellow-squires and looked on with a mixture of dislike and fear, exiled from the bench of magistrates, from all office and from public life in general, debarred from sending his sons to public school or university."

But Catholic families, like the Stonors of Stonor, had taken for their motto the words of David: *Elegi abjectus esse in domo Dei mei, magis quam habitare in tabernaculis peccatorum.* Outcasts and abjects they may have been in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, but how dear and how noble to God and His angels!

RECENT IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

BY A. J. SHIPMAN.

BARCELONA.

COMING into Barcelona by train from the North is like coming into Pittsburg or Sheffield, except that the smoke is not so dense, nor are the factories quite so close together. There are tall chimneys soaring aloft, ugly factory buildings, plain angularities, and the sight of workmen hurrying in or out, as the train approaches the city and stops for a brief interval at the suburban stations. Finally we glide in near the Barceloneta, a quarter near the sea, and almost in the shadow of the large bull-ring, and we alight in the old-fashioned Estacion de Francia, and shortly after are settled in our hotel. On our way we drove through the fine Paseo de Colon, which ends where the magnificent monument to Columbus stands, and through the Rambla, which is the Broadway, the Strand, or the Corso of Barcelona, just as one may feel inclined to compare it with other cities. We found it as gay and unconcerned as New York can be, all the time that we were there, and in comparison with other European cities, were struck by the absence of soldiery upon the streets.

Barcelona is very old and at the same time is the newest of the new—much later and up-to-date, after a French fashion, than we of the United States have ever dared to be. We have only gazed through show windows at *l'art nouveau*, seen its sinuous, writhing windings applied to the silversmith's wares or the electrician's furnishings, and have considered it as something dedicated to minor appliances of comfort and decorative art. But Barcelona has fallen down and worshipped the new art and has become its most earnest devotee. Straight lines and pure curves, Gothic arches and slender tracery, alike have been superseded by the ribbon-like windings of the new art in blocks of new buildings and even in suburban villas. It seems almost beyond imagination to conjure up the picture of

a large apartment house or a vast hotel all built in the New Art style of architecture, but Barcelona has accomplished it. A new church on the summit of Tibidabo, now half-finished, is a curious mixture of its adaptation. Even the angular street corner is a thing of the past there; for the corners are either rounded or lopped off, leaving the block in a strange sort of octagonal shape. But this is all in the newer part of the city. In the old city—the Barcelona of the Middle Ages—there are still the narrow, angular streets, which run in every direction, criss-crossing one another in the fashion of the older Spanish towns, where the quaintness of old Spain is mingled with the commonplace of the new. In the heart of this maze the venerable cathedral of Barcelona is situated, hemmed in by narrow streets, through which a carriage can scarcely be driven, and with no point of vantage from which it can be viewed. But dynamite and the pickax are making inroads upon this labyrinth, the house-wrecker is much in evidence, and in a few years some three or four broad streets will be driven through this part of town. A plaza will be made in front of the cathedral (when that is finished, for workmen are still busy on the spires), and old Barcelona will be a somewhat dingy replica of the newer avenues and promenades.

Of course the chief street is the Rambla, which divides the old city into two unequal halves. One would hardly recognize the Arabic *Ramleh* in its Spanish guise. The Rambla changes its name about every two blocks, so that we have the Rambla Santa Monica, Rambla del Centro, Rambla San José, Rambla de Estudios, and so on. But it is the same Rambla, and only the natives know where one name finishes and the other begins. It is a wide street, and the reverse of our streets. The pedestrians go in the centre of the broad avenue, while the carriages and electric cars go at the sides. There are also two narrow sidewalks beside the shops. While it is gay and well filled in the daytime, it really begins to have its life in the late evening and about dusk. It is lighted by myriads of huge electric lamps, and is lined on either side by newstands, flower-booths, and bird-sellers, and is thronged by an animated crowd ceaselessly moving up and down its length. Friends meet one another, persons go to see and be seen, and all Barcelona seems to be passing by.

Towards the newer part of Barcelona the streets are laid

out upon the rectangular plan, but with the corners we have described, and are wide and splendidly planned, with double rows of plane-trees, and numerous stone benches under them. It is along these streets that the buildings of the New Art have their abiding place. And like New York, with its Broadway, there is a street which cuts across all others—the Gran Via Diagonal—which has the apartment-house epidemic as badly as upper Broadway; and although they are neither so large nor so costly, they appear to cover nearly as much ground.

Barcelona is the capital of the province of Catalonia and is the principal city of Spain. It has nearly 700,000 inhabitants, and is both a great seaport and a great manufacturing town. Catalonia for centuries has been the discontented child in Spain, has always had a feeling of separatism, and feels its importance in the national life and economy in every way. As a rule they try to avoid speaking Spanish if they can, in order to foster the idea of their separate individuality. Necessarily business and society life must go on in Spanish, but otherwise the persistent Barcelonese avoids Spanish if he gets a chance. They cling to their native dialect, the Catalan, which can best be described as a syncopated Latin, or something closely resembling the Provençal. There are two or three newspapers published in it in Barcelona; plays, novels and poetry are written in it; and there is a special theatre in Barcelona where only Catalan is used as the language of the stage. Exaggerated local patriotism has seized upon this language, and appeals are made in it in political matters as against the rest of Spain. Even Spanish posters on the walls have an accompanying translation in Catalan.

Owing to its holding so large a place in the commerce and revenues of Spain, Barcelona desires also a preponderating voice in the management of the kingdom. It is needless to say that this does not meet with the acquiescence of the other parts of the kingdom. The constant struggle on this account has kept the Barcelonese in a chronic state of latent discontent, and sometimes it needed only a sharp political question to fan it into flame. There has also been an element in the great factories which led to unrest—the importation or settlement of numbers of men from France, many of whom left their country for its good, but who found Barcelona a congenial place in which to plant their views of social disorder among the labor

element of the populous city. As the volume of business of Barcelona grew, this element grew with it. It was added to by organized apostles of anarchy from Paris and Marseilles, who found the soil thus better prepared for their doctrines.

While we were in Barcelona we saw many of the numerous churches, convents, and schools which had been pillaged, burned, and destroyed in the riots of last July. It was just before our coming that Ferrer, one of those condemned to death, had been executed, and we could scarcely credit the statement of the wild outbreaks and savage protests which his execution produced in other countries. But the sight of the blackened, dismantled, and ruined buildings gave one an idea of the destructiveness of the rabid mob, during the four days of that awful week, when nearly five hundred persons, dead or wounded, were the results of the pillage, murder, arson, and conflict with the troops.

It has been said in many papers and in some leading articles that the outbreak was primarily against the Church, and was an expression of the hatred of the Barcelonese for clerical rule. It was only secondarily so, because the riots were simply an outbreak of mad, red anarchy uprising against everything, like the Commune of Paris in 1870, in which the torch and the kerosene can, accompanied by the bomb, played the principal part. There was an exhibition of intense hatred against the Church and its institutions, but it was the incidental effect of baffled efforts in other directions. Again it has been said it was a mighty protest in favor of the Modern School (*La Escuela Moderna*) at the hands of the masses who were hungering and thirsting for education. There is no reason whatever for this view, because the riotous mob destroyed more schools in two days than the apostles of the modern school were able to erect in a decade.

As has been said, the Barcelonese have always been politically rebellious in regard to the rest of Spain. When, therefore, the war broke out in Africa, where Spanish mining companies, chiefly from Madrid and Bilbao, were exploiting the Moroccan iron mines for the benefit of German iron and steel foundries, until stopped by the warlike Riffians, the Catalonians —and, in particular, the Barcelonese—did not feel that they were vitally interested. The call came for more troops at the front, and a royal proclamation was issued calling the reserves

to the colors. Barcelona viewed with dismay the taking of so many of her inhabitants to the war and the consequent debt which would result, which meant increased taxation for her. Meetings were called and fiery political speeches were made against the war.

Popular sentiment was arrayed against what they called a useless war, and feeling ran high. Political discussion grew more frequent and all sorts of orators harangued the various assemblies. It was then the anarchist propagandist found his opportunity, and he, too, took part in stirring up all the slumbering passions and hatreds. A skillful campaign brought the workingmen's unions into play, and on the day the reserve troops embarked for Africa—July 22—a general strike in protest was ordered. This stopped every factory and every mill in and around Barcelona, and threw thousands of discontented workmen out upon the streets.

It was then that the disturbers of social order began their work of revolt. Meetings were constantly held, and bodies of strikers began to parade the streets. To appreciate better what was done before the actual outbreak came, and to understand the appeals that were made to these restless minds, I cannot do better than translate one of the circulars that were distributed:

> Comrades, Brothers in degradation, misery, and ignominy, if you are men, listen. Away from the bourgeois who calculate what advantages, what usury, what venomous things will be most profitable to them. Away from the politicians, with their platforms of every political faith, for they only exploit us. Away from the merchants who tell you they save the country a hundred millions, and yet pay (at our expense) the clergy and the army, so as to safeguard their robberies and their frauds.
>
> Those merchants, those politicians, all the bourgeois, are no more than our torment. We are more and greater; but they exploit us, sacrifice us, kill us, and dishonor us, because we are not men and do not act like men. They consider us a common herd of silly sheep; and they are nearly right, because we submit to it all.
>
> But now, fortunately, the hour draws nigh to demonstrate to the world that we will not go on being exploited.
>
> Comrades, be men! In the moment when the revolution is at hand, triumph over the infamous bourgeois and their pro-

grammes. Before building up, we must lay everything in ruins. If among those in political life there be any man worthy of respect, any citizen who enjoys a just or unjust popularity, you will see him ready to restrain you at the critical moment, to extinguish the flame you have lighted, under the pretext of humanity and generous sentiments. But do not give way to them, triumph over them, slay them if it be necessary. Peradventure, they will be reminded of the generosity or the humanity displayed when Portas tortured in Montjuich, when Polavieja assassinated in Manila, when Weyler was red with the defenceless victims of Cuba!

Let the revolution come, because it is as inevitable as bankruptcy; but be not left in the hands of a bourgeois so hateful and reactionary. And do not rest until you have produced all the results of a revolution, which without you will be as shameful as it will be sterile.

PROGRAMME:

Abolition of all the existing laws.

Expulsion or extermination of religious communities.

Dissolution of the magistracy, of the army, and of the navy.

Down with the churches.

Confiscation of the Bank of Spain, and of all the property of such civil or military persons who have held office in Spain or its colonies, now lost.

Immediate imprisonment for all of them, until they prove innocence or are executed.

Absolute prohibition against all who have filled any public office from leaving the province, even without property.

Confiscation of the railroads and all banks, wrongfully called banks of credit.

For the accomplishment of these prime measures there will be formed a delegation of three ministers: Interior, Foreign Office, and Home Office. They will be elected by a popular vote, and no lawyer can be eligible, and they will be jointly responsible to the people.

Long live the Revolution!
Extermination to all the exploiters!
Long live the Revolution!
The Avenger of every injustice!

Another circular launches diatribes of every sort against militarism, clericalism, and capitalism, and calls upon them to

cut off the heads of these monsters, and winds up with these words: "Workmen, prepare yourselves, the hour is at hand! Annexed hereto is a recipe for the manufacture of dynamite." Still another circular advised the formation of revolutionary committees and advocated a general strike so as "to be solid with the working classes" *(tener relaciones con el partido obrero)* and closed with these fiery words:

> To you, the earliest on the field, will be the glory of being the initiators and of dying the first for the cause; death is a thousand times more honorable than living under the shameful oppression of a band of thieves headed by a foreigner and supported by the clergy and by the exploiters. Up, then, noble and valiant hearts, sons of the Cid! Do not forget that Spanish blood runs through your veins! *Viva la revolucion! Viva la dinamita!*

The atmosphere grew more heated. Under the pretext of inveighing against the uselessness and expense of the war *El Progreso*, a radical journal supporting Lerroux, published daily ferocious and unpatriotic articles, while the nationalist, *El Poble Catalá*, which always urged separation from the rest of the kingdom, followed suit in the Catalan tongue, almost to the point of resistance to the government. When leading political journals were thus inflaming the popular minds in a manner comparable only to the times preceding our Civil War, it was small wonder that the anarchist press and leaders found their way smoothed, and an agitation already at hand which they could utilize for their own ends. Street meetings grew fiercer every day, and after the general strike, bands of idle workmen and boys paraded the streets, moving from point to point, and were frequently increased by more hangers-on as they passed along. Their boldness increased, they insulted inoffensive persons, began the use of fire-arms, and defied the police to keep them in order. Then the Civil Governor, Don Angel Ossorio y Gallardo, issued the following proclamation:

> For the past three days certain professional inciters of turbulence and disorder have undertaken to foment illegal manifestations and breaches of the peace. The police, with extraordinary patience, have merely dispersed the gatherings without recourse to violence and by using simply the requirements of courteous persuasion.

> But last night a group of disorderly persons took the offensive and fired several shots at two guardians of the peace and wounded one of them.
>
> In such a situation of affairs it becomes necessary to take rigorous steps, which I have desired to avoid until now; and I therefore warn the public that the assemblage of crowds upon the public streets is prohibited for the time being, and that the police and civil guard will take the necessary steps to disperse the same wherever they may be formed and have refused to disperse on being notified to do so, according to law.

This proclamation was posted on Friday, July 23, and it corresponds very much to the Riot Act reading in England. Nevertheless, crowds continued to be formed in the suburbs, where there were but few police, and incendiary speeches and inflammatory newspaper articles continued to appear. Somebody came to Barcelona with a draft for 50,000 pesetas, which was drawn in cash from the Credit Lyonnais on the Rambla the very next day, and it is said to have been deposited in the Casa del Pueblo—the Ferrerist organization—at once. The two days' sympathetic strike, organized just after the departure of the troops for Africa, was coming to an end; and with the minds of every one excited to fever heat the leaders of the anarchist and revolutionary movement decided that something must be done.

This brings us down to the morning of Monday, July 26, and the beginning of the active disorders. Yet when the organizers of the movement undertook active work in the streets, and explained to their followers that it was necessary to begin by cutting the water and gas pipes, by preventing supplies from reaching the public markets, and interrupting all railroad, street-car, telegraph, and telephone communication, the true workingmen and citizens were horrified and withdrew, but were reduced to neutrality by threats against them and their families unless they stayed within doors, and were induced to keep up the strike on the sole condition that the factories where they were to earn their bread would be left unharmed.

The situation in general was very difficult. There were only fourteen hundred soldiers and guards in the city, and after placing guards around the barracks, customhouse, courthouse, art galleries, railway stations, banks, post-office, and other public buildings in every part of the city, there remained less than

eight hundred available for duty in the streets. The first thought of the authorities, beyond that of protection, was to avoid bloodshed and prevent serious damage; and they therefore contented themselves with occupying various strategic points and keeping small squads under cover in different places. Street fights and various disorders took place all during Monday, July 26. In Calle de Salmeron several crowds were dispersed after firing several shots. In the Paseo de Gracia the conflicts were frequent and the street-cars were prevented from running. Towards evening all the street-cars of Horta, San Andres, Badalona, and Sarria were stopped, the crowd smashing their windows with stones and building barricades across the tracks. In Pueblo Nuevo the police were shot at several times while protecting the street-cars. In Sabadell the rioters tore up the local railway tracks and cut the telegraph wires, so that no suburban trains could run. At Tarrasa a railroad bridge was set on fire and a captain of police and the fire chief were shot and seriously wounded by the strikers as they endeavored to extinguish the fire. The afternoon papers were obliged to suspend publication, for the telegraph and telephone wires were cut. In several places the gas and electric lights were rendered useless, although the night, aside from several skirmishes between the police and rioters, remained comparatively tranquil.

But the authorities were now thoroughly alarmed, and during the night they utilized the few remaining telegraph wires, and laid the matter before the King and his cabinet. As a result, they were ordered to declare the city in a state of siege and turn over their powers at once to the military authority, and a proclamation was at once issued to that effect. The Captain-General, Don Luis de Santiago Manescan also issued this address:

> Barcelonese: Having assumed for the first time the command of this province, I am resolved to maintain public order in it and in this beautiful capital; relying upon your good sense and co-operation for that end, and with the understanding that I shall suppress with great severity and energy any disorder that may occur, I notify all peaceable citizens to withdraw from public places whenever the moment to apply force arrives, lest they should suffer otherwise sad but inevitable consequences therefrom.

The proclamation and this address were posted on the morning of the 27th, but that day the storm broke. The revolutionist programme had been to loot the banks, the principal stores, and the public buildings; but they were too well guarded, with cordons of police around them and well-equipped employees to defend them. On several occasions during the earlier part of the day attempts were made to pillage and rob, but the rioters were driven off by the police and made to keep moving. During the morning all the telegraph and telephone and trolley and electric light wires were cut and the city completely paralyzed in regard to communications. The crowds and the mob were kept moving everywhere near the centre of the city, where the greatest wealth, commerce, and public buildings were, and later in the day they began to rip up the paving stones and build barricades across the streets to impede police activity. No one, however, had thought even of guarding the churches and convents and allied institutions. It was not thought that an attack would be made upon them: and it is doubtful if the authorities could have spared police and troops to guard them in any event. It was supposed their sacred character was enough to assure their security, and had the authorities even foreseen the turn events would have taken, their security could only have been purchased at the risk of leaving other portions of the city more vulnerable.

At two o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, July 27, a lively exchange of shots took place on the Calle Mayor between the police and the rioters. Shortly afterwards the crowd broke into an armory on Calle Torrente de la Olla and sacked it of all its arms. Patrols of cavalry passed through the streets dispersing crowds, which fled before them, reforming again in side streets as soon as they had left. A mob of young hooligans broke into a church in the suburbs, plundered everything that was upon the altar and in the sacristy, set fire to the church, and went howling out upon the streets with their booty. This supplied what was lacking to the rioters and revolutionists. The churches and convents were not guarded at all, and there would be plunder enough to go around for all. The rioters now had an object in view, a definite plan to carry out, and they proceeded to carry it out with all the brutality and savagery of which they were capable.

The Church of San Pablo, an architectural monument dating

back to the Crusades, was burned and plundered. Then the mob proceeded to the Escolapios (Pious Schools), at the corner of Calle San Antonio and Ronda San Pablo, where they broke in the doors, threw kerosene over the wood-work of the college, set fire to it, climbed up the walls upon ladders, entered the buildings, and wrought destruction everywhere. They rushed through the great buildings, driving out the inmates, looting every object they could lay their hands upon, throwing large and valuable articles out of the windows, and setting fire everywhere. In these schools they found the paper school notes (like those used in our business schools) for teaching banking, etc., and carrying handfuls of it with them, cried out that the brothers were counterfeiters, because they had quantities of paper money there, and thus provoked a further onslaught. Directly opposite, across the Calle de San Antonio, was the Convent of the Jeronimas, occupied by some thirty or forty nuns, whom they drove into the street with insults and brutalities, while they burned and looted every available object. From there they went on to other convents and churches, which they burned, looted, and plundered.

The day of July 27 was a ghastly one, filled with smoke, murder, and terror; and before midnight the mob had attacked and burned some twenty-two institutions in the outer circle of Barcelona and its suburbs. Yet they were cowardly. The police and soldiers, as fast as they could learn of these outrages —for there was neither telephone nor telegraph service, and the streets were often barricaded—pursued the rioters from one place to another. Then the revolutionists divided up into sections, often attacking churches, schools, and houses simultaneously at remote distances from one another. This constant fleeing and division into smaller bodies made the work of the troops and police often ineffectual. When they undertook to attack the great Jesuit house and church on Calle de Caspé a few shots from some of the parishioners, hastily gathered in defence, made the mob scatter; and when next day they tried it again the quick succession of rapid shots from there made them retreat and spread the report that that church had mounted a machine gun. In another case they were scared away by the gardener of the convent, assisted by two soldiers.

By nightfall of Tuesday, the 27th, the authorities of Barcelona communicated the frightful turn of events by cable (the

only telegraph line working) to the central government; the matter was again at once taken up by the Council of Ministers, and by Royal Decree the constitutional guarantees were suspended in the province of Barcelona and the adjoining provinces, thus putting the entire responsibility for the maintenance of order in the hands of the military. The decree runs as follows:

> Upon the advice of my Council of Ministers, and in pursuance of the power conferred on me by Article 17 of the Constitution, I have decreed as follows:
>
> Article I. In the provinces of Barcelona, Gerona, and Tarragona the guarantees set forth in Articles 4, 5, 6, and 9, and in paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 of Article 13 of the Constitution, are temporarily suspended.*
>
> Article II. The government will render an account of this Royal Decree to the Cortes when it assembles again.
>
> Given at San Sebastian, July 27, 1909.
>
> ALFONSO.
>
> President of the Council of Ministers,
> Antonio Maura y Montaner.

By the morning of July 28 the Royal Decree was posted in the available places in Barcelona, and the military then began its warlike task of repressing the revolt. During all this day the burning and destruction of convents, schools, and churches went on; but by nightfall the troops had broken some of the barricades by cannon and subdued some of the worst bodies of rioters by machine guns; and upon Thursday, July 29, they had the rioting under control. No further depredations of great moment occurred after that; and on Friday, July 30, the moving of roving bands of rioters from point to point was entirely stopped. On Saturday some of the street cars began to run again, and citizens once more took heart and business was resumed. On Sunday, August 1, women, children, and carriages came out once more upon the streets; and from

* The constitutional guarantees thus suspended were: (1) that no Spandiard should be arrested without a proper warrant previously issued; (2) that an examination into the cause of his arrest should be had within seventy-two hours thereafter; (3) that his residence should not be entered without a formal search warrant; (4) that change of domicile cannot be required except by decree of court; and (5) that every Spanish subject has the right to (a) freedom of speech or press; (b) freedom of voluntary assembly; and (c) freedom to form associations. It is somewhat analogous to our suspension of the writ of habeas corpus in this country.

thenceforth Barcelona began to hide the hideous scars of the conflict and come back to its normal life.

The rioting and revolution were of almost unparalleled savagery. During the three days of burning, robbing, and bloodshed, one hundred and two persons were killed and three hundred and twelve persons grievously wounded. Four of the clergy were killed defending the altars in their churches; four laymen, at the workingmen's school in San José, were slain defending the building from arson; two nuns and two lay-women were slain in escaping from the convents and schools, while scores were severely wounded; and neither religious nor lay-women escaped insult. One aged nun was stripped of her clothing, in the search for money or valuable reliquaries, and stabbed to death. Many were taken to worse than death. Even five school children were killed, and there lies before me a list of twenty-four children, all fifteen years or under, who were seriously wounded by the rioters. One Christian Brother was stripped naked and forced to run the gauntlet down the middle of the street, whilst another, also stripped, was laden with a cross made of two railroad ties and was compelled to drag it around the streets while urged on with blows and ribald cries. Even the dead did not escape. In the convents of the Magdalenas, the Jeronimas, and the Capuchinas, the mob broke into the crypts and cemeteries where the nuns were buried, exhumed the bodies of some fourteen of them in the first, twelve in the second, and twelve in the third convent, and paraded them around the streets, made bonfires in which they were burned, and threw them by the wayside.

Leaving out the damage inflicted on churches and convents —some of the most beautiful architectural monuments of Barcelona, like San Pablo del Campo and San Pedro de las Puellas, were destroyed—the mob annihilated more educational establishments than can be reared again in many years. If the revolt was intended in any possible sense as a movement in favor of popular education, as has been asserted more than once, it certainly achieved the very opposite result. These are some of the educational institutions destroyed, and the number of pupils which were educated in them: Pious Schools (Escolapios), 500 scholars, 200 of them free; San Andres Asylum, 156 children of workingmen, free; Asylum-Nursery of the Holy Family, kindergarten for 80 children and 500 girls, free; College of St.

Peter Claver, 400 scholars, day and night schools, free; Convent of Loreto, 150 girls, boarders; Franciscan Nuns, 150 girls, free, and 250 in Sunday-Schools; Immaculate Conception, 250 girls, boarders; Girls' College of Salesian Sisters, 300 students, 70 night students, free; Convent of the Adoration, 80 girl students; Working Women's Free Schools at San Andres, 600 workingwomen scholars, free; Boy's College at San José, 250 students; Workingmen's Institute at Pueblo Nuevo, 200 pupils, free; Catholic Club at Pekin, 80 fishermen's children, free; Manual Training School at Las Corts, 100 boys, free; Asylum in Aldeva Street, 800 children of workingmen, educated free; Dominican Nuns, 150 girl students. It has become incumbent upon the city of Barcelona to supply provision for the three thousand to four thousand of its school children, who were thus summarily deprived of their right to education.

Barcelona and her citizens feel keenly the mad hand of anarchy which has undone the work of years in their beautiful city. Once they hoped that she would rival Nice and Mentone as a Mediterranean resort, as a delightful capital to welcome the tourist and the seeker for rest in delightful surroundings; but when anarchy, arson, and riot hold sway there, the stranger cannot be tempted to tarry long. Barcelona's people hope now for a period of rest and quiet, a period of convalescence and upbuilding, a period of right thinking and orderly life, so as to convince the outside world that peace and harmony reign there once more.

THE WAY OF HAPPINESS.

BY GERTRUDE E. MACQUIGG.

THE gate swung back noiselessly, and before she realized it, the child was in the garden. She touched the roses caressingly, almost ecstatically —brushing them slowly against her flushed cheeks, her eyes, her full red lips—whispering to them in a babyish monotone of tenderness. From his open door the Grouchy Man regarded her quietly. Oh, the pathetic eagerness of her little brown hands! He thrilled responsively, and, misunderstanding both cause and effect, said aloud: "It seems we are all cursed with unsatisfied longing."

She dropped her lunch pail with a clatter when she saw him coming toward her.

"Don't look so scared," he added gruffly.

"You—you have such beautiful flowers," she faltered. "I just love flowers."

"Oh, you do?" And all at once he smiled, a smile so transfiguring that the child caught her breath.

"What is it?" he asked.

"When you laugh I'm not afraid of you."

"Why should you be afraid of me?" he demanded, looking at his thin, white hands.

"Because you're the Grouchy Man."

He reached down and stilled the nervous whirling of her sunbonnet.

"Come here," he said deliberately, leading the child to a seat under the pepper trees. "Is that what they call me in this valley of toil?"

She looked up at him, reclaiming her hand. After all he seemed more sad than grouchy.

"What is a valley of toil?" she asked shyly.

He looked across the roses to the mountains blue in the distance.

"It's a place of empty hands and hearts that are never filled, a region of striving and working, of petty struggle, where—"

"But taking care of flowers is such beautiful work," she interrupted, "and that's all you have to do."

"That's just it, little girl," he said quietly. "It's all I have—to do!"

"I don't see," she murmured.

"Some day you will see," he answered. "In the meantime, we go on working until we're tired enough to sleep—you for something to eat; I—to forget."

She leaned forward and touched him. "Do you know what I do when I want to forget?"

"You, child? Do you have things to forget?" His tone was condescendingly humorous.

"Oh, yes"; she answered, smiling, "sometimes I'm lonely—and then there's the mortgage. I don't know what it is, but it's something dreadful, mother says."

"And what do you do?"

"I go to the country across the blue mountains—not really truly," she explained hesitatingly, "but I'm sure it is there—and every one does what he loves best to do, and lives in a beautiful house, and smiles all the time, and—" She stopped suddenly, a great shyness creeping over her. "You can't catch me," she cried; and the Grouchy Man chased her in and out among the roses, and through the long grass under the peppers, until they both sank panting into the greenness. She was tossed and tumbled, laughing till the tears ran down her freckled cheeks, and her short pig-tail shook up and down.

A shade fell over the garden, softening the colors and gathering them into a mass. The sun had passed behind the mountains of Romance Land.

"I must be going," she said wistfully.

"But you'll come again, won't you, and tell me of your land beyond the sunset?"

"It's not a real country," she reminded him. "It's just make-believe."

"It's the only real country, child," he assured her. "I've caught glimpses of it. Hold out your dress," he added somewhat gruffly, and slipped an armful of roses into it.

"Oh!" she cried opening her eyes very wide. He turned and strode toward the house.

"Good-bye"; he said when she reached the gate.

"Good-bye"; she called. "I'm coming again some day."

"That I may watch your dreams die?" He shivered in the chill that crept through the garden. For a few moments he paused; then went in and carefully shut the door.

It was indeed a valley of toil to which ill-health had brought the Grouchy Man. In a few scattered cottages were men and women, strong, undemonstrative, born of those who fought their way from the far East to seek a home and sustenance in a new country. Between these toilers and a disappointed exile tending roses, there must inevitably lie a pathless desert.

And so, in his infinite wisdom, the dream-god gave the Grouchy Man and the child—each other.

Sometimes, in response to her youth, the Grouchy Man romped with her or wove a fairy fabric of ever-changing wonder from marvelous facts. Often he was very gruff and closed his door against all entreaties; but the child had learned that gruffness more often means sorrow than ill-humor. Thus their friendship grew, slowly perhaps, because unconsciously.

There came a day when she found him with his face on his arms, lying in the grass under the pepper trees. She paused for a moment in surprise, then sat down beside him touching him shyly.

"I know what you're thinking of," she whispered.

He raised his head, his face almost gray in the shadow.

"Oh, you poor Grouchy Man!" she cried reaching out to him with the mother-instinct of a little girl.

"Go home, child. I cannot play to-day." But he caught her brown hands and held them close against him.

She sat quite still for a long time. Mother said the Grouchy Man was very sick. She leaned forward and kissed him, a moist little kiss, somewhere near his ear.

"I know"—she waited a moment—"you're thinking of the time when you saw the Wonderland; aren't you?"

"Yes"; he answered.

"Tell me about it," she pleaded.

"Well," he began wearily, the words a cloak for his pain, "in the Wonderland I saw Success. I worked day and night, from year to year, until my goal was almost reached; and then"—his voice faltered—"you cannot understand, childie; but it's the greatest thing in the world—it's happiness."

She looked at him doubtfully. "I don't believe it!"

For a few moments they were silent. She noticed that his mouth quivered, and remembered how her own red lips trembled when she wanted to cry. The need of saying something came to her.

"When father broke his leg last spring," she said soberly, "he said he did not care to live, if he could not go on working for mother and me."

"For mother and you?" he repeated, a subtle change coming over his face, softening the lines about his mouth. He raised himself and drew her to her feet. "Come, little child," he said huskily, leading her through the flowers to the gate.

"But I don't want to go," she pleaded, lifting her arms to him. "Don't you wish you had a little girl like me? Wouldn't it make you happy?"

The words were childishly appealing. He unclasped her hands and held them in his own. "I don't know what I wish to-day."

Then she left him. The next day she paused by the gate on her way to the store. The Grouchy Man was working among his roses, singing the chorus of an old college song.

"Holloa, little girl"; he called merrily, "going to school?"

"No, you foolish Grouchy Man; it's a holiday."

"That's fine!" he cried. "Come and have lunch in Romance Land."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, swinging on the gate. "I'd just love to. Shall I come early and help set the table?"

"Not too early, or I won't have any work done," he replied sharply, continuing his digging.

The child hurried along to the cottage near the summit of the hill.

"What do you think?" she called as she opened the door and ran into the kitchen to her mother. "The Grouchy Man wants me to come to lunch to-day. We're going to have a party."

The woman looked down thoughtfully. "I don't know whether I want you to go," she said. "I'll not have you crying yourself to sleep again because of him."

"Oh, Mother!" she begged, "he's almost well to-day; he was singing when I came along."

"Well, he has helped you with your lessons; and it's not

for me to keep a little pleasure from one so near dying; so put away the things, and you'd better wear a clean dress."

"May I put on my blue one?" She drew her mother down to her and kissed her.

"And your blue hair-ribbon, too, if you like."

"Oh, Mother!"

The child untied the packages from the store and poured the sugar into the crock, wondering if the snow on the mountains was as white and glistening, and wishing that the beans which she let slip through her fingers were great pearls, so that she might have a necklace to wear at the Grouchy Man's party! The butter she laid in the cooler—was there gold as bright in her Country of Dreams?

At last she was standing among the roses, and the Grouchy Man was laughing at her.

"Where shall we set the table?" he asked, carrying it out of the house.

"Under the pepper trees, where we can't see anything but the flowers and the mountains."

Her conscious flinging aside of the sordid actual touched him keenly. "You child," he said softly, and then he smiled, "to-day we live in the Country o' Dreams."

"You know I'm a Duchess," she told him while she arranged the dishes and he brought out the most tempting things to eat. "And I have beautiful curls, and—"

"So I see," he laughed, catching hold of her straight pig-tail and giving it a tweak.

"Can't you play make-believe?" she cried indignantly. "The ladies in Wonderland always wear curls."

"How do you know?"

"Because they are beautiful," she answered, watching him as he passed her a plate heaping with goodies.

"The ladies or the curls?"

She looked at him from the golden heights of her imagination in a half-pitying, half-condescending way. "Your coat is of satin, you Grouchy Man, just the color of the snow on the mountains at sunset."

"And how does my rosy-hued garment become me?" he said, giving a pat here and there to his khaki coat. She paused to consider, a piece of bread and jam raised to her lips.

"You look like a king," she decided critically, "and you're big and strong and well," she added, emphasizing each word.

"Let us live always in the Land of Make-Believe," he said. She felt the bitterness in his voice, and stretched out her hand to him across the table. There was strawberry jam on the fingers, but he grasped them unheedingly.

"Some day we're going to Wonderland together, aren't we, where we won't have to make-believe?"

"Yes, yes"; he said, bringing a box out of his pocket; "here's something from across the mountains, for the lady with beautiful curls."

"Really and truly?" she demanded. "Cross your heart?" And then came an excited whisper: "Oh!" And another softer: "M–m–m–m!" as she laid back the tissue paper and disclosed the bright rows of many-colored candies.

"Aren't they beautiful? Oh, don't you think this one lovely?"

"Oh, childie, I do!" he agreed.

"It's just the color of your eyes," she murmured thoughtfully.

"Do you really think it?"

"See!" she exclaimed triumphantly, holding it up where the sun could brighten it.

"Can't something be done?"

"Yes"; and laughing with a childish abandon of gaiety she ate it.

"I want another piece of cake," she said presently. "I just love cake with frosting," and she pressed each brown finger between her lips. "Mother never buys cake with frosting; but once when I was sick, she baked a tiny cake all shiny white on top."

Soon the golden hours passed: the stories of the Wonderland were finished, the romp among the roses, and the happy idle moments in the grass, listening to the Grouchy Man, watching him with eyes blue as the heavens and wide, were now a memory.

The Grouchy Man stood on the steps of the hill cottage. He was breathing hard, and in the sunlight that slanted low over the mountains he looked tired and old. For two days he had watched and waited, for two days he had worked

among his flowers, restless and alone. Now with his arms full of roses he had come to seek the child. It was the first time he had approached the place she called home, and its bleak cleanliness chilled him. Through the open door came the sound of voices, and something in the tenderness of the low tones seemed to make more insistent the Why within him.

"Mother, isn't it fine?"

"What, darling?"

And then the answer, each word sweet with content and child-love. "Just being here with you, with your arms around me."

"Mother's dearie!"

A long pause, a silence golden held them. A rose slipped to the doorstep, but the man did not notice it.

"Mother, what is happiness?"

"Well, little one," came the answer, "I reckon it's the having what you choose above all else."

"I know what you choose," was the eager response, "just having father and me."

"I guess you're right, dearie."

"But you work so hard," the child reasoned tenderly; "and you're all tired out, and sometimes sick."

"Yes, girlie."

There was a quick sob, and very slowly the child spoke. Each word was uttered with a pitiful distinctness: "Then—happiness is pain."

The old man rather felt than heard the sudden impulsive movement of her body as she clung to the woman.

"And the Wonderland beyond the mountains—oh, my poor Grouchy Man!"

The man without stooped and laid the roses with unconscious tenderness on the doorstep.

"Dearest," he heard the young voice exclaim, "you're crying, your eyes are shining bright. I'm going to tell the dear Grouchy Man, there's something better than a City of Dreams."

"What, darling?"

The man leaned forward.

"Just this, Mother."

He turned away, walking slowly across the yard and down the hill, through the warm glow that spread over the brown

earth. At first he was conscious only of surprise, an astonishment in which every sense seemed suspended. Fear unreasoning came to him with its passion of pain. Mechanically he walked along the road between the scrubby rows of dusty eucalyptus trees. Fear of the change within him made him shrink from the awakening instincts that had lain dormant all his life, a human longing for love and companionship. Somehow the sorrow he had treasured in his heart, ennobled by the anguish of resignation, kept perpetually upon the altar of his devotion, had become a thing of impotence, inadequate to the best that was in him. It was not that his ideal had become ignoble; for the success that he coveted in the scientific world was worthy of human effort; but he no longer thought its accomplishment the greatest happiness, nor felt its loss the deepest pain.

Through the long years thought led him pitilessly. As one apart, he saw the lonely enthusiasm of his boyhood, when he had looked forward to a great attainment; the joy of the days when he had felt it almost within his grasp; the time, six years ago, when death first became his companion. From this far-away valley he had watched the strides of men, not abler than he, but physically stronger. He had seen them near the fulfillment of his ideal. He had seen them fail where he might have succeeded. He envied them opportunity. The bitterness was sometimes deadened by physical pain, but he became indifferent in his happier moments, defiant in his darker days.

The man stopped and looked across the valley to the cottage in the sunset light.

"Then happiness is pain," he repeated wearily. Ah, what was his endurance of grief, his bravery of submission, to the power of this woman who had found happiness—the wonder of this little child who accepted it as the highest and best? He walked on rather quickly. Anger took possession of him. Why could he not have gone on quietly to the end, cherishing his sorrow, his disappointed ambitions? The time was close at hand. Oh, that he should have to learn from these unlettered people, that he had failed, failed in his fundamental perceptions. There is a higher motive for human effort than ambition to succeed. His anger died away as suddenly as it had come. He opened his gate and going in, closed it with his accustomed care. He walked among the roses, which caught

at his garments as he passed. He reached out and touched those nearest him with cold, sensitive fingers. They were a very intimate part of his life, these silent witnesses to his daily work, his monotonous struggles, and, in a few golden moments, to his romps with a child who had led him laughing along the dream paths of a youth he had never known.

Far away the sunset glowed and burned into the snow of the mountains, and the man gazed deep into the distant glory, his eyes wide open, his brow strained and contracted. He smiled, and for a moment the lines of mental agony softened; his mouth became tender, boyish, for he remembered that once in the Romance Country he had worn a coat of just that color, and a Duchess had shaken her curls while she chatted merrily over the teacups. Oh, golden curls, and rose-colored satin coat!

The brief Western twilight gathered the Valley of Toil into the peace of its darkness, and, as if in greeting of night, the roses sent upward to meet it a myriad of subtle breaths of fragrance. The Grouchy Man approached his cabin and paused at the door as he had often done in the long ago. It was long ago, the time before the child's coming, for a word, a thought can separate hour from hour by an æon of feeling. He was conscious of clenching his hands, of holding his breath, of the tense rigidity of his entire body. He entered the house and built a fire on the rough stone hearth—deliberately, heedfully, as he did everything—and fanned it until the room was aglow with light. Taking a box from the table he sat down by the fire, and unlocking it, selected a large document from its contents. This he spread out upon his knees and read through carefully. It was very short, a last will and testament, bequeathing all he had to the scientific institution to whose work he had sacrificed his health. Suddenly, determination making his face stern, he held the paper to the flames and watched it burn until only a few charred fragments remained.

For a long time he sat motionless, his face resting on his tightly clasped hands. In the faint glow of the dying fire his figure looked strangely boyish. With the instinct of primitive man he reached out into the pitiless stillness for help. Characteristic of himself, it was not relief he prayed for, but the strength to endure.

Darkness, silence, and solitude surrounded him. Like the

sweep of ocean over rocks and shore, grief seized him, rising over his resistance, drawing him into its passion, lifting his soul, broadening his mind, as it deepened his anguish. His nerves relaxed their tension, his white, slender hands unclenched, his shoulders trembled with the force of his emotion, and he sobbed, the hard, dry sobs that wring the soul. Gradually, as time passed, the little, wild, insistent voices of the country made themselves heard and filled the night with their murmurs. A radiance of mist brightened the little room, and fell luminous about the stooping figure. The man raised himself slowly, stretched out his hand to the table, rested a moment against a chair, and finally, stood by the window. The moon had risen from the heart of Romance Land, and above the blue mountains was shining down upon the Valley of Toil, asleep in the hollow of the hills. In the distance rose the eucalyptus trees, straight and tall, hiding the child's home within their shadow.

And the Grouchy Man saw her future as his desire would build it, a radiant future, into which she carried the white wisdom of her childhood. Some day he would plan out the details, when he was not so tired, and to-morrow he would make a new will, against the time when his guardianship would cease.

As he turned from the window, a rare, transfiguring smile illumined his face, and its radiance still lingered about his boyish mouth when they found him in the morning, mercifully before the coming of the child.

And her future? Surely the dream-god would not close the gates upon the Way of Happiness!

New Books.

GREAT POSSESSIONS. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.

Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's first novel, *One Poor Scruple*, was an event in Catholic literature—and a surprise. A story from her pen is still an event, though no longer a surprise. She never had to serve the usual apprenticeship in the craft of fiction-writing; her first effort was a password which admitted her among the masters. Her Catholic problem-novels have added to her fame. The present book* does not attempt to handle the larger issues. It deals with society and souls. The general outlines of the story are easily drawn. By mistake the will of an English General, killed in the Boer War, is sent to the wrong woman —a very wrong woman—who takes advantage of the possession of it to inherit under the terms of a previous will, to the hurt and confusion of the General's wife. Molly Carew, the daughter of the fraudulent legatee, falls heir to the property, at first in good faith. Molly is, in old-fashioned parlance, though not in old-fashioned style, the villain and the heroine of the story. That is as much of the plot as it is fair for a reviewer to disclose. At any rate, the interest in the plot is subordinate to the portrayal and development of character. It is in the latter field that Mrs. Ward's genius shows itself most in this work. The characters are drawn with insight and delicacy. The majority of them are non-Catholic, but a Catholic atmosphere pervades the work, which grows finally and naturally into a manifestation of the strength of the Catholic faith and ideals of life. The priests are fine types, depicted as if from life. Father Mark Molyneux is a delightful figure, and the same may be said of his friend, the old blind Canon.

MISS GUINEY'S COLLECTED POEMS.

The collected poems of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney,† which are but freshly come from the press, may be reckoned an event in letters. It is not a little matter that from our great but

* *Great Possessions.* By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† *Happy Ending.* The Collected Lyrics of Louise Imogen Guiney. Boston & New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

scarcely critical country, and from our own faithful but not yet literary people, should come this poet of rare distinction. The culture of the Older World—all the heritage of a gracious and brooding past—have entered into Miss Guiney's spirit; and, withal, that high courage which breathes from her own St. George:

"Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword,
Choice of the heart's desire:
A short life in the saddle, Lord!
Not long life by the fire!"

Happy Ending contains lyrics from several previous volumes, with additional poems of recent years. "The Kings," a poem of noble spirit and music, is given the opening pages—followed by a Nature piece of compelling imaginative power. There are five exquisite and heart-reaching little carols for Christmastide (one of which, "Gifts," appeared recently in THE CATHOLIC WORLD), a series of sonnets upon London and Oxford, a Franciscan lyric of most tender beauty, the ever lovely "Song of the Lilac," and a variety of poems upon many themes.

There is about Miss Guiney's work a subtle swiftness of thought and feeling which is akin to our lost Lionel Johnson. There is a most inviolate service of Truth in Beauty, and that "frugal closeness of style" (as Pater has called it!) which is the hall-mark of the artist who is at the self-same time a scholar. Her volume should be welcomed by all those who prize the best in modern Catholic literature.

CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

*The Catholic Encyclopedia** scores another success. That dictum sounds like a newspaper headline, but one's opinions of the work demand a large-type style of expression as one realizes, in going through it, the vast nature of the task and the ability with which it is being carried out. If there be any pious depressionists who are afflicted with the feeling that Catholicity is aloof from the onward spirit of the times, the continuous success of this large project should give them a cheerful disappointment.

**The Catholic Encyclopedia.* Vol. VI. Fathers—Gregory. New York: Robert Appleton Company.

Looking at this volume, first from the viewpoint of mere figures, we have 1,600 closely printed columns of well-digested matter, with 26 full-page illustrations, including three in color, hundreds of smaller photogravures, and maps of France, Germany, Palestine (in the Old Testament period and also in the time of Christ), and Fra Mauro's remarkable map of the world drawn in 1459, the last in illustration of a fine article on "Geography and the Church," by Otto Hartig, of the Royal Library, Munich.

On glancing over the variety of subjects treated—history, biography, hagiology, theology, ethics, biblical topics, canon law, philosophy, the sciences, painting, sculpture, architecture, music—one is reminded of Mr. Chesterton's answer to the bigots who said that there was a conspiracy among literary men to give prominence to the Catholic Church. It is impossible, as he says, to talk about the activities of humanity in Western civilization without giving prominence to the Catholic Church; it might be said with more plausability that there is a conspiracy among writers to make mention of the continent of America.

The present volume opens with an article by Dom John Chapman on the "Fathers of the Church," which is one of the best articles ever contributed to a general encyclopedia. In selection of matter, mode of treatment, and clearness of presentation, it is a model for others of its kind. Dom Chapman moves over the vast field of patristic learning with a seeming leisure, but he covers the ground. He presents excellent summaries of periods and schools, and analyses of specially important theories, notably that of St. Vincent of Lerins.

The two most important theological articles are those on "God," by Dr. Toner, and on "Grace," by Dr. Pohle. Both topics are amply treated from the historical as well as the argumentative side. Father Maher's article on "Free Will," in the section of it devoted to the theological controversies on this question, is a good supplement to Dr. Pohle's dissertation. Father Maher, in his whole treatment of the subject, historical, theological, and philosophical, is, as might be expected, lucid and convincing, though more space might have been devoted to the proofs for freedom. Dr. Arendzen's article on "Gnosticism" is full of information. The numerous contributions by Kirsch on "Early Popes and Martyrs" are scholarly and accurate. The

same praise is merited by the work of Adrian Fortescue on the "Gradual," "Greece," and other topics. There are several good articles under the general rubric "Geography." Souvay's article on "Biblical Geography" contains an exhaustive dictionary of places connected with Holy Writ, a fact which it is well to remember in consulting the cyclopedia for information along this line. "Geography and the Church," by Hartig," is a splendid survey of the debt that geographical science owes to Catholics. Especially noteworthy among the numerous biological articles are "Galileo," by Father John Gerard, S.J.—a competent and honest handling of a difficult theme; and "St. Francis of Assisi," by Paschal Robinson, O.F.M.—a charming treatment of a charming character. The space given to St. Francis Xavier is too brief; a presentation of the evidence for his miracles should have found place in such a work of reference as this. Deserving of note are the articles on "Friars Minor," by Rev. Michael Bihl, and on "Gothic Art" (very well illustrated), by Ralph Adams Cram. In this volume are also general articles on "France" and "Germany." The names of the authors, Georges Goyau and Martin Spahn, vouch for their excellence. Professor Remy handles, with his usual mastership, the topic of "German Literature." Useful and informing contributions are those on "French and German Catholics in the United States"; also one on "Greek Churches in this Country," by Andrew Shipman; and one on the "Greek Churches in General," by S. Vailhé.

GARIBALDI AND THE THOUSAND.
By G. M. Trevelyan.

When in the early "sixties" Garibaldi visited England, he met in some quarters with a reception that was enthusiastic to the point of extravagance. Crowds lined the streets to welcome him as "an uncrowned king," Cabinet Ministers entertained him, ladies were said to have knelt before him as the Apostle of Freedom. Queen Victoria and Disraeli, on the other hand, were conspicuously opposed to these demonstrations; and a letter of Cardinal Manning's affirms that "Her Majesty acted like a queen and a woman in putting a stop to all this seditious tomfoolery about Garibaldi." Newman, in a sermon, had already characterized the Piedmontese army as "a band of sacrilegious robbers." Cardinal Wise-

man made the Garibaldi reception the occasion of an indignant pastoral, in which he called attention to the fact that the Anglican Hierarchy had been at pains to pay extraordinary public honor to a self-proclaimed representative of infidelity and disloyalty, and incidentally he exacted a retractation from *The Times* when it questioned the accuracy of his description of Garibaldi.

These things serve to remind us of the significance which the person of the red-shirted hero has ever had for the supporters and the opponents of the Papacy; and they lead us to expect that a man so pronounced in his political and religious sympathies as Mr. Trevelyan will hardly write about Garibaldi with a single eye to the portrayal of his subject and with no display of deep-rooted prejudices and masterful prepossessions. Any one who recalls the strong anti-clerical bias manifested in the fourth and fifth chapters of Mr. Trevelyan's *England in the Age of Wycliffe*, will be prepared to encounter in the new volume a display of the same characteristics. Again, Mr. Trevelyan—as *The Spectator* has warned him—is exuberant and poetical in disposition rather than classical and restrained. It is literature he is making, not mere facts that he is recording. We may, then, anticipate rather an impressionistic treatment of a subject that lends itself so easily to the romantic imagination and the heroic style as the epic of Garibaldi's raid into Sicily.* Priests and conservatives, under the stress of dramatic requirements, are apt to figure there as villains and tyrants; revolutionaries and filibusters as heroes and patriots. But a very different sort of impression could be conveyed by an artist disposed to subject the same details to another kind of treatment. Hence, without denying the care and accuracy with which our author has examined into and recorded actual incidents, we are convinced that he does not help the reader toward the formation of a just judgment with regard to the larger issues involved in the movements that made the Dictator of the Two Sicilies so picturesquely famous. By way of instance:

The rest of Italy outside of Piedmont, he says, "was exposed to the absolute power of priests, of foreigners, of native despots, bound together in a close triple alliance against the

* *Garibaldi and the Thousand.* By George Macaulay Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

rights of the laity, personal freedom, and Italian independence" (p. 1). The making of Italy was "the dismemberment of the most ancient and terrible Theocracy of the Western world" (p. 3). He speaks of a *conspiracy* "formed by Naples, the Pope, Austria, and the expelled rulers of Modena and Parma" (p. 138); and says that it became "the urgent duty of the rulers of Piedmont, in self-defence, if for no other reason, to destroy the Papal and Neapolitan Kingdoms" (p. 138).

We present these passages to illustrate our affirmation that the author is doing the work of a painter, not of a photographer; and we add the following description of Garibaldi—rather too highly colored for the pen of a mere historian: "The fond simplicity of a child, the sensitive, tender humanity of a woman, the steady valor of a soldier, the good-heartedness and hardihood of a sailor, the imposing majesty of a king like Charlemagne, the brotherliness and universal sympathy of a democrat like Walt Whitman, the spiritual depth and fire of a poet, and an Olympian calm that was personal to himself, all plainly marked in his port and presence, his voice and eyes, made him not the greatest, but the most unique figure of the age" (p. 36).

With the freedom bestowed upon him by his sympathies and his poetic gift, the author has made a delightfully entertaining book out of the romantic adventures of that favored son of fortune who, as a matter of history, really did achieve successes that seem to surpass anything else recorded in the annals of modern warfare. Documents, letters, conversations with veterans, personal visits to battlefields, searches in libraries and letter-files have put the writer in possession of a mass of details, out of which he has been able to construct a tale of most extraordinary charm. The times, the land, the people, the sudden caprices of chance, the amazing coincidences, the desperate risks, the cunning treacheries, and the incredible blunders, all combine into a romance not easily credited and yet actually true. Little wonder that imaginative Italians have sometimes magnified the hero of this drama into a sort of demigod. Little wonder that a writer of Mr. Trevelyan's strength and fervor has woven the facts into one of the most entertaining of books.

THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE.
By Dr. Otis.

Nearly a century ago a foreign critic wrote: "What they call 'consumption' kills the Americans as if they were perpetually in battle; but they speak of it as if it were in no way their concern, rather as if God sent it for some reason of His own." To be impressed with the contrast between the spirit above described and that beginning to prevail at the present day, and to realize why and by what means the transformation has been brought about, one has but to glance at a new volume,* written by the Director of the National Tuberculosis Association. And most of this striking transformation, be it said, has been effected within the last fifteen years.

The anti-tuberculosis movement may be very properly described as a great humane crusade against one of the most dreaded agents of suffering and of death. The gradual enlightenment first of the medical fraternity and then of the masses as to the origin and the nature of the terrible disease, the success attending the patient search for preventive and remedial methods of treatment, the campaign to organize a world-wide attack upon the common causes of the disease, these are secondary topics of interest in Dr. Otis' volume, which has as its chief aim and its principal utility the imparting of simple and thorough information to the reader concerning the ordinary but indispensable measures upon which the fate of millions of threatened consumptives will depend.

The book is nicely divided and readily intelligible. An index would have been an improvement.

HOW TWO HUNDRED CHILDREN LIVE AND LEARN.
By R. R. Reeder.

Another book,† which embodies matter previously published in the magazine now known as *The Survey*, is Dr. Reeder's description of the method of education which obtains among the two hundred orphans of whom he has charge. As pictured in these pages, the orphanage in question is a strong instrument for good and is in the hands of a man possessed of much common sense. The chapters include "Punish-

* *The Great White Plague: Tuberculosis.* By Edward O. Otis, M.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

† *How Two Hundred Children Live and Learn.* By Rudolph R. Reeder. New York: Charities Publication Committee.

ment," "Moral Training," and "Religious Instruction." The author sets down his conviction that the attempt to impart moral instruction without religious training is practically hopeless, and that for the state to go blindly ahead with a great system of public education, while making no provision whatever for religious instruction, is "to maintain an enterprise at great cost with no assurance of safe returns on the investment." He suggests that most Sunday-Schools would be improved greatly if some plan were adopted by which they might make use of the splendid public education plant.

SOCIAL FORCES.
By E. T. Devine, Ph.D.

Much enthusiasm and a very practical type of wisdom combine to make Dr. Devine's utterances at once attractive and valuable. For the past three years he has been sending forth very steadily a series of editorials upon significant social facts of the present time. Twenty-five of these gathered together make up the handsomely printed little volume that has just issued from the press.* The author is a characteristically careful writer, and advocates unquestionable truths with convincing arguments. He displays in an admirable degree the spirit which will unite varied interests in a strong, united effort against a common foe. The poor, the sick, the prisoner, will have much to be thankful for in the spread of Dr. Devine's teaching.

THE GOD OF LOVE.
By J. H. McCarthy.

In a romance which is twined about the immortal figure of Dante by a highly imaginative and resourceful artist we may look for something more than an ordinary novel. And so, indeed, *The God of Love*† proves to be. True, a tale of the sort can never be wholly satisfying, and liberties taken with the facts recorded by Dante himself in the *Vita Nuova* will, of course, chill the enthusiasm of the discriminating reader. Yet there is so much to interest and even fascinate in the style of writing, so lively a sketch of familiar types and places, so serene and lofty an idealism shining out in the story of the great love of the

* *Social Forces.* By Edward T. Devine, Ph.D. New York: Charities Publication Committee.

† *The God of Love.* By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

world's great poet, that the time devoted to this quaint narrative, which "claims to set forth, in something like narrative form, an account of the loves of Dante and Beatrice," is profitably spent.

THE CRIME PROBLEM.

The Crime Problem * contains practical discussions of very pertinent questions connected with our penal system. Written by a man unmistakably experienced and deeply interested in the improvement of existing conditions, the book affords the thoughtful reader much matter for careful reflection. A great many instructive facts are noted and useful comparisons made between different systems of discipline. The earnestness of the author seems to be intense; his literary style is preposterous.

SERMONS.

It is several years since the present Holy Pontiff issued his Encyclical on Christian Doctrine, *De Christiana Doctrina Tradenda*,† and insisted upon the use of the Catechism of the Council of Trent as a text-book for catechetical instruction throughout the world. It is true there was no lack of books in English devoted to the explanation of the catechism and Catholic teaching: the works of Bishop Hagan, of Fathers Power and Howe, are familiar to all catechists. But these books aimed at supplying outlines of material for instruction. What was now desired was a book that would mold and cast that material into suitable shape and supply something practical, familiar, and adapted to the needs and capacities of the ordinary congregation; there was need of a manual that would apply the material already at hand in the Catechism of the Council of Trent to a course of plain, simple, effective, instructions.

Such a work already existed in Italian, the Catechetical Instructions of the Very Rev. Angelo Raineri. From the early days of his priesthood, this zealous priest had devoted himself to this work. Week after week thousands thronged to the cathedral of Milan attracted by his clear, orderly, pious, and impressive instructions on the Roman catechism. Forty-five

* *The Crime Problem: What to Do About It. How to Do It.* By Colonel Vincent Myron Masten. Elmira, N. Y.: Star-Gazette Company.

† *A Compendium of Catechetical Instructions.* The Commandments—Raineri-Hagan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

years were devoted to the scrupulous preparation and correction of these instructions. It is an adaptation of these instructions that Rev. John Hagan, Vice-Rector of the Irish College in Rome, now presents to English readers. The present volumes treat of the Commandments. Besides giving us Father Raineri's work in English dress, they also embody a new translation of the Catechism of the Council of Trent and a translation of the Catechism of Pope Pius X. English readers will be struck by the clearness of exposition, the orderly treatment, the frequent and appropriate use of Holy Scripture.

THE ART OF LIFE.
By F. C. Kolbe, D.D.

This is not a new book,* but it is probably new to many of our readers, and it ought not to be so, at least to the thoughtful. In the first place, it is written by a man whose life-story is sufficient to interest one in his work. He was born over half a century ago, the son of a Dutch Reformed minister. He went from South Africa to study at Oxford, and there found the faith. From Oxford he went to Rome, and after a brilliant course in theology, returned to South Africa a priest. "In Cape Town," says the English Catholic *Who's Who*, "this devoted son and his father for some years occupied the same district, the one as a priest, the other as a Protestant clergyman of the Rhenish Missionary Society." A Catholic editor, a strong pro-Boer, an educator and scientist, he has occupied a prominent place in the life of his country.

The present reviewer read the book on its first appearance in 1902, and the fresh reading of it now only deepens its charm. It is an exposition of the Catholic view of life, and at the same time an apologia for religion along lines which Cardinal Capecelatro advocates in his recent work. It is the mature product of one who is both a reader and a thinker. The title is borrowed from John Stuart Mill; the framework is Aristotle's theory of forms; the ideal of the Perfect Beauty is from Plato, or rather from Plato through St. Augustine; the estimate of life is from Christ, interpreted by His saints and the manifold interests of the historical Church. The Catholic ideals of life and means of perfection are explained by a sustained

* *The Art of Life: An Essay.* By F. C. Kolbe, D.D., C. T. S., of Ireland: New York: Benziger Brothers.

analogy with the principles of art. The result is a work of noble thoughts and wise suggestions written in a way that will make the modern man stop and listen and admire.

THE CITY OF PEACE.

The symposium is becoming quite the thing in literature nowadays. The great encyclopedias and reports of learned gatherings are no doubt responsible for it. And Mr. Raupert, in compiling *Roads to Rome*, showed that the idea is a good one in controversal literature. The individual converts mass their forces on a common point and thus produce more effect. That volume has been followed by Miss Curtis' *Some Roads to Rome in America*, and now by this Irish publication *The City of Peace*.* It contains the autobiographical story of the conversions of Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B.; Alice Wilmot Chetwode; Rev. Joseph Darlington, S.J.; Mrs. Bartle Teeling; Susie Teresa Swift, formerly captain in the Salvation Army, now a Dominican Sister; Rev. Henry Browne, S.J.; and a person whose name is not given. The impression left on one by reading the volume is that here we find a number of people differing in circumstances of life and kinds of belief who have all found peace in the Catholic faith by following prayerfully their desire for the highest and the truest. The conclusion may be, with equal truth, either of the apparently contradictory propositions: "All roads lead to Rome" or "One road leads to Rome."

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN. By S. Reynolds.

The Holy Mountain,† by Stephen Reynolds, is a combination of very un-idyllic pastoral and satirical events. The sub-title is "A Satire on English Life." Domestic life and the methods of dealing with fallen women come in for a share in the satire, but the main attack is on the commercializing of the press and religion. The plot is a fantastic one. A vacuous youth living in the Wiltshire Downs wishes that a neighboring hill be transferred to the part of London where he is to take up his residence. His faith moves the mountain. The matter is taken up by an enterprising newspaper proprietor, who secures possession of "The

* *The City of Peace.* Irish Catholic Truth Society. Dublin: Sealy, Bryan & Walker.

† *The Holy Mountain.* By Stephen Reynolds. New York: John Lane & Co.

Holy Mountain," ostensibly for a National Temple in which all religions may worship. The disagreement of the sects throw it back on his hands as he had expected, and he turns the temple into a music-hall. The Catholics are treated as having a sense of dignity lacking in others. One little touch we can all appreciate and enjoy. At the opening of the temple, in the chapel assigned to Catholics (but which they failed to occupy), there was "a large array of polychrome saints and Holy Families, placed on sale by a firm of monumental sculptors named Isaac Cohen & Co."

AS OTHERS SEE US.
By John G. Brooks.

A student of social facts once saw three college girls on the boat plying between Richmond and Old Point Comfort.

One was reading a novel by Daudet, the second was absorbed in the last story by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and the third by something quite as unrelated to the opportunities of the day. They were on their first trip upon this most interesting river in America. Not a sweeping curve of it that is not rich with memorable events. John Fiske's *Virginia and Her Neighbors* or one of James Rhodes' sterling volumes give new and fascinating meaning to every mile of that journey. Think of a college girl passing Jamestown for the first time, dazed by a French novel. If romance were a necessity, one would think that the local color in stories, like those of Ellen Glasgow, or Miss Johnson, or Thomas Nelson Page, might meet the need.

The feeling with which John Graham Brooks regarded those heedless young women is reflected in the pages of his present book.* He finds his native country to be an absorbing subject of interest; he reads with intense delight whatever has been written about it by intelligent observers; he collects assiduously volumes upon American life and manners; and he has summed up, classified, and commented upon a century of criticism, thus making a book of his own which is of peculiar and permanent interest. Our boastfulness, our sensitiveness, our wit, are discussed from different points of view by many observers whose words are here set before us, sometimes for

* *As Others See Us.* A Study of Progress in the United States. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company.

edification and instruction and sometimes for mere amusement. A most convenient opportunity is thereby afforded us of comparing past with present and one type of reviewer with another. Clearly put is the lesson that we may profit much by heeding intelligent censure of our faults. Most instructive and encouraging is the conclusion in words quoted from a critic of twenty years ago.

> If the American should once become possessed of a little genuine humility, a humility without loss of courage or self-respect; if he lost a little hardness in his self-confidence, and became more teachable, his mastery in self-government would easily lead the world.

An interesting course of reading might be planned on the basis of Mr. Brooks' bibliography of seventy-five volumes of English, French, and German critics of the United States. The full index of the volume deserves to be noted.

FELICITA.
By Christopher Hare.

Charmingly written, artistically printed and bound, beautifully illustrated with well-chosen pictures —it does not seem an extravagant qualification of Christopher Hare's contribution to the Series of Little Novels of Famous Cities.* The book will be especially welcomed by those who longingly recall such a scene as that with which the story opens:

> The magic spell of a Tuscan May-day rested upon the land, and flooded it with slumbrous sunlight, like the touch of a silent benediction.
>
> Gentle-crested hills and undulating valleys rose and fell around, till they lost themselves in the dim blue range of mountains which bounded the horizon, while, near at hand, a trembling sea of olive leaves, young and silvery, was broken by sober ranks of dark cypresses and clustered groves of ilex-trees.
>
> Away to the east, where the morning sun still lingered, there rose through a shadowy haze the gray towers and embattled walls of Siena, crowned by her stately Duomo, then in all its pristine beauty.

If one cannot at will revisit those enchanted spots and gaze

* *Felicita.* A Romance of Old Siena. By Christopher Hare. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

at San Domenico and the Palazzo Tolomei and the wondrous tower of the Palazzo Publico, almost the next best thing is to have in one's hands a book so delicately and feelingly made as the precious little volume before us.

CHRISTIAN PEDAGOGY.
By Rev. P. A. Halpin.

A pertinent and useful volume is that in which Father Halpin lets the reader know what the Catholic Church has to say upon a great many topics commonly considered and discussed at the present day. All have to do, in more or less direct fashion, with education, and from this fact the volume takes its title.* It embodies enlightened and just consideration of the progress that has been made in the science of pedagogy, and at the same time contains many admonitions as to the easily absorbed errors that lie around the field of scientific education in such distressing abundance. Christian pedagogy is the only true and saving pedagogy. It recalls principles which, when forgotten, are replaced by teachings prolific of cruelty, uncleanness, and disorder. It sets minor truths in their proper place, as adjuncts to the things of supreme interest. Giving instruction about such matters in his own clear and impressive way, Father Halpin has written a useful book.

SHORT TALKS WITH YOUNG MOTHERS.
By C. G. Kerley, M.D.

Dr. Kerley writes for the instruction of mothers with regard to the care of infants and young children. One good point about his book† is that it contains fewer technical terms than the average volume of the same class; and wherever such terms are introduced they are explained immediately. About one-half of the text is concerned with the ailments of childhood, and the suggestion of other remedies than medication make these chapters of the book its best and most useful part. The question of food covers less than one-fourth of the contents. A long talk on maternal nursing contradicts some of the usually accepted notions on the subject. The index is comprehensive and well-arranged.

* *Christian Pedagogy; or, The Instruction and Moral Training of Youth.* By Rev. P. A. Halpin. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

† *Short Talks With Young Mothers.* By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A thing not to be forgotten is that books on such matters are largely dependent for usefulness on the preceding education of the mothers for whose instruction they are intended. And then, supposing that there has been the proper sort of education—which we maintain should include all the domestic sciences—the mother must be possessed of such income as shall enable her to have much of the household work performed by paid helpers within or outside of the home. Libraries might be filled with well-written volumes, containing thorough scientific instruction on all possible points, and yet little will be accomplished for the improvement of actual conditions unless the mother has the time and the strength to do what is necessary for the well-being of her children. For this reason volumes like the present always raise economic problems that are not easily solved.

STRADELLA.
By F. Marion Crawford.

Stradella,* which is perhaps the most delicately wrought of Crawford's later works, will appeal to varied interests. Of the beautiful niece and betrothed of a haughty Venetian senator and her elopement with her lowly-born music-master, of the *bravi* and their well-paid oaths to deliver the dead body of Stradella to the above-mentioned noble, and at the same time to deliver him unharmed into the keeping of a certain enamored Venetian lady—of these and numberless by-ways of adventure Crawford writes to the satisfaction of all lovers. Dabblers in the historical will carry away definite, if not always pleasing, pictures of the Roman court, of the strong-minded Swedish Queen Christine and her eccentricities, of intrigues almost under the eyes of the Sovereign Pontiff, of high ecclesiastics and vengeful devotees, all done with the loving but at times almost too-realistically presumptuous touch familiar to friends of the author. Lovers of music, especially those to whom Donizetti's "Spirito Gentil" is reminiscent of the *Roman Singer*, will welcome a companion picture in *Stradella*, for the limning of which the whole narrative seems but a blending of colors—the vast throne room, the white-clad Pontiff, and the slender youth, pouring forth his soul in that song beloved of all singers—"Pietá Signore." The present volume is, presumably, the last of Mr. Crawford's work.

* *Stradella.* By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

FARMING IT.
By Henry A. Shute.

The humorous cover design of this volume* holds forth an alluring invitation to examine its contents; and he who accepts, finds within a realistic, delightful narrative, brimful of unbounded optimism. The experiences here related are those of a city lawyer, whose long-dominant desire to have a small farm finds gratification in the purchase of a two-and-a-half-acre place on the outskirts of the town. The purchase, the buying of live stock, the expectations, the setbacks—in a word, the experiences resulting from the enterprise make up a story highly pleasing and amusing—one that will inspire the faint-hearted and that will be useful, as the author suggests, in tempting many back to the soil, prepared for hard work, without which there is no real success. The pen and ink sketches are excellently done.

THE TEMPLE.
By Lyman Abbott.

The title of Lyman Abbott's latest book† of instructions is taken from the text "know ye not that your body is a temple? etc." The work consists of fourteen moral discourses based on the physical and mental powers of man; the various senses and members—the appetites, the passions, imagination, conscience, intuition, reason, and love. The talks are clear and straightforward, with sentences short and periods few. The ethical message delivered does not contain anything very new or startling—but it is none the worse for that. There is the usual American Protestant accentuation of the hygienic element as an aid to right living—healthy surroundings, good cooking, good digestion, etc. This is all very well in its way, and Catholic moralists of to-day do not neglect it, but if a Catholic takes up these themes (which really offer excellent matter for discourses) his treatment will be more pronouncedly supernatural. Some one has said that Congregationalism is the apotheosis of common sense in religion. "Common sense" is a quality as precious as it is uncommon, but we should not feel pleased, as Catholics, if our religion were defined as that.

It would not be fair, however, to urge this point too far. Dr. Abbott's book does not aim at being a manual of ascetical

* *Farming It.* By Henry A. Shute. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
† *The Temple.* By Lyman Abbott. New York: The Macmillan Company.

theology. It is a guide to Christian living for plain people. As such, there is little that a Catholic can object to. We enter a demurrer, however, against the author's view of faith, and against such a statement as "Christianity affords no justification for asceticism." What would St. Paul say to that?

One of the noteworthy points in the work is its wide range of citation. The author uses Huxley, Mill, Carlyle, Dickens, Thackeray, and the poets. But, after the Bible, the deep, wise sayings of Thomas à Kempis hold first place.

With an insight born of keen intelligence, long experience, and profound sympathy, Miss Addams presents in her latest book * several studies of the dangers and hardships which environ the city boys and girls of the humbler classes, and of curious manifestations of the eternally interesting spirit of youth. What strikes one most forcibly in the book is the author's remarkable gift for penetrating into the secret springs of action and revealing the circumstances which extenuate much that seems to the ordinary observer merely sordid or wholly sinful. What she describes will help the ordinary reader to appreciate the nature of the problems confronting all who are laboring to help the less fortunate of their brethren, and what she advises or suggests will lighten the way toward a generous and practical movement to lessen prevalent social evils. Her pages are all interesting, and, but for a certain characteristic aloofness from some principles dear to the Catholic heart, are wholly acceptable.

Writing the Short Story. By J. Berg Esenwein. Hinds, Noble & Eldridge, New York. As the title suggests, this volume is a practical handbook on the structure, writing, and sale of the modern short story. The volume is particularly useful for the aspiring short story writer, because the author has been guided by his own long experience in the editorial chair.

The Land of Long Ago. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Little Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. This story will find for itself many friends. Aunt Jane, a character well known to the readers of later day fiction, recalls the experiences of a long life—a life

* *The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets.* By Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

blessed by the happy spirit of optimism, of sweetness, and sincerity. The ideals of the story are high and it will receive a warm welcome from all lovers of the simple in fiction.

The author of a small booklet, *Do It To A Finish*, by Orison S. Marden, writes well upon the evils of carelessness, of indifferences, of lack of thoroughness, of dishonest work. His pages are addressed particularly to young men and young women in the business world. The booklet is tastefully issued by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

The fact that *The Roman Hymnal*, compiled by the Reverend J. B. Young, S.J., has reached its twenty-second edition speaks well for its practical usefulness. It is a complete manual of Latin hymns and chants for the use of congregations, schools, colleges, and choirs, and may be obtained from the publishers, Fr. Pustet & Co., New York City.

The same publishers issue a handy sodality manual and a prayer-book—a pocket manual it might be called. Its one hundred and fifty pages are very complete, and the booklet should be of service to members of sodalities.

A brief *Life of St. Vincent de Paul*, translated from the French, is published by The Christian Press Association, New York. This work has been abridged from the more voluminous work by Rev. Peter Collett. The substance and spirit of the original have been accurately retained and the small volume is published at a low price.

JUVENILES.

The problem of selecting the best books for children is getting to be more and more of a difficulty, so varied and so numerous are the juvenile volumes issuing from the press. One volume, in particular, we take pleasure in recommending to those interested in juvenile literature—*The Adventures of Little Knight Brave*, by Frances B. Rees. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

It is a long time since we have had the pleasure of reading such a thoroughly delightful fairy tale. The author merits high praise for her work. Her story has freshness, charm, and

originality. Those of us who have retained something of the child spirit, who can still appreciate the allurements of "make-believe," will find a well-spring of pleasure in the volume.

Louisa May Alcott occupies a warm place in the hearts of American girls; and the boys, too, have found a world of pleasure in her stories. The record of her life has recently been written in a capable way by Belle Moses. The volume is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It is the story of Miss Alcott's power of achievement. Boys and girls will derive almost as much pleasure from this well-written life-story as they will from the many volumes which go to make up the Alcott series.

Tales of the Red Children, by A. F. Brown and J. M. Bell, embraces eleven stories of Indian tradition. The Red Children have heard them while sitting about the camp-fires in the long winter evenings, and the authors have retold them for the White Children to read. The boys and girls of America are sure to enjoy these delightful tales of the first Americans. The volume is fully illustrated, and is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Little People Everywhere is a series of new publications published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. There are twelve volumes in all. The four that we have received embrace *Kathleen in Ireland; Umé San in Japan; Manuel in Mexico;* and *Rafael in Italy*. Children may learn much of the life of the peoples of these respective countries by reading the stories of their simple, daily life as given in these volumes. They are beautifully illustrated, attractive in design, and picture foreign life for American children in a fascinating way.

It is always well for us in America to know the story of Revolutionary times. *Boys and Girls of Seventy-Seven*, by Mary P. Wells Smith, is, as the author says, a "true story." It aims to bring home to young readers the high courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice which inspired our forefathers. Half-tone illustrations and a useful appendix add to the value of a worthy, historical tale. This work is published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

The latest juvenile publication from the pen of Mary F. Nixon-Roulet is published by Benziger Brothers, New York. It is entitled *Seven Little Marshalls*, and has to do with the good times and experiences of a family of seven.

What boy or girl does not wish to read about Mary's adventures on the night when she saw a flight of silver stairs reaching from her bedroom window to the moon, and at first timidly and then boldly went right up and up and up, until she got upon the moon and became maid-servant in the cabin of the old gray cat with white apron and gold-rimmed spectacles? What a queer time Mary had with the lamb and the rooster and the monkey and the bulldog!

And what do you think her father said when she got home again? Why, he did not believe her story at all. But then, there are the pictures in the book to prove that everything happened just as Mary said.

Mary's Adventures on the Moon is written by A. Stowell Worth, and published by the Gorham Press, Boston, Mass.

The House of the Heart and Other Plays for Children. Designed for use in the schools. By Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Henry Holt & Co., New York. Constance D'Arcy Mackay makes a useful little volume of a series of one-act plays which she previously published in *St. Nicholas* and other magazines. They are simple, instructive, and easy of representation on the school stage. Complete directions for costume and staging are given with every play and the book thus becomes a useful tool to the teacher and the holiday fun maker.

The Romance of the Silver Shoon. A Story of the Sixteenth Century. By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Father Bearne, who wrote those delightful Ridingdale stories, tells now of Prince Olaf and his love for the poor, and Queen Marabout with her bad temper and how her Christmas ball-dress of singing-birds' plumage was really made out of goose feathers and turkey feathers; and how wicked Sir Joel, who tried to introduce the Lutheran heresy into a Catholic country, got himself hung on a high gallows; and how King Hermann finally married the Lady Elizabeth and they all lived happily thereafter.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (11 Dec.): Canon Wyndham discusses the alleged abjuration of Joan of Arc.——Review of Francis Thompson's *Life of St. Ignatius*.——Dedication of the Newman Memorial Church at Birmingham.——Account of the Thanksgiving Celebration at St. Patrick's in Washington, which President Taft and representatives of the Latin-American Republics attended.——The Abbot of Downside explains that the "Benedictine Order Gold Loan of 1909," being negotiated by the Benedictines of Brazil, can have for security only the property of the communities in Brazil.

(18 Dec.): The Decision of the Court of Appeal that an Anglican clergyman must give communion to one who has married his deceased wife's sister is considered editorially.——Situation in regard to English religious schools. Complete text of Father Joseph Rickaby's sermon at the dedication of the Newman Memorial Church at Edgbaston.

(25 Dec.): Editorial on the dilemma facing the Anglican Church regarding the "deceased wife's sister." ——"'Liberal' Treatment for Our Schools" reviews the last four bills by which the Liberal Government has attempted to discriminate against Catholic schools.—— Account of "Mariavity," a new Polish sect founded by Mother Maria Francisca, who is described as a Polish Mrs. Eddy.——Extensive letter of Mr. Godfrey Raupert, describing his American experiences while lecturing on spiritism.——Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., discusses Christian Science seriously. He calls it "one more witness and appeal to man's need of some kind of religion."

(1 Jan.): "The Bishops and the Coming Election" deals editorially with the school question.——D. Moncrieff O'Connor contributes the first of two articles on "Ferdinand Brunetière's Road to Rome."——Rev. Thomas Wright, in "A Plea for a Catholic Academy," is of the opinion that both society and the Church need such an institution. He outlines his idea of what it should be. ——"Our Duty to the Church," Advent Pastoral of the

Bishop of Newport.——"Godless Teaching, a Century's Experience," connects criminal statistics of the past century in France with the policy of non-religious schools.

The Month (Jan.): The Rev. Herbert Thurston, after a careful study of Christian Science, finds it to be identical with Mrs. Eddy, whom he judges to be "neurotic, self-centred, and self-deluded," and extremely illiterate under a ridiculously solemn show of erudition.——Social Progress in 1909," reviewed by C. S. G., includes the following measures: The Trade-Boards Act, Labor Exchange Act, Housing and Town-Planning Bill, publication of the report on Poor Laws and Relief of Distress, increased temperance agitation, and the Tuberculosis Exhibition.——P. A. Sillard pronounces "The Voice of Longfellow" to be more nearly universal in its appeal than that of any other American poet.——James Dwyer describes some of "the magnificent array of pictures now being exhibited at the Grafton Galleries in aid of the National Gallery Fund."——"Blessed Edmund Campion's '*Challenge*'"; or, Letter to the Privy Council, says J. H. Pollen, confirmed the Catholic reaction and was a presage of future victory. Unfortunately "its premature publication occasioned faulty ideas of the Jesuit mission in the minds of some."

The International Journal of Ethics (Jan.): "The Ethical Aspect of the New Theology, by J. H. Muirhead. "What, on this view of God" (as maintained by the New Theology), ask conservative critics, "becomes of human freedom and the deepest of all distinctions, the good and the evil?" The writer indicates what seems to him to be "the primary and essential condition of a satisfying answer to the problems that are raised."——Thorstein Veblen says of "Christian Morals and the Competitive System," that "both these principles or codes of conduct are actively present throughout life in any modern community. For all the shrewd adaptation to which they may be subject in the casuistry of individual practice, they will not have fallen into abeyance so long as the current scheme of life is not radically altered."——Thomas Jones, in "Pauperism: Facts and Theories," quotes at length from the Scottish Report, "because it

speaks with less uncertain voice than the English Report, and because the Scottish system has so often been held up to our approbation." He compares the theories of the "Majority" and the "Minority." James F. Tufts contributes "The Present Task of Ethical Theory." ——W. R. Sorley writes on "The Philosophical Attitude."——And C. W. Super shows "The Relation of Languages to Ethics."

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Dec.): Dr. J. F. Hogan reviews and commends Dr. M. Caffrey's *History of the Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century*.——P. Coffey continues his discussion of "'The New Knowledge' and its Limitations."——"The Rehabilitation of Joan of Arc," by R. Barry O'Brien, gives extracts from the testimony of the principal witnesses before the tribunal which annulled the previous sentence pronounced against her.——Rev. S. Wigmore, C.C., under "Sir Robert Kane and the Industrial Question," gives a short biographical sketch of this great nineteenth-century Irishman, and a *résumé* of his principal work, *The Industrial Resources of Ireland*.——In an "Editorial Note on Macaulay's Speech on the Maynooth Grant," Dr. J. F. Hogan corrects the erroneous extracts from this speech given in a previous number. He gives also Gladstone's stand on State support of religion, and Macaulay's criticism of it. ——Gerald Nolan, M.A., B.D., contributes a Latin Christmas hymn.

Le Correspondant (10 Dec.): Jean Brunhes investigates, in "The Limits of Our Cage," the extent of the world inhabitable for man with the possibilities in the air and in the bowels of the earth. He concludes that the present limits are the final ones and that the progress of scientific knowledge is rather of a thought triumph than an extension of physical well-being.——The second installment of "The Power of Islam" traces the institution and doctrines of the five great religious confraternities, especially that founded by Sheikh Senoussi about 1835, whose aim is Pan-Islamism and hatred alike of Turks and Christians. Its organization and power is described as magnificent and unsuspected.——Henry de Larègle asks why the old age pensions for laborers, so

long promised, are not granted in France as they are in other European countries? In England and New Zealand the tax payers supply these; in Belgium and Italy the governments aid those who strive for a retiring competency; in Germany the workmen and employers are taxed and the government also gives aid.

(25 Dec.): "The House of Lords." The article is practically a review of the origin and development of the English Parliament. The first period lasted from William the Conqueror to the date of the Magna Charta, wherein the "Commune Concilium Regi," the beginning of the modern system, was for the first time officially defined. The date when the "Commons" separated from temporal and spiritual Lords is not known, but the fact is first mentioned in a document of 1332. From this forward the Commons gradually received special rights. The author then considers the fiscal privileges and immense properties which give to the Lords such power. The present controversy in the House is mentioned.——"Depopulation and Infantile Mortality," by Dr. Robert Simon. If 28,000 people were to perish suddenly by some catastrophe, France would be in mourning. Yet this is the death record for the first six months of 1909, and no notice is taken of it. Various reasons are assigned for this high death rate, *e. g.*, high state of civilization, general abasement of moral, religious, and political ideals, alcoholism, etc. 90,000 of the 120,000 children of one year and under have some sort of sickness that, with care, can be cured. The author compares the efforts made in Paris and in New York, and favorably to the latter.——"The Religious Music of Berlioz," by Adolphe Boschot. After a few words on Berlioz's life, M. Boschot considers in detail Berlioz's "Te Deum" and "Infancy of Christ."

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): Henri Bremond begins a defence of Fénelon against what he considers the prejudiced Bossuetism of M. Crouslé. However, this defence of Fénelon is not intended as an attack on Bossuet. The article deals with Mme. Guyon and Quietism.——Testis defends the Catholic social workers of Bordeaux from the charge of "minimizing" Catholic doctrine, in

the matter of man's power to know God's existence through reason alone and of being immanentists as to man's natural aptitude for Christianity.——L. Laberthonnière, in "Dogma and Theology," attacks the view that "faith is only adhesion to a formula of inaccessible truth imposing itself entirely from without," and that faith and knowledge are mutually exclusive. In another paper he will consider the view of St. Augustine that knowledge and faith are alike demanded in the same supernatural order.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Dec.): The work of the Controversialist, Rev. Jean Adam, S.J., is composed of three parts, says Eugène Griselle. The first part shows that the Fathers of the Pretended Reformation, following out their own principals, must confess that their doctrines lack the solid foundation of the true religion. The second part of the work treats of the Blessed Eucharist. And the third proves that Calvin and his adherents are unjust usurpers of the doctrine of St. Augustine concerning Grace and Predestination.——"There was wanting to the French clergy of former times no glory, not even that of martyrdom," says M. Sicard in the first Conference of "Historical Synthesis."

Revue du Clergé Français (15 Dec.): H. Lesêtre writes of "The Biblical Commission." He begins with a brief account of its institution by Leo XIII. and its confirmation by Pius X.; then he treats of its authority; and he concludes by citing a number of its decisions on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, with brief comments on the bearing of each.——L. Desers continues the articles on "The Parochial Ministry." His present theme is "Our Ministry of Edification and of Charity," in which he considers the becoming disposition and conduct of the priest in offering Mass, in administering the Sacraments, and in attending the poor and the sick.——"What the Children are Taught in our Public Schools" is a discussion by J. Bricout of two manuals of morality, one the work of M. Payot, the other of M. Bayet. The writer cites numerous passages from both works to show that the authors, under pretence of leaving the religious notions of the pupils unmolested, are in reality positive-

ly aiming, by a specious pretext of tolerance and reverence, to destroy all spiritual conviction and all religious belief.

Revue Thomiste (Nov.–Dec.): A. Viel discusses the Divine Comedy; behind its mere literary mask are theological design and hidden moral meaning. Dante's poetical ideal is that of the Bible. Beatrice symbolizes the science of theology, the highest poetry, "the true praise of God."——"The Mystery of the Redemption," by R. P. Hugon, is partly historical, dealing with opinions of the Fathers respecting that doctrine; and partly metaphysical, proving the thesis of St. Thomas, that the Incarnation was necessary in order to give full satisfaction to an offended Deity.——R. P. Mandonnet, as a complement to his articles on the authentic writings of St. Thomas, gives two lists, one containing the genuine writings and the other those wrongly attributed to St. Thomas.——"The Development of Dogma According to Vincent of Lerins," contains suggestions by R. P. Dausse as to the course to be followed in reconciling the teaching of the Church.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (1 Jan.): "The Catholic Church and Modern Literature," by A. Baumgartner, S.J., states that Catholic ideals form the inspiration of not only a great Catholic literature, but also pervade most of the classical non-Catholic literature.——"Relative Truth." A. Deneffe, S.J., treats of Psychologism, Transformism, Space-and-Time-Relativism, and Pragmatism.——"Imperialism, Continentalism, Internationalism." H. Pesch, S.J., discusses the problem of the strife for commercial world-power. The whole development of social, political, and commercial conditions tends toward an epoch of peaceful internationalism.——Alois Stockmann, S.J., writes on "Characters and Aims in Modern Fiction."——"Klemens Maria Hoffbauer," by M. Meschler, S.J., is a sketch of the life of the saint.

Theologisch-Praktische Quartalschrift (Jan.): "What is Modernism and What Deserves to be Called by that Name?" by Professor Albert M. Weiss, O.P. That modern view of the world, which denies sin, redemption, and the supernatural, is contrary to Christianity.——"Contributions

to the History of the Veneration of the Dolors of the Blessed Virgin," by P. G. M. Zinkl, O.S.M.——"Prostitution," by J. Franz, S.J. The author is of the opinion that official toleration and supervision of public brothels serve to lower public morality.——"A Modern City Apostolate: the Sanation of Concubinage," by A. Boetsch, S.J. This article gives a detailed view of the work of a society of Catholic women in Vienna, and urges the organization of similar societies in other cities.

La Civiltà Cattolica (Dec.): "The Persecutors and the Persecuted in France." This article traces the history of the policy of the anti-clerical persecutors from its inception, by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, revived and continued under M. Combes, down to the passing of the Briand law in 1906, and from thence to the present hour. The cry of anti-clericalism is made use of for mere selfish party purposes, and the cynical injustice and the violation of the rights of Catholics is supported by the flimsiest of sophistries.——"The Pontificate of Pope Paul III." This article is a review of Ludwig Pastor's latest volume—*The Story of the Popes*. Paul III. convoked the Council of Trent, removed innumerable abuses, raised the dignity of the Sacred College with men of sound doctrine and spotless lives, and endeavored to further the fine arts and sciences.——"Liberty of Conscience and of Science" is a review of the historico-constitutional work of M. Luigi Luzzatti, professor of the University of Rome.

España y América (15 Dec.): P. R. Requeijo treats "The Reforms in the Mexican Banking Law" made by D. José Limantour in 1908.——P. A. Blanco asserts that Spanish Masonic lodges have imitated their French brethren in favoring an anti-military policy in order to free human society from all moral restraint.——The Indo-Spanish poems of Santos Chocano, continues P. R. del Campo, are sometimes harsh and defective in form and incomplete in execution.——P. Aurelis Martínez expounds briefly the pragmatism of James and the idea-forces of Fouillée.——Continuing his notes on Salamanca, A. de Segovia y Pérez pays a tribute to the poet Gálan, the criminologist Montero, and urges the founding of a Spanish American University.

Current Events.

Prospects of the New Year.

The new year opened with brighter prospects for the preservation of peace upon the continent of Europe than did the previous year. As may be remembered, when 1909 began, the gravest doubts existed as to whether war would not break out in the Balkans as a consequence of the aggression of Austria-Hungary. At the present time it is only those who think that they can see a long way ahead that are apprehensive of an outbreak. The war between Great Britain and Germany, which some look upon as certain, and which all who have given attention to the subject cannot but fear to be unavoidable, is not likely to take place until Germany thinks that her fleet is strong enough to cope with the British. France and Germany are on better terms than they have been for many years. The agreement made with reference to Morocco is being observed with strict fidelity, although a certain section of the business community in Germany has been making an attempt to drive from office the Minister for Foreign Affairs, because he has failed to lend the support of the German government to claims made in Morocco by a firm of brothers who have secured mining concessions from the Sultan—concessions alleged to have been made contrary to the provisions of the Algeciras Act. With all the other powers also France is upon the best of terms and has enlarged the borders of her understandings. There is reason for thinking that since the visit of the Tsar to the King of Italy the triple *entente* has become quadruple, and that it embraces Italy as well as France, Russia, and Great Britain. What seemed to be growing into a disagreement with Spain, on account of the latter's campaign against the Riffs, has been removed by the fall of Señor Maura. Doubt still exists as to the settlement of the questions which have arisen between France and Morocco. The Sultan, Mulai Hafid, seems to have deteriorated more quickly than is usual even with absolute rulers, and to have evinced an unwillingness to keep his word. But at last an agreement has been reached in accordance with which a loan is to be raised to pay the

claims of foreign creditors and to reimburse France for the expense to which she has been put in preserving order.

Germany and Austria-Hungary are as closely united as it is possible for two distinct nations to be, but whether Italy is satisfied with the Triple Alliance and her place in it, there is room to question. The assertion, however, is still made that the Triple Alliance is unimpaired. What are the relations between Germany and Russia it is not easy to say, but as there is no doubt that the latter country is highly incensed with Austria, Germany's close ally, there is reason to think that these relations are not what Bismarck wished them to be. The Balkans still form the chief source of anxiety. Although there has been an apparent settlement of some of the questions at issue, even an optimist cannot dismiss some degree of uneasiness from his mind. All such a one can do is to hope for the best, and when he considers the many diverse and opposed interests which are involved, this hope seems almost desperate. Russia and Austria, Italy and Turkey, Greece, Servia, and Bulgaria, all are interested and all are more or less opposed; and the fact that King Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been traveling about gives reason to apprehend a disturbance sooner or later. The failure of constitutional government in Greece, which has resulted in the impotence of the country, whether for good or evil, makes the prospect of peace more hopeful. Had Greece been strong enough she would not have allowed Bulgaria to have become a kingdom without seeking, even at the expense of war, some compensation. There have been of late assertions made that a war between Russia and Japan is not far distant, but the probability is that those assertions are the invention of penny-a-liners.

France.

The dissatisfaction with the existing organization which is felt by a considerable number of French workingmen, and which led to the strike of last year, has not made any very serious manifestation of itself. Perhaps the gentler attitude of M. Millerand, offering as it does a contrast to the more severe methods of M. Clémenceau, may account for the quiet that has reigned. One incident, however, shows that there is more beneath than appears on the

surface. The Civil Servants are allowed, by the existing law, to organize themselves into associations for the defence of their respective interests; but these associations are not allowed to extend this right of combination so as to enter into a General Federation. In defiance of this prohibition, however, some twenty associations of Civil Servants, including Post-Office employees, tax collectors, Custom House officials, primary school teachers, *lycée* professors, and others, have formed the National Federation of State Employees, and have drawn up a body of Statutes for its regulation. They declare, however, that they have no intention to enter upon a strike, nor to join the notorious General Confederation of Labor, which has for its object the overthrow of the existing capitalist *régime* by that means. This proceeding of the State Officers is declared, by journals holding moderate views, to be an attempt to form a state within the state, a revolutionary act of rebellion against the law, and the government is called upon to take a firm stand and to suppress the movement. Perhaps it would be better if the government would redeem the promise made in the spring of last year to bring in a Bill to regulate in a more liberal manner the relations of the State to its servants. In fact, very little progress is made in the carrying out of projects for social improvement. The Assembly has adjourned and has not passed the Old Age Pensions Bill, which has been before it for so many years, while the Income Tax Bill, of which so much was heard as a means of lightening the burden borne by the poorer classes, has been put upon the shelf with but little prospect of its ever being taken off.

While the Chamber is slow in manifesting its sympathy with the claims of those who do the hard work of the State, the Archbishop of Paris has hastened to extend a helping hand to the toilers. The bakers of Paris have long been the victims of a sweating system, and under the auspices of the General Confederation of Labor, the Bakers' Union has entered upon a campaign for the abolition of night work in the bakeries. The Archbishop not only addressed a letter urging the faithful to join in this campaign, but took part in one of the meetings held in support of it. His Grace made a speech expressing the fullest approbation of the movement, giving his benediction to those who were taking part in it, and bestowing praise upon "the great friend of God and the people," Comte

de Mun, who had been the first to arouse their hearts to the suffering of the bakers. One of the speakers at the meeting expressed his delight at the Archbishop's presence, as being an evidence that Catholics were taking the lead in the social movements of the day, and thereby dispelling the hostility of the working classes—an hostility which in some degree was due to the fact that there have been among Catholics some who have voted against improvements of the law, and by so doing have shown their incapacity to understand the tendencies of the time. A few weeks later the Archbishop expressed his hearty approval of the workingmen's clubs, which have been organized in large numbers throughout France by the Comte de Mun. It was a movement, he said, which was inspired by the ancient tradition of the Church. These clubs were a propaganda of the faith; they would, like leaven, make the Christian faith arise in the souls of their comrades, and would make the Church popular, nor would she abandon them.

We have already referred to the relations held by France to the rest of Europe. General confidence is felt in the Foreign Minister, M. Pichon, who retains his post in the new ministry, and has now held it for three years. He has shown firmness and determination in his conduct of affairs, and a sense of continuity which inspires trust. It is true that for the first time for many years the question of Alsace-Lorraine has been the subject of some discussion, owing to the reference made to it by the German Chancellor, but with the exception of M. Déroulède, no one was greatly moved.

Not that France has receded from the stand that it has always taken any more than has Germany: both nations hold quietly, although firmly, to their respective positions. Between the two there is, however, a somewhat curious form of *rapprochement*. France is the richest country in the world, and Germany stands in need of money for industrial enterprises, of which the Baghdad Railway is the most important. Great efforts are being made by German financiers to get hold of French money, for this and other enterprises. Hungary, also, it is said, having to raise a hundred millions of dollars, has tried to do so in France. Some, however, think it incongruous that the latter should provide funds to help to strengthen one of the Powers of the Triple Alliance.

Belgium.

There is every reason to hope that the new King who has succeeded to the throne will inaugurate a new era for Belgium, and especially for the Congo. All through his life he has been remarkable for the sympathy which he has shown for those who most need it. He has gone so far as to associate with them, and even to take part in their toilsome tasks, having worked for a time in a mine and acted as an engineer on a locomotive. Moreover, he insisted upon visiting the Congo, and has gone through every district. His first public act has been to accept the resignation of all the officers of the late King's Civil and Military Households, among whom was Baron Wahis, Governor-General of the Congo. It is satisfactory to learn that this acceptance has produced throughout Belgium an excellent impression.

Germany.

Rumors have been circulated that negotiations have been opened with Great Britain with a view to limit armaments; but we fear that they have not the slightest foundation. The Social Democrats, indeed, who form the largest party in the Reichstag, have given the most ample assurances that they will vote against every further increase in the estimates for the Navy, but their opposition is not strong enough to overbalance the votes of all the other parties, upon whose support the government can always rely. The Navy League, at the beginning of the new year, issued an appeal to the German people, calling upon them not to be divided by any consideration from naval expansion. Storm-clouds, it asserts, are black upon the horizon. England is accused of having agitated against Germany, even outside Europe. Attempts on her part at conciliation are called siren-songs meant to lure the statesmen of Germany from their course. It declares, we fear only too truly, that the hope of doing away with the antagonism is vain, for this antagonism lies in the conditions of existence of the two peoples. As of old, so now, Germany has a redundance of population, and must find an outlet. The possessions of Great Britain offer the most promising settling places for this surplus population, hence the

necessity for a conflict. To their credit it must be said that the working-classes in both countries are opposed to a war. But it is no virtue to be blind to facts; and one of the most prominent of the leaders of the working classes in England, Robert Blatchford, the editor of the *Clarion*, has become one of the most earnest in warning his fellow-countrymen of the danger ahead. The German Navy League is a very influential body. While that of Great Britain is less in number than a hundred thousand, the German has very nearly a million members.

It may be remembered that Prince Bülow's last government rested upon a *bloc* made up of parties of opposed political principles and ideals. Their bond of union was a so-called National policy in opposition to the Catholic Centre and the Social Democrats. Owing to failure to agree upon the proposals for taxation made by the government, the *bloc* went to pieces and Prince Bülow fell. The new Chancellor, appointed, of course, by the direct authority of the Kaiser, irrespective of parliamentary support, has, in order to pass the measures which are desired by the government, to find or to make a majority. With a certain degree of audacity, however, in view of recent events, Herr von Bethmann Hollweg, in his first speech as Chancellor, declared that separate parties have ever refused, and still refuse, to be government parties, and in the same way no Government in Germany would ever be a party government. This statement produced, as well it might, uproar on the Left. The Chancellor declined to lay any programme before the Parliament except the business-like and practical legislation which had been mentioned in the Speech from the Throne. This he called a policy of continuity and stability at home and abroad, and it is an endeavor to place the government above all parties. Others describe it as destined to bring about more stagnation and muddling later on. In financial matters economy is to be the dominant consideration. The increase in revenue, which has taken place for the eight months beginning with April 1, last, will, of course, tend to diminish the amount of the annual deficit. The Parliamentary position has been somewhat simplified by the fact that three Radical groups, the Radical People's Party, the Radical Union, and the German People's Party, have been united into one, to be called the German

Radical People's Party. The Pan-Germans are somewhat under a shadow at the present time. The close co-operation with Austria, which is now the order of the day, stands in the way of the ardent and active propagation of the union of all Germans under the German Imperial Flag. The repudiation of certain other of their ideas made by Count Bernstorff, the Ambassador to this country, at Philadelphia some time ago, has called forth considerable controversy. In the Reichstag Baron von Schoen, the Foreign Minister, while not holding the League responsible for all the utterances of its members, yet warned them that it was out of its literature that the anti-German Press equipped itself in its attacks upon the policy of the government. The Baron took care, however, not to condemn absolutely so patriotic a body of men.

As we have said before, the question of Alsace-Lorraine has been brought up for the first time for several years. The cry has been raised: "Alsace-Lorraine for the Alsace-Lorrainers." This cry Herr von Bethmann Hollweg declared to be in part attractive and in part just, but its realization was delayed by attempts which were being made to Latinize this German Province. What the Chancellor meant was that autonomy would not be given until all sympathy with France had died out. On this condition Alsace-Lorraine may look forward to being made one of the family of German States and cease to be a mere province of the Empire.

The Baghdad Railway project, which has been suspended for some time, is to be recommenced. The part completed reaches nearly to the Taurus range. The second part to penetrate that range is to be undertaken at once. The question, however, as to the control of this railway is an important one. The Powers do not love one another well enough to allow its exclusive control to be entrusted to any single Power. Germany has the honor of being the most active in the matter, but stands in need of funds. France has been appealed to to supply those funds by German capitalists, but is unwilling to do so unless the Railway is internationalized and Great Britain and Russia allowed to share in the enterprize on equal terms with Germany. The question is still a matter of discussion; but the eventual making of the Railway may be looked upon as settled.

Austria-Hungary.

The relations with her neighbors having been more or less satisfactorily adjusted, the conflicts within her own borders have begun, and with an increase of virulence due to the period of quietude. Obstruction has prevented any work being done by the Reichsrath. One session lasted three days and a half without a break on account of this brutal method, which supersedes discussion by mere physical endurance. This passed the limit of toleration, and rules have been adopted which will enable the President to thwart all such efforts in the future. The German Liberal parties left the house and did not vote, fearing that this blow to obstruction might weaken their position in the future.

Dr. Wekerle has at last definitely ceased to be Premier of the Hungarian ministry; but the end of the long-drawn-out crisis has not arrived. After several efforts to escape, the duty of forming a ministry was imposed upon Dr. de Lukacs. After considerable effort, he was able to form a Cabinet; but after it had held a single sitting it resigned, and the task has now been entrusted to Count Khuen Hedervary. He has had a distinguished career and has achieved remarkable success in dealing with the discordant elements that dwell upon the Hungarian territories. If he succeeds this time he will have ac complished the most difficult task ever set before him

For what looks like complete demoralization seems to have set in. The Coalition Ministry, which has taken so long a time to fall, made no real effort to do the one thing for which it was called into existence—the reform of the franchise by placing it on the basis of universal suffrage. The reason for this was that the fulfillment of their promise in any honest way would have involved on the part of the Magyars the sacrifice of the unjust domination which it is their constant endeavor to exercise over the Slavs, by whom they are surrounded. The constant aim of the Magyars is to assimilate the other races to themselves, and as these races, although more numerous as a whole, are divided one from the other, the effort is not hopeless Not content, however, with not having given what was promised, during the last three or four years an unjust and tyrannical rule has been maintained over the Croats, by the Ban who holds the place of governor over Croatia. To offer the best resistance in their power to these proceedings the Croats and

the Serbs, who dwell in Hungarian territory, formed a coalition. To crush this the Austrian government for once worked hand in hand with the Magyars. According to its wont spies were employed and an accusation of treasonable correspondence with the Serbs in Servia was brought. For spies must do something for their money, and their employers do not like to spend money for nothing. Documents were forged and although the forgery was of the most clumsy character, and quite easy to detect, it imposed upon Count Aehrenthal. He employed no mere journalist or partisan politician, but a somewhat distinguished historian—Dr. Friedjung—to bring the accusation of treason against members of the Croatian Diet, who also were supporters of the Serbo-Croatian Coalition. These took the only remedy in their power and brought an action for libel against the historian and his coadjutors. At this trial the forgery of the principal documents was made as clear as day; and on Dr. Friedjung's rather inadequate withdrawal of the accusations which he had made, the prosecution was withdrawn. One reason for not insisting upon a verdict was that it was feared and even fully expected that for reasons of state, notwithstanding the clearness of the evidence, there would have been an acquittal. One good result of the trial is that the Croats have fully established their loyalty and that there is, therefore, reason to hope that the oppression to which they have been subjected will come to a speedy end.

Greece.

It is still doubtful what shape things will permanently take in Greece, especially whether it will ever return to a real and not merely apparent constitutional form of government. It cannot be denied that every effort has been made to preserve the external appearance of the due supremacy of the civil law as opposed to military rule, or that of a dictator, but the veil is very thin. The worst of it is that the politicians of Greece have been as corrupt and as inefficient as ever existed, and it seems pretty certain that the people of Greece prefer the rule of the Military League to that of the members of the Chamber chosen by themselves. The League in fact is all too conscious of their popularity, and this consciousness nearly led to the frustration of the efforts all are making to preserve the present system. The War Minister, in

introducing a Bill for the reorganization of the Army, said that he had found it, on entering into office, in a ruinous condition; a statement which was received with applause by the people in the galleries. The followers of a former Prime Minister, the most numerous of the parties which had accorded support to the League, were so incensed that they left the Chamber and refused to co-operate any longer, unless the War Minister resigned. This he refused at first to do, and was supported in his refusal by the League. The end of the Constitutionel *régime* seemed to have arrived; for the League called upon the King to accept a *Cabinet d'affairs*, and this would have been a dictatorship in reality.

The King saved the situation. He refused to accept the proposal of the League. The War Minister at his request retired; the League thus meeting with their first rebuff. They soon took strong measures to recover their lost prestige. More than a hundred bills were presented to the Parliament for it to pass, a thing which, in all docility, it proceeded to do. One of the Cabinet was called upon to resign, a request to which he acceded. Four of the diplomatic representatives of Greece to foreign powers were not pleasing to the League; these are to be retired in obedience to its behests. All those proceedings show that constitutional government is not always and everywhere so successful as it deserves to be.

Turkey.

The year and a half during which Turkey has known constitutional government is too short a time to enable a judgment to be formed as to the probability of its success. In fact it may be doubted whether it has yet really begun to exist. The real rulers seem not to be either the Sultan or the Parliament or the Cabinet, but certain members of the Committee of Union and Progress. The Grand Vizier who took office shortly after the deposition of Abdul Hamid has had to resign for no other apparent reason except that he was not pleasing to the Committee. His successor has had to submit each of the proposed members of his Cabinet, one by one, to the approval of the same Committee. This is better, indeed, than absolutism, but it is not constitutional government.

With Our Readers

WE have received numerous requests from our readers asking for a reprint of the sermon delivered by the Reverend Joseph Rickaby, S.J., on the occasion of the opening of the Newman Memorial Church at Edgbaston, England. The space at our disposal does not permit us to print the full text, but we give the following extracts:

"Rather more than nineteen years ago you carried out from hence to their resting place the mortal remains of John Henry Cardinal Newman. When a man is just dead, and his soul has but recently passed into the presence of the Judge, his praises, as they rise to our lips, are checked by the thought that his sentence is fresh recorded in heaven, and his soul may haply be lying in a condition which calls for our prayers and intercessions rather than for our eulogiums. But purgatory is unlike hell in this, that every day in purgatory brings increase of hope. Many days have gone by since August 11, 1890; and the sum of those days mounting up engenders in our hearts a firm confidence that by this time the soul of John Henry Newman has ascended to his place among the Doctors and Princes of the Church Triumphant. Thence as he looks down, may it be an access to his joy to behold this day's celebration and this splendid basilica, or, as I may call it, his new Cardinal's titular church, built for him here where he lived and died, to enshrine his memory and—may we hope?—his mortal remains for all time.

"How come I to have the confidence, the audacity, to address you on this occasion? I answer, love makes bold. Because I do love John Henry Newman, am enthusiastic on his behalf, and jealous of his honor—because for years I have made him one of my private patrons with God, and have daily invoked his intercession—because to me he is as a Father and Doctor of the Church, raised up by God to perpetuate the line of Fathers and Doctors in these latter times, therefore have I made bold to set aside all considerations of capacity or incapacity, and to speak his praises with the confidence of love. It is much to be in sympathy with your subject, and, thank God, that merit at least I can claim. But love should be born out by knowledge. My personal knowledge of the Cardinal was limited to an audience of ten minutes, during which he struck me as singularly child-like, warm-hearted, simple, and truthful. But I have read his writings nearly all through. I have copied him out and written about him; I have meditated on him and endeavored to imbibe his spirit; and I have been told by those who long enjoyed his familiarity that I have not altogether misunderstood him. Again, one might be glad to see here represented what the author of the *Apologia* fondly calls 'my own university,' or at least the hundred Catholics in residence there where he made such efforts in his later years to raise the standard of Catholic academical education, so happily set up since his death. I see Oxford graduates present, notably one, once a boy at the Oratory School, now fellow of his college. There remains further a certain propriety in the University of Oxford, furnishing some one, even the least and most insignificant of her alumni, to testify Alma Mater's abiding interest in her great and glorious son."

After indicating the salient points in John Henry Newman's character—a keen, sympathetic interpretation—Father Rickaby concluded thus:

"It was God's will that the prizes of life should ultimately fall to John Henry Newman. After a stormy mid-day, his sun went down in the crimson splendor of the Roman Cardinalate, in the full radiance of Papal favor, with the gaze of admiring England fixed upon him, recognized and restored in regions whence he had been cast out. Was he then an exception to his own rule, that 'the time for reaping what we have sown is hereafter, not here; that here there is no great visible fruit in any one man's lifetime'? I might reply that these prizes of life were not the fruit that Newman looked for to crown his labors. But I have another reply, and it is furnished by this Memorial Church in which we are assembled. What shall be the success of this church? I augur that, 'spiritually examined,' as St. Paul says (I. Cor. ii. 13), it shall be a great success. I augur that from this, Cardinal Newman's Memorial Church, from this his Oratory of St. Philip, from this his Oratory School, and from these the many volumes of his writings, from these four sources as from four rivers of Paradise, good shall flow, greater than the good that he was able to accomplish in his mortal life. I augur that in and about this church, in this city and diocese of Birmingham, at Oscott, and even in far-off Oxford, there shall grow up and be perpetuated a school of Newman's thought, so far as that thought is the thought of the Catholic Church and the mind of Christ, for not otherwise would he ever have wished it to go forth. I augur that from this spot, the central city of our isle, shall be wrought out, not perhaps the conversion of England, but what the Cardinal, with his distrust of a popular religion, loved rather to contemplate, the conversion of Englishmen. I augur that Catholics, sore tempted in faith, shall here be strengthened in the same, first by prayer and Mass and Sacraments, then by what I have long considered the best philosophy for an English Catholic layman, the teaching of John Henry Newman, taken as a whole; I say, 'taken as a whole,' the whole gist and spirit and mind of the man.

"And thus shall be accomplished the words of my text; I quote them this time as you may read them on the monument in the north wall of Littlemore Church; he chose them for the epitaph of his mother; the prayer which, put by him in the mouth of his dead mother, was eminently for himself: 'Cast me not off in the time of age, forsake me not when my strength faileth me, until I have shown Thy strength to this generation, and Thy power to all them that are yet for to come.' Such the prayer put up in 1836. For nine years John Henry Newman went on showing the Strength of God to the generation that then was at Oxford, first by word in St. Mary's Church, then by example in retirement at Littlemore. Then came the change, and 'he was found no more' at Littlemore nor at Oxford, 'because God translated him' (Gen. v. 24; Heb. xi. 5). So it came about that in ways unforseen, elsewhere, he still went on showing God's power to other men and to others that were yet for to come, 'even to old age and eld' (Psalm lxx. 18). You, my Fathers of the Oratory are witnesses—and more than witnesses, your affectionate care secured it, that the venerable Cardinal was not cast off in the time of age, nor forsaken when his strength failed

him. You bore him up, and a generation of boys grew around the old man, looked into his face, and loved him. And further, and further still, in this Church and Oratory, to every generation that is for to come shall be told the might of God's arm revealed in John Henry Newman, his wonderful conversion, the power of his preaching and writings, the example of his long, laborious, and holy life. And not in vain shall it be told, but as Samson's dying feat was to the destruction of the Philistines, so shall the memory and the word of Newman be to the conversion of Englishmen; dead, he shall bring more souls to the faith than he converted in the days when he wrought the deeds of a strong man in Israel. Amen."

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IN each of the four issues ot the *Dublin Review* for the present year there will appear a new poem by the late Francis Thompson.

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THE American Numismatic Society has been commissioned to design and issue a medal in commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the New York archdiocese, celebrated in the city of New York in 1908. The obverse of the medal shows six portraits of the former Bishops and Archbishops of New York surrounding the profile of his Grace the present Archbishop. The reverse of the medal gives a faithful reproduction of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. On the left of the Cathedral is old St. Peter's of 1808; and on the right old St. Patrick's of 1815. Special issues of this medal will be presented to his Holiness Pope Pius X., and to his Grace the Archbishop of New York. Copies of the medal will be distributed to the various religious and civic organizations that participated in the celebration of a year ago.

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THE 1910 issue of the English *Who's Who* includes six hundred new names. This Roll-Call of the noted Catholics of England, Ireland, and Scotland, with a few Americans, is an interesting and useful volume.

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ON the night of January 19 there was produced at the Manhattan Opera House, for the first time in this country, Massenet's "Griseldis," a *conte lyrique*, in a prologue and three acts. Like the same composer's *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, this opera is a medieval mystery or miracle play set to music.

The scene is cast in the chateau of the Marquis de Saluces, who has gone forth to battle against the Saracens. The faithful wife, Griseldis, like another Penelope, is tempted, this time by the devil, who, with his wife Fiamina, takes bodily form. Spurned by Griseldis, the fiend siezes her little boy, Loys, and vanishes. The distracted mother turns to the oratory of St. Agnes; and, lo! the statue of the saint has disappeared. At this point the Marquis returns from

the war, and realizing that it can be only the fiend who has wrought such misery, declares to Griseldis that prayer alone can help them. Accordingly they pray before the altar, and suddenly it is illuminated with a wonderful light, and there appears St. Agnes, not with the lamb, as before, but with the little boy, Loys.

This legend, woven of simple faith and devotion, dates back to Boccaccio. Petrarch translated it into Latin; in Paris, in 1393, it was given as a mystery play: *Le Mystère de Griseldis;* and Chaucer tells it in his *Clerke's Tale.* Massenet has given the latest touch to it, and has set this new-old tale to beautiful music. Modern art has lent a new beauty to this pleasure-piece of a far-off time, but it has not changed it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Catholic Belief. By the Very Rev. Joseph Fra di Bruno, D.D. Edited by Rev. Louis A. Lambert. Pp. 387. Price 10 cents. *So As By Fire.* By Jean Connor. Pp. 299. Price $1.25. *Seven Little Marshalls.* By Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. Pp. 174. Price 45 cents. *The Eucharistic Triduum.* By F. M. de Zulueta, S.J. Pp. 223. Price 75 cents. *Wings for the Weary.* By Mrs. V. McDonnell. Booklet, 20 pages. *The Penitent Instructed.* A Course of Instructions on How to Make a Good Confession. By Rev. E. A. Selley. Pp. xxii.-169.

CHARITIES PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW York:

How Two Hundred Children Live and Learn. By Rudolph R. Reeder, Ph.D. Pp. 247 Price $1.25.

JOHN LANE & CO., New York:

The Ball and the Cross. By G. K. Chesterton. Pp. 400. Price $1.50.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., New York:

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THE CELTIC ELEMENT IN PHILOSOPHY.

BY WILLIAM TURNER, PH.D.

WHEN one begins to single out the forces that have contributed to the achievements of man in literature, art, and philosophy, it is easier to exaggerate than it is to assign to each country or nationality its proper share of credit for what has been accomplished. Sir Henry Maine, the distinguished historian of Roman law, was certainly overstating the result of his study of facts when he wrote: "Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek." Surely he, of all men, should have been the last to overlook the importance of those elements and factors in our civilization which are traceable to Rome, to its laws and institutions and to its genius for organization. He should not have underestimated the value of what we owe to the Teuton, and the seriousness, the spirit of reverence, the appreciation of the grandiose and the romantic, with which the Teuton leavened the mass of medieval ideas and ideals. Nor should he have failed to accord due meed of praise to the spiritual imaginativeness, the love of freedom, the cultivation of individuality, the vivacious intellectual contentiousness, which was and is the characteristic contribution of the Celt to medieval and modern civilization. Above all, he should not have neglected to mention the supernatural force of Christianity which dominated, co-ordinated, and vivified everything that was Greek, Roman, Teuton, and Celtic, and out of a mass of contending and di-

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vergent elements brought a result, harmonious, coherent, and unified, namely the intellectual, moral, and spiritual inheritance of the whole Western world. Besides the blind forces of nature there are forces, potent, operative, and in some directions decisive, which are not Greek. It is the aim of this paper to single out one of these forces—the Celtic genius—to define it as adequately as possible, and, without exaggerating its importance, to point out how large a part it has played in the development of that department of human activity which we call philosophic thought.

The word "Celtic" is generally used to designate what appertains to that large and very much diffused group of Aryans, to be found not only in Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Brittany, and Cornwall, but also mingled with other races in countries which are now set down as Teuton, Anglo-Saxon, or even Latin. There are, as is well known, many evidences to show that civilizations, literatures, and languages, which are at present counted among the non-Celtic divisions, have a Celtic basis, and grew, so to speak, out of Celtic soil. But it would be a useless and perhaps a thankless task to attempt to discriminate the Celtic from the non-Celtic elements in the poetry of Wordsworth, in the oratory of Bourdaloue, or in the musical genius of Wagner. It is wiser, therefore, to confine our attention to nations and countries in which the Celtic element is admittedly predominant, and speak of the contributions which Irishmen, Scotchmen, and Bretons have made to the philosophical, or, as they are often called, the metaphysical sciences.

The Celtic temperament, it should be said at once, is remarkably elusive. It is not easily defined. In fact one of its characteristics is its unwillingness to be defined. Of the Celt it is sometimes sneeringly said: "They all want to be generals; they are not content to be soldiers in the ranks." And there is this much truth in the indictment: the typical Celt is, above all, an individual, a person; and he resents being considered merely as a sample, as a member of a group. So it is with the Celtic temperament itself. If, however, we glance at the products of the Celtic mind, we find there certain characteristics which will help us to delineate, in its broad outlines at least, a picture of the mental character of the Celt. The literary products come first to hand. There we find at once a predominance of the imaginative. By this I do not mean ex-

actly that there is more imaginativeness in the Celtic poet than there is, for instance, in the Greek or the German or the Italian poet. What I mean is that for the Celt, whether he be a poet or not, the heroes and heroines of his imagination are, in a sense, more real than the persons of history. He takes his mental world seriously. He dwells in it by preference, he can see it at any moment, he can see it best when he is most moved, when he is profoundly sad, or when he reaches the highest ecstasy of gladness. The world that he sees with his eyes shut is the real world for him.

But this is only one trait. All Celtic literature is not concerned with "the stuff that dreams are made of." The Celt is not a dreamer merely. He has pre-eminently the power of localizing his dream-world. He has the propensity to "give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." His heroes and his heroines are associated with the river, the mountain, the glen. The great warrior, the poet, the powerful chief, and the famous lover or songster of legendary fame must have a particular spot associated with his name, and, indeed, in many instances half a dozen different burying places are shown: "There lies the hero; there the heroine rests beneath the sod." It is this same instinct of localization that has woven into the love-songs of Scotland the names of "Maxwellton's braes"; "Loch Lomond"; and hundreds of other place-names. Thirdly, if we examine the products of the Celtic imagination, we find that while they are real for the Celt himself, while, as we said, they are to be taken seriously, they are not to be taken too seriously. There is a certain playfulness, a whimsicality, a light airiness, about it all. The fairies, oh, yes, the good people exist; they are in the "forts," or "raths," inside the hill of Slievnamon, or up on the top of Knockfierna; but no one is really impressed by them. They are not sombre, sad, grotesque, terrible, like the gnomes and dwarfs and goblins of other folklores. They are mischievous; but though they occasionally do harm, there is nothing heroic or awe-inspiring about the whole conception of them.

Now, when the Celt turned from pursuits which we call literary to the task of thinking out a rational explanation of the Universe—for that is what philosophy is—he brought to the task the same imaginativeness which characterizes his literary products. He took naturally to idealism in philosophy.

He was never, not even in ancient pre-Christian times, a materialist. He realized that the world of material things, the world which we see with our bodily eyes, is not the only real world. Beyond it he got a glimpse of another world, the world of spiritual entities and spiritual values, which is real; nay, more real than the material world. While he was yet a pagan, and had to think these questions out for himself, isolated as he was from all the philosophies of Greece and the Orient, he called that other world the "Land of the ever-young." Heroes, he believed, went to it and came back from it; there was constant travel back and forth; and, as a modern Celt beautifully expresses it, "from the half-open door of that other world streamed the light that never was on sea or land." It is true the Greeks had their Olympus and their under-world, but just as soon as they began to think in terms of philosophy and science they ceased to believe in the preternatural, and confined their attention to the world of nature around them. Plato alone held to the vision of a "heaven above the heavens," the place of Ideas, a world infinitely more beautiful, more perfect, and more real than the material world—the world of shadows, as he calls it. The other world, that moves in viewless majesty above us, is calling us upward and onward, and the business of philosophy is to wean us from the material things and teach us to fix our minds and hearts on the things of the spirit.

This is why the Celt, as soon as Christianity came, took over the Platonic view, and became at once an ardent, and for a long time an inveterate, and intransigent, Platonist. Christianity gave him heaven in place of the "Land of the ever-young." In the Christian literature and the Greek literature, which Christianity threw open to him, he satisfied his longing for a home of the spirit; he found a higher, a purer idealism, and he took to it with the avidity of an instinct hitherto unsatisfied. This is, then, the first characteristic of the Celt as a philosopher—spiritual imaginativeness, which enables him to visualize the world beyond matter, to treat it as real, to make it the standard of reality, and to judge the material world, in comparison with it, to be less real. This corresponds to the imaginativeness of the literary Celt.

To the tendency of the literary Celt to localize the creations of his imagination corresponds an important trait in the

philosophic Celt, his disputatiousness, or, to use a current idiom, his "love of argyfying." It is often said that the Scotchman would rather argue about metaphysics than eat. And from the days of Charlemagne down to the present time the Irishman at the Continental schools was famous for his elaborate argumentations. Benedict of Aniane in the ninth century talks of the "syllogism of delusion," at which the Irish were experts. Montesquieu, in his *Lettres Persanis*, talks about the Irishmen who crossed over to France to be educated, and adds that they brought with them, as their only means of obtaining a livelihood, "a formidable talent for disputation." And in our own day a distinguished teacher at the Gregorian University in Rome, where the test of proficiency is ability to conduct a theological debate, bears witness to the fact that the Irish students in Rome at the present time are keeping up to the tradition. Cardinal Franzelin is reported to have said to Archbishop Croke: "As a professor of theology at Rome for many years I had every day opportunities of studying the character and mental equipment of various nations, and, though in favor of the Germans, I give it as my opinion that the Irish, as a race, have the most theological minds of any people."* The typical Scotch mind is also theological. And for the same reason. Because the Celt is so closely in touch with the world of spiritual things, he is under the necessity of clearing up all his ideas of the spiritual, the immaterial, and the abstract. As soon as a man begins to believe in anything, he must try to have a clear idea of it. If, then, the imagination of the Celt is directed towards the other world, if the other world —and by this I mean not merely heaven, the life to come, but the whole world of our ideals and spiritual ideas—is more real to him than this material world, he takes very naturally to the task of trying by argumentation to make his ideas about it exact. And here is the root of that talent for scientific investigation which, outside the domain of philosophy proper, has distinguished such men as Tyndal, Kelvin, Pasteur, and Ramsay. These are only a few of the Celts who, in our own day, have attained high rank as scientists. It is a mistake to think that the ideal scientific temperament includes merely the talent for painstaking investigation of facts. That is necessary. But more necessary still is the talent for scienti-

* Phelan. *The Young Priest's Keepsake.* Dublin, 1909, p. 77.

fic generalization and the formulation of laws and hypotheses. And this is a talent that belongs to the imagination. An imagination that combines with extraordinary fertility and resourcefulness a demand for exactness and localization is a quality which must be present in a scientist, if he is to accomplish the best work.

Finally, the Celt is, perhaps, inclined to develop his talent for argument to the point where it ceases to serve the serious purposes of philosophy, to the point when it becomes a fault and is no longer a virtue. Philosophy should be constructive, in the main. When we till the fertile fields of imagination, reasoning, and intellectual visualization, as we do in philosophy, it is necessary, indeed, to clear away the weeds of false and pernicious doctrines. But, to devote all our efforts to uprooting what others have sown is to neglect the principal for the accessory. To destroy, for the sake of destroying, may exhibit our talent or our ability in that direction; but it can serve no useful purpose. Now, there are in the history of philosophy examples of Celtic philosophers in whom the destructive talent predominates. They excel in analysis rather than synthesis: they are good at pulling down and not so successful at building up. They argue for the purpose of showing the weakness in an opponent's argument, and care less than they should about making their own arguments lead to a positive conclusion. This is a fault of a good quality. It is subtlety and contentiousness carried beyond the point where they serve a useful purpose.

The Celtic philosophical talent is, therefore, summed up in the qualities: spiritual imaginativeness, leading to idealism; demand for clearness and precision, leading to dialectical discussion; and occasional lack of realization of the serious purpose of argumentation, leading to subtlety and disputatiousness.

A few concrete instances will serve both to illustrate and, in part at least, to justify these generalizations. With regard to the Celts before the advent of Christianity, it may be confessed at once that we know comparatively little about their doctrines. From the little that we know, however, we can infer that the Celtic temperament was then what it is now, though, of course, its characteristics were not so strongly marked. Julius Cæsar, who was a shrewd observer of customs

and institutions as well as a successful general, took the pains to describe and transmit to posterity the doctrines that were held by the pre-Christian inhabitants of Gaul. The Druids, he says, were much occupied with inquiries concerning the stars and their movements; they disputed about the size of the world, the nature of things in general, and the power and force of the immortal gods. These things, too, they taught the young men of their country.* This is not very satisfactory information, except in so far as one may be inclined to lay stress on the fact that the ancient Druids *disputed* concerning the gods. Indeed, we may be justified in concluding that, in Gaul at least, the Celts held ideas concerning the gods which were no better and no worse than those prevalent among pagans elsewhere. There was one point of doctrine, however, which they affirmed most emphatically, the immortality of the soul. And this commanded the admiration of Cæsar and of other Romans, among whom the prevalent attitude towards this important problem was one of scepticism, or, as we should nowadays express it, agnosticism. "On one thing," writes Cæsar, "they insist, namely, that souls do not perish."† Pomponius Mela bears witness to the same conviction and draws attention to its effect on the conduct of the Celts in the presence of danger. "One doctrine of the Druids," he says, "spread among the people, and made them better fighters, namely, that souls are eternal."‡ Ammonius Marcellinus mentions another characteristic of Druid teaching: "Questionibus occultarum rerum altarumque erecti sunt, et, *despectantes humana*, pronuntiant animas immortales" (*De Gallis*, Lib. XVI.) And Silius Italius (Lib. I.) again refers to the effect which this belief had in developing courage and a contempt for death.

This belief in a hereafter, this unhesitating affirmation of a world beyond the tomb, is in keeping with the Celtic ability to realize and visualize the world of spiritual things. It is not very remarkable in itself, but it is noteworthy when we remember that, with the exception of the Hindus and perhaps

* Multa præterea de sideribus atque eorum motu, de mundi ac terrarum magnitudine, de rerum natura, de deorum immortalium vi ac potestate disputant et juventuti tradunt."—*De Bello Gallico*, VI., 14.

† "Hoc imprimis volunt persuadere, non interire animas."—*Ibid.*

‡ "Unum ex iis quæ præcipiunt, in vulgus effluxit, videlicet, ut forent ad bella meliores, æternas esse animas."—*Lib. III. Cap. 2.*

the Egyptians, the peoples of antiquity, not excluding the Greeks who devoted much attention to the problem of immortality, hesitated to affirm in a categorical manner that there is a life after death. What, according to the Druids, was the precise fate of the disembodied spirit, our authorities do not tell us for certain. Some, like Cæsar, suspect that the Druids taught transmigration of souls; others, like Pomponius Mela, attribute to them the doctrine that the souls of the dead enter into a world of shades *(Manes)*. It would not, perhaps, be far from the mark if we were to conjecture that the Continental Druids, like the ancient Irish, believed in a "Land of the ever-young," where hero, saint, and sage mingled in a happy and joyful company. In any case, it is certain that the Celts held the present world to be transitory, and looked forward to a great cataclysm in which matter should perish and souls and cosmic spirits *(dæmones)* and the immortals should hold communion together, in the twilight of the gods. One other item is furnished by one of our most ancient authorities, Diogenes of Laerte, in his work *On the Lives and Opinions of Philosophers*. "The Druids," he says, "taught philosophy in enigmas and in aphoristic sayings."

With regard to the Celts of ancient Ireland, we are in a peculiar condition of uncertainty concerning their notion of immortality. Owing to the wholesale destruction of the books of ancient Ireland, we have comparatively little left us in the way of first-hand information. This much, however, is certain. The pagan Irish, like their kinsmen in Gaul, believed that death does not destroy the soul. King Laegaire, declining to accept the message of Christianity as preached by St. Patrick, declared that he preferred to be buried, pagan fashion, standing in his grave with his armor on his back, so as to be ready to meet the day of *Erdathe* (Doomsday) in the company of the Druids. Perhaps, as Dr. Joyce suggests,* this tale has a Christian coloring. Nevertheless, the custom to which it refers, the pagan mode of burial, must have been a long-established one, and must have been based on some kind of belief in the survival of the personality of the warrior. In point of fact, legends, poems, and myths, which are essentially pagan in conception, though possibly influenced in detail by Christian ideas, have for their chief incident the return of dead heroes

* *Social History of Ancient Ireland*. New York, 1903, I., 297

from the other world. But again, the "other world" itself was so vivid, so definite and, consequently, so real, to the minds of the ancient Irish that no matter how vague their idea of the soul was, they must have held the survival of the soul to be a matter of certainty. They called that other world by various names: Tir-na-nog (the land of the ever-young); Tir-nam-beo (the land of the living); Hy-Brazil (Brazil's island); and Mag-Mell (the plain of pleasure). It is described as "a land wherein there is naught save truth, where there is neither age nor decay, nor gloom, nor sadness, nor envy, nor jealousy, nor hatred, nor haughtiness." It is the land where everything is life and there is no old-age (is not this a sufficiently clear conception of immortality?) and if it is called the "Plain of Pleasure," the pleasures there are not gross and sinful, but pure and noble, such as befitted a world of heroic warriors. So true is this that after the introduction of Christianity the belief in this "Land of the ever-young" as the abode of the fairies continued to exist side by side with the Christian idea of heaven. But, the most curious characteristic of the ancient Irish belief in a world to come was the tendency to localize it in a definite way. Sometimes it was said to be an island in the Western Ocean, sometimes it was said to be the inside of some hill, like Slievnamon in Tipperary. If we are to believe an author quoted by both Plutarch and Procopius, this land of the ever-young was believed by the whole Celtic world to be the western portion of Great Britain, which was supposed to be separated from the eastern portion by an insurmountable wall. Usually, in the legends and epics, the entrance to this land is through some lake, and in the one instance of Cuchullin it is said to be "an island which one reaches by boat from Ireland."*

The Greeks, no doubt, spoke of the Hesperides as if these "Isles of the Blest" had a definite location, and Virgil makes the entrance to the underworld to be a certain region in the neighborhood of Naples. But, the more reflective the people of classic civilization became, the less firmly they held to the doctrine of an underworld, and the more they lost sight of its definite location. The ancient Irish, on the contrary, held to this doctrine even after Christianity had shed its light on the problem of the soul's future life, and the intensity of the Celtic

* De Jubainville, *Cycle Mythol. Irlandais*. Paris, 1884, 231 ff. and 355.

belief is betrayed in the Celtic tendency to give to this as well as to other creatures of the imagination a definite name and a definite place.

The advent of Christianity among the ancient Celts, while it uprooted many cherished beliefs, and changed the point of view of the Celtic outlook on life, hardly broke the continuity of Celtic thought along these lines. With Christianity went classical literature. And in the highly spiritualistic idealism of Plato the Celt found congenial matter for speculation. Plato, not the pagan Plato, but a Christianized Plato, a Plato freshened into warmer color by the infusion of Christian ideas, was at home from the beginning among the philosophers and theologians of Ireland. Unfortunately, owing once more to the wholesale destruction of ancient books, we know little, except by way of inference, concerning what was taught in the Irish schools from the days of St. Patrick down to those of Charlemagne. We have ample evidence to show that those four centuries were prolific of much learning; but when we inquire what was taught in the Irish schools during those centuries, we must be content with general descriptions. However, when the dispersion of Irish scholars came, and Irish teachers began to appear here and there on the Continent, we begin to get tangible and definite evidence of the manner of their philosophizing. Or rather, the literary remains of the Continental teachers have reached us, while those of their masters in Ireland have almost all perished.

Among those who went out from Ireland to spread the light of learning abroad, the most eminent, the most learned, and, at the same time, the most characteristically Celtic of them all was John Scotus Erigena, that is, John-the-Scot-born in-Ireland. Everything about him is mysterious. He appears suddenly out of the darkness of the ninth century; he shines for a brief period in the firmament of theological and philosophical thought, a star of the first magnitude; and then, without waning or declension, he disappears as mysteriously as he has come. What we know for certain about his personal history could be told in a very few words. However, we have ample materials for a picture of the mentality of the man. His works, several times condemned, proscribed, and consigned to the flames, have come down to us, and in them we see a man of very singular, very original, often erroneous, but al-

ways fascinating, views on the nature of the world around us and the world above us. Like a true Celt, he depreciates the world of material things. For him, the world that most men consider to be real is little more than a shadow-world. Whatever consistency, whatever permanence, whatever reality it has are due to the presence in it of spiritual forces, "intellectual qualities," which are the real forces, and the real substance of things.

Most men—and the same is true in our day as well as in his—consider the body to be more real than the soul. For him the body is created by the thinking-power of the soul; we *have* a body only in the sense that we *believe* we have a body. The real world is not around and beneath us; it is above us. In the mind of God exists the world, of which the world around us is a mere feeble imitation. There everything exists in its better self. There, all is perfection. In that world is no littleness, no defect, no evil, no imperfection of any kind. The imperfect world that we see with the bodily eyes is a derivative from that world above us. It will return again to the world above; its imperfections and its faults will be obliterated, and the golden dream of the poet and the philosopher will be realized.

It is needless to go any deeper into the exposition of Erigena's philosophy. From what has just been said one can see that John-the-Scot is a true Celt. The other world is real for him. His spiritual imagination is so powerful that it leads him to extrinsicate and hypostasize his own beautiful dreams, to construct out of them an ideal world, and to look on that world as more real than the world of our experience. He is an optimist; he holds that all evil, pain, and suffering will eventually disappear and that more than millenium of perfect happiness will be the lot of every creature. He is an ethical idealist. He believes in the amelioration of man by showing forth ideals of perfection, and not by imposing and enforcing legal restrictions. In all this he is a true Celt, leaning, as a contemporary of his remarked, too much to the Greeks and contemning the Latins. In fact, he did lean too much towards the Greeks. Their freedom, their wealth of spiritual productivity, their disregard for conventional restraint in philosophical speculation, attracted him, while the greater accuracy, the stricter sense of system, and the more reverential

spirit of the Latins were irksome to him. In this, too, he was true to his Celtic instincts.

An entirely different aspect of the philosophic talent of the Celt is exhibited in the person of Peter Abelard, a Breton, who was in the twelfth century what John-the-Scot was in the ninth. Abelard tells us that, as a youth he intended to follow a military career, but decided on his own initiative to become a scholar, choosing, he says, the service of Minerva in preference to that of Mars. But, we may add, though he became a scholar by profession he remained a fighter by preference, and Mars continued to be the object of his devotion as well as Minerva. By one who knew him well, his faults as well as his virtues, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, he was styled "a fighter from the days of his youth" *(Vir bellator ab adolescentia)*. He was, indeed, a fighting philosopher. He lived in an age when disputation was the one, all-absorbing pursuit. In the twelfth century men's minds were filled with the exploits of the dialecticians, as they were called, in much the same way as men's minds in our own day are filled with the great problems of agnosticism and evolutionism. In those days a teacher of the art of disputation could, if successful, draw a crowd of students from every country in Europe and his listeners often numbered three or four thousand. Into this scholastic world of intellectual tilting and dialectical skull-smashing Abelard rushed with all the ardor of the fight-loving Celt. He spared no antagonist. Against his onslaught neither gray hairs nor exalted rank nor reputation for piety nor world-wide fame as a scholar was any protection. One after another, he met, clashed weapons with, and defeated the great masters of his time. Without fear, though not without reproach, he played the part of an intellectual knight-errant.

Yet there is a serious side to Abelard's activity as a disputant in the schools. The weapons that he fashioned for the contest were afterwards modified to serve a less frivolous purpose, and in the hands of men who, unlike him, preferred truth to victory, they became useful instruments in the search for truth. When the age of "dialectic madness" had passed away, the method of disputation which he did so much to develop was accepted in all the schools and was adopted by those masters of philosophical and theological learning who made the thirteenth century the Golden Age of scholasticism.

Among these masters one of the most distinguished and influential was another Celt, John Duns Scotus. For, whether Duns was an Irishman, an Englishman, or a Scotchman—it is impossible, with the documents at our disposal, to decide which he was—he was certainly a Celt, and exhibited in his teaching and in his writings some of the distinguishing characteristics of the Celt. He was a great, original thinker, and whatever we may say by way of fault-finding should not detract from his pre-eminence as a man of gigantic genius in an age of which it may truly be said "There were giants in those days." He stands shoulder to shoulder with St. Thomas, Albert the Great, St. Bonaventure, and Roger Bacon, and measures well up to their intellectual stature. His most dominant characteristic, however, is one which, without compensating qualities such as he possessed, would diminish his worth as a constructive thinker. He excelled above all else in subtlety and its keenness of critical acumen.

It is only too true that the Celt is not fitted for what we call team work. He is too much of an individualist; he loves personal independence and prizes it so highly that he does not readily take his place in the ranks and do the work assigned him without asking the reason or looking to the results. His love of independence is a virtue; but when it is carried so far that he becomes above all else a critic of what others are doing, it ceases to be a virtue and becomes a defect. So it was with Duns Scotus. Great as he was in his mental endowment, and important as are his own contributions to speculative thought, he is judged more by his destructive than by his constructive efforts. He stands out among all his contemporaries as the keen, incisive critic, the man who was readiest to see a flaw in another's argument, and so intent on exposing the weakness of his opponents' position that, as his admirers admit, he sometimes forgot to assume any position of his own. His career, though brilliant, was brief and, in a sense, tragic. He was much misunderstood. Now, therefore, that his ardent admirers and followers are undertaking to rehabilitate him, perhaps we had best suspend our judgment, and decline to emphasize his faults, except to say that they were the faults of a mind that approached the great problems of thought in the truly Celtic spirit. This much we may add, that, whether he was an Irishman or an Englishman, it was Irishmen like

O'Hickey, O'Fihely, Hugh Cauwell, and Luke Wadding, that kept his writings and his teachings before the learned world during the later Middle Ages and down to the dawn of the modern era.

And when the modern era dawned it found the Celt still busy with those things of the mind which his forefathers had always appreciated. Here and there a Celt like Sir Robert Boyle did his share towards the development of the physical sciences. But it was the spiritual and the immaterial that appealed most strongly to the Celtic temperament, and when the floodgates of materialism and scepticism were opened, it was a Celt who, in the name of all that the spiritual mind holds dear, withstood the tide of innovation and asserted once more the supremacy of spiritual ideals. Indeed, George Berkeley, Protestant Bishop of Cloyne, did more than refute the attacks of the materialists and the "freethinkers" as they were called. With a mental courage amounting to audacity he carried the war into the enemies' territory, cut off their communications, spiked their guns—any martial figure of speech will suit as long as it conveys the notion that Berkeley, in intention at least, put the enemy to utter confusion, and reduced him to a state of complete helplessness.

What he did was this. The materialist asserted that matter alone exists; Berkeley undertook to show that there is no such thing as matter. He argued, plausibly enough, as some think even in our own day, that in any material thing, an orange, for instance, there is nothing but the qualities, its color, size, shape, weight, and so forth. These are ideas in our minds. Besides these, nothing exists. An inert, lifeless, thoughtless, material something underlying these qualities is an absurd notion. Matter is a contradiction in terms; it cannot possibly exist; therefore the materialist has literally no ground to stand on. The immaterial alone (God, the human soul, our ideas) exists; the world, which the materialists say is the only world, does not exist at all. In his advocacy of this paradox Berkeley is neither vague nor mystical. In a lucid, forceful, agreeable style he argues his point, exhibiting "a passion for clearness and simplicity and a dislike of what was either pedantic on the one side or rhetorical on the other."*

A very curious episode in Berkeley's life, which though not

* Arthur J. Balfour in "Introduction" to *Works of Berkeley*. London, 1897, p. 14.

bearing on his doctrine of immaterialism, is worthy of mention here, as exhibiting a Celtic trait in his character, is his advocacy of the Bermuda scheme. He always took a great interest in the American Indian, and, having secured a grant from the English Government, he set out for the Western world, intending to establish in the Bermuda islands a great institution to which the Indians from the Continent were to flock, and in which they were to receive not only the principles of Christianity, but a liberal education as well. A more impractical scheme could hardly have been dreamt of. To mention only one drawback, the islands on which his choice fell are six hundred miles from the mainland. Needless to say, the scheme failed; Berkeley, though he came to America and spent a couple of years at Rhode Island, never saw the Bermudas. Yet all his life long his fancy lingered lovingly over the picture he had drawn of the forests of cedars and groves of orange trees, the cloudless skies and the endless springtime in those balmy islands where the Golden Age of humanity was to be renewed. In an outburst of prophetic rapture over the prospect thus created, he penned the lines of which the first,

Westward the course of empire takes its way,

is now famous. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that Berkeley was recapitulating the thoughts of his Celtic forefathers when he located in the Bermudas, the "Land of the ever-young," the Hy-Brazil of ancient Irish folklore.

The group of thinkers who flourished in Scotland during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and are known as the Scottish School, are not wanting in those characteristics which are singled out as peculiar to the Celt. They added, however, a trait which is peculiarly Scotch, the appreciation of hard-headed common sense. Indeed, the whole school is sometimes known as the Common Sense School of Philosophy. The school began with Thomas Reid and ended with James McCosh, who introduced its doctrines to this country. In general it may be said to take its stand on the principles of common sense, and in the name of common sense to demand the restoration of the ideal, the immaterial, and the spiritual, which had been reasoned away by over-subtle psychologists and high-soaring transcendental metaphysicians. The Scottish philoso-

phers had largely the same aim as Berkeley, though their method was diametrically opposed to his. Like him, they had the true Celtic appreciation of the higher needs of humanity; like him, they set proper value on the immaterial and the spiritual; but unlike him, they rested their claim on the legitimate demands of common sense, and not on fine-spun reasoning and subtle analysis. When, therefore, the later representatives of philosophy in Scotland, like Sterling, the two Cairds, and McTaggart, reverted to transcendental metaphysics, they were false, indeed, to the method of their immediate predecessors, but were true to the most deep-rooted instinct of the Celtic mind. If they appreciated, as they did, the mysteries of German metaphysical speculation, it was because the Germans, with all their mistiness, had more to offer to the spiritually inclined than the English empiricist or the English agnostic, whose only virtue was clearness. It is always easy to be clear if one is content to skim the surface of philosophy and not penetrate the depths of human thought.

What, then, have been the services of the Celt in this department of human endeavor? How has the Celtic factor influenced the history of philosophy? The Celts have leavened the mass of human speculation with a love of idealism, of spiritual values, of the entities and realities which transcend the limits of matter. Their influence has been for good. To the literature of the world, and to life, of which literature is but a picture, the Celt has contributed much that the world cannot well dispense with. He has pleased us by the genial play of his fancy and amused us by the brilliant flashes of his wit; he has stirred us by his eloquence and played on all our emotions by the sweet tunefulness of his song. In philosophy he has lifted us up by his emphatic assertion of the reality of the spiritual world, he has enlivened us by the vivacity and subtlety of his argumentative powers, and he has saved us from the prosaic literalness of the materialist and the empiricist who would have us believe only that which we see, and who would deny us the right to use the eye of the soul as well as that of the body. The Celt stands for lofty speculation; the matter-of-fact materialist stands for minute determination. The Celt stands for the morality of ideals; the empiricist stands for the restrictive force of law, and grounds all moral principle on ultimate expediency. The Celt is an optimist: he trusts

That somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

He is superior to commonplace motives of conduct and disdains the appeal to practical utility. If he has founded no enduring state in the republic of philosophy, if he has left no school, it is because his talent does not lie in the direction of organization. His is the mentality of great spiritual force in a condition of high tension. The force is released in one great song, one epoch-making speech, one bold flight of the speculative faculty. It is for others, whose mentality is the inverse of his low tension with the power of long-continued effort, to found schools and organize systems. He has done and is still doing his part. With his rich, spiritual imaginativeness, his power of visualizing the unseen, his ability to meet the matter-of-fact with brilliant paradox and subtle criticism, his talent for picking a flaw in a specious argument, he has enriched the philosophical world with ideas and ideals, without which we should be very poor indeed. In this capacity he is always needed. The ages to come, as well as those that have gone before, may often find him a disturber, a meddlesome critic, a dreamer of dreams that jar with the practical and the so-called useful. But those who appreciate the things of the spirit will welcome the warmth of his influence, sympathize with his idealistic yearnings, and listen to the lesson which he teaches from the fullness of his vision of a supra-mundane world.

The Catholic University of America.

HER MOTHER'S DAUGHTER.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

STELLA GOES BACK.

SHE turned so pale that he repented him of his abruptness. He made as though to put out a hand to steady her, for she had trembled through her slender height, seeming for a second to sway as though she might fall.

"I never knew," she said.

"His father has advertised for you in the newspapers."

"I never read newspapers. The one friend I had who did, my old music master, died just before Christmas. I have been in grief for him. Tell me more about Jim."

"There is little more to tell. He fretted from the time you left, gently, not giving any one trouble, as is his way. He lost all the progress he had made with you and more. I had no idea he was so ill till I went down there the other day. He had not much to lose and there is only a shadow of him as you remember him."

She made a little sound like a moan and his heart ached because he had hurt her.

"I don't know why you left him, why you left us all," he said hopelessly.

He seemed to speak as though from a great distance. The coldness of his manner hurt her even through the pain she was feeling about Jim. What had she done? Nothing. It was his mother, his cousin, those terrible people of rank, to whom a girl like herself was common clay, who had been insolent and cruel in their pride. Her whole soul rebelled against their assumption. They were not better than she was through that accident of birth. Though she had grown up in Shepherd's Buildings, she said to herself hotly, she was as

good as they, even if she had not had as good blood as they in her veins, if she had been only what they thought her.

She turned about as though to leave him.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I am going down there."

"When?"

"At once. It is too late to-night. I shall go the first thing in the morning. If he has felt my leaving him so much my coming back will save him."

He said nothing to discourage her. She remembered afterwards, as a part of his coldness towards her, that he had let her go, making no effort to accompany her or even asking her where she had been hiding.

She was not so far from home. They had not been able to find anything quite so satisfactory as the little flat at the top of Shepherd's Buildings, where they had had an enviable privacy and seclusion all those years. Their new lodging was in a dreary little terrace in the St. Pancras district. Opposite their windows was an ugly church surrounded by a hideous city graveyard. The new landlady had insisted on the open situation as one of the advantages she offered to her tenants. There was a bare tree trunk or two in the graveyard. One could no more associate leafage with them than one could think of the graveyard, infested by marauding cats, as a God's Acre. The lodgings were cheap, and for the time they served; and there were no other lodgers, which was something to be grateful for.

One passed under a wide railway arch to enter the Square. Usually Stella was a little nervous as she plunged into the darkness, somewhat relieved as she emerged into the bright lights of the public-house at the corner of the Square. But to-night she was unconscious of traversing the dark passage.

She came in, looking so disturbed as she stood in the lamplight that the mother cried out in alarm.

"There is nothing wrong with me," the girl said. "But Jim is ill. I am going down there the first thing in the morning."

"To stay?"

"If they will have me. I should never have left him. I am going to tell the truth. Uncle Stephen can do what he likes. I ask nothing at his hands."

"You are going to tell him who you are?"

The mother looked at her with a pale terror.

"I am going to tell him who I am. Are you so frightened, even with me? Little mother, why have you always been so afraid?"

"I am terrified of seeing Stephen Moore again."

"He looked his fiercest at me and I had no fear of him. You will not fear him when you see him as he is now."

"I should always fear him."

Stella was restless, fretted that the night must pass before she could make her journey, could not eat, could not keep still, plainly was not going to sleep. There was not much sleep that night for either; and both were glad when the gray dawn crept into the room and it was time for them to rise.

Some time before noon of the following day Stella arrived at Outwood Manor. A stranger opened the door to her.

"How is Master Jim?" she asked, entering, as though she had the right.

"Pretty much the same this morning, Miss," the man replied, "he don't seem to change much from day to day."

"You need not announce me," she said. "I know the way."

Before he could say anything she was half-way up the stairs. As she hurried along the familiar corridor she was struck by the silence of the house, which the singing of a canary somewhere made like a thing that could be felt. She had an odd thought that it was like a pause before something —before death was it? before life?

She turned the handle of the door and walked in. The room was empty except for the little boy who lay sleeping on a couch near the window. The nurse who was in charge had drawn the screen about him and had gone down to her eleven o'clock light refreshment in the servants' hall.

She went over noiselessly and knelt down by the sleeping child. The months of her absence had made ravages in him. He was, indeed, as Maurice Grantley had said, but a shadow. He had grown terribly thin, with hollows at the temples and behind the ears. The small hands stretched out upon the coverlet had a claw-like leanness. They trembled lying there; and the something that indicated fever and weakness in their movements was like a sword in Stella's heart.

"My little boy who loved me," she whispered with a passionate mother-tenderness, "how could I ever have left you?

Get well, my darling, get well, and I will never leave you any more."

The burning tears filled her eyes and began to roll down her cheeks. She pressed her hands against her breast, trying to keep down the sobs that rose and shook her. If Jim did not get well she was never going to be happy again in this world. And already he looked as though he were dead.

There was not a sound in the room except the ticking of the clock, and the little purring of the fire in the grate. Something was licking her hands softly in a warm ecstasy. She looked down and saw Jim's little dog Trust, which had followed her into the room. The noiseless welcome touched her oddly, and she took up the little creature and hugged it, while her tears fell down on the silky gray head.

And suddenly she became aware that Jim's eyes were open and he was looking at her with an amazed unbelief.

"It isn't you, dear," he said, "not really? I have dreamt so often that you had come back; and it was never true when I awoke. Why, it is really you. Trust knows you. Dear, what are you crying about? Now you have come back everything is going to be happy again."

"I shall never leave you as long as I live," she said rashly. "Even if your father tells me to go, or you tell me to go, I shall not. I shall stay in spite of you."

In token of her resolution, as soon as she could free herself from his weak, joyous embraces, she began to take off her out-door things, still sitting on the floor, while Trust bounded on her, barking joyfully, now that he saw his master was awake and happy as he had not known him for long.

"Dear me," said the new nurse bustling in, "whoever let that dog in? I've brought your soup, my dear. And I hope you won't go saying, as you've done for a week past, that you can't touch it. Why, whoever have you got here?"

Stella looked up at the woman, smiling, although her face was wet.

"I came up unannounced," she said. "I hope you'll forgive me. I'm his old governess. And, please, I think he'll take the soup for me."

The nurse's face showed at first indication of offence; then she thought better of it, and the dark shade cleared, leaving her fresh comeliness pleasant once more.

"He has fretted for you," she said. "And as for me, don't think of me. There's lots of work waiting for me where I'll do my patients more good than I could have done him while you stayed away. He is a faithful heart, so he is."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE OTHER MAN.

Maurice Grantley stood staring after Stella till the distance had swallowed her up. He had to curb his inclination to follow her; and when she was gone he reproached himself bitterly that he had not offered to go with her wherever she was going. He said to himself that she was out of place in a London street, with the winter darkness gathering. She was too beautiful, too strange. She ought to be tenderly protected and watched over. And yet, what right had he? What right? He had put away from him forever his right to champion her, to take care of her.

He set off walking very fast in the direction from which he had come. He would have given anything if he might be alone with his thoughts; and if he had been less scrupulous he need not have gone to Mary, since she did not know he was in town. Yet he felt that he must go to her; the more because she was not and never could be the one woman in his thoughts. Poor Mary, his Quixotism had made him cheat her after all, since the London streets had yielded him once again the radiant vision of his Fiammetta.

He dared not think how it was going to be if she was to be at Outwood, where he must meet her as often as he went. He would not think of it. He tried to pin his thoughts to Mary, to her kindness, her patience with him, her sweet and pleasant personality. He was going to her, and perhaps in time she would drive out that other face. He remembered how once he had had a headache and she had placed her cool hands on his head. They had smelt fragrantly of rose-leaves when he had kissed them and it was a pleasant memory. Perhaps in time she would draw the trouble out of his heart and brain.

He reached the house at last, a white house in a street close to Portman Square. The drawing-room windows shone

out rosily behind the balcony, and, crossing from the other side of the street, the warmth and glow seemed to give his weariness a promise of comfort. He hoped Mary was at home. It was not a day when she was likely to be out, although she was not expecting him. As he looked up, before crossing the road, he was reassured—he caught a glimpse of Mary herself. She came to the window and looked out and went back again into the warmth of the room.

The man who opened the door looked at him doubtfully when he asked if Miss Beaumont was at home. She was in and alone.

"She expected a gentleman about five o'clock, sir," he said.

"And it is now four-fifteen. Well, she will see me."

He felt suddenly cheerful at the prospect as he took off his overcoat and left it in the hall. The man still eyed him doubtfully, as though he were uncertain about something; but, with an air of allowing himself to be persuaded, preceded the visitor upstairs. Maurice's spirits grew higher the nearer he got to Mary. He was so glad old Pulteney was not in. He did not like Pulteney. And Mary must put off her five o'clock visitor, whoever he might be. He did not want any one to spoil his afternoon with Mary.

"Oh, *Maurice!*" she said when he had entered the room. "I didn't know— I didn't expect you— When did you come up? You haven't had my letter?"

She seemed to elude his kiss. Her manner was oddly agitated. Mary, on whom one could always count, who was never fitful or capricious like other women—at least hardly ever.

"I have had no letter," he said, feeling a little repulsed. "What was it about, dear? I came back to Mount-Eden on Tuesday. It was horribly lonely—without you—so I made a bolt up to town."

He was aware that she was looking more than usually handsome. She was wearing an airy tea-gown of lace and chiffon, the color of roses; and she had a shy, tremulous air which was something new in her. Perhaps it was the thing she had wanted all the time. It certainly enhanced her charm. Yet she was paler than usual, and as she seated herself the other side of the fireplace and rang the bell he thought the curious agitation utterly at variance with his knowledge of her.

He had no time to ask her any questions before the man

was in the room with the tea-tray. But, what was the matter with Mary? When they were alone again she seemed to entrench herself within a *bergère* chair, which effectually protected her from any approach on his part.

He watched her in wonder as he stirred the sugar in his tea. What was the matter with her?

"What was your letter about?" he asked.

"Oh!—just a letter," she answered lamely; and he noticed she glanced at the clock, the hand of which pointed to half-past four.

"You are expecting a visitor at five?" he said, with a sense of constraint.

"Yes; I am expecting a visitor."

A strange silence fell between them which held something tense in it. Suddenly she pushed back her chair and came close to him.

"Maurice," she said, with an air of agitation, "you do not love me."

"Am I a bad lover, dear?"

"No, no; you have been very good to me, very good. You have done your best to act as though you loved me."

He wondered what was coming. She lifted her arms and the loose sleeves fell away from them, revealing their beauty of form and texture. He thought that she had never been so beautiful. Her eyes corroborated the imploring gesture of her hands. Was she going to dismiss him? Had he failed so completely as all that?

"Mary," he began, trying to take her hands.

"No"; she said, "no. Listen to me before you say anything. I have never been so grateful for anything in my life as that you do not love me. There is some one else, Maurice. There has always been some one else. We said good-bye because it seemed impossible for us to marry. He was so poor. Now, things are altered. He has inherited money. He came flying across the world to me as soon as he knew. I would not even see him till I had written to you—"

So the preparations were not for him at all. It was not for him she was looking lovely—lovely in his eyes for the first time. It was not for him the room was a bower scented with flowers, warm in fire and lamplight, beautiful because of the woman who was so like a light in it. It was not for him.

"Ah," he said blankly, "I remember. It is Reggie Dare, is it not?"

"Yes, it is Reggie Dare. There has never been any one really but Reggie. I couldn't say it to you only I know you do not love me."

He remembered now how he had wondered in the old days over Mary's evident liking for pink and white Reggie Dare, with the parting down the centre of his sleek head, his lazy, dandyish ways; yet Reggie had done creditable things since then. It was no longer possible to despise Reggie. Perhaps Mary had known best after all.

"Don't be afraid of me, dear," he said. "You are worthy of the best a man has to offer. I was a presumptuous ass to offer you my second best. There, give me ten minutes. I don't see why I shouldn't have a second cup of tea. I'm afraid I've been drinking Dare's tea. Too bad of me. But I don't suppose he'll know whether he has tea or not."

She laughed in her immense relief at the way he was taking it.

"We were always too fond of each other ever to become lovers," she said. "I am so glad you are not vexed with me. You must help me with the others. Your mother—I mind her most of all."

"She will forgive," he said. "Ah, there is Dare's knock. Give me a kiss, Mary. Dare will have so many that he needn't grudge this one. Confound the fellow, why must he come before his time?"

As he went down the stairs the discreet man-servant was showing up Reggie Dare.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DEAD LIVE.

As Stephen Moore came along the corridor to his boy's room, heavily and slowly, he heard a sound which had been dumb in the house during all those sad months, the sound of the thin laughter that came through the singing of the canaries in their glass-domed house at the end of the corridor.

He stopped and listened with amazement. Who could have won Jim to laughter? During those sad months the most they had won from him was a smile, pale as winter sunshine. The

cheerful hospital nurse had long since given up her well-meant endeavors to win Jim to merriment. Who could have awakened the long-dumb sound?

He pushed open the door and went in. He was hardly surprised to find Miss Mason by Jim's sofa, in the midst of one of those sedate romps which some happy months ago had been the rule. She was wearing one of Nurse Shee's aprons over her black dress. Her hair had got loose and some of it had fallen about her in a cloudy halo.

"Father, Father," cried Jim, "Miss Mason has come back. She is never going to leave us any more."

"Unless I am obliged to," the girl said coming forward. "You will not send me away again, will you, Mr. Moore? If I had known how Jim missed me I could not have stayed away."

"You should have come before," he said harshly, looking from her to the shadowy little figure on the sofa. "Have you lifted him? He was making weight when you went away. Now—he is as light as a feather. You have nearly broken his heart—and mine."

"But she has come back, and I am going to be all right now," said the boy.

They stood looking at each other across the little figure.

"I was just going to put him to sleep when you came in," Stella said. "You can sleep now, Jim."

"If I could be sure of finding you here when I awake, dear."

"Of my own will I will never leave you again."

The boy, ever docile, lay with closed eyes. After a little while Stephen Moore signed to Stella to come with him. He led the way softly along the carpeted corridor to that bare, ugly little room where he had parted with her in anger nearly five months before. He closed the door when she had entered and then he turned and faced her. The cold, pale light of the January afternoon was on his face. It showed deeper furrows of suffering than she remembered. Once again the old ache of pity came into her heart for him, only intensified this time. He dropped in his chair, putting the table between them, and leant his head on his hand, covering his eyes.

"Well," he said, "you have seen your work now. You have all but killed him."

"I am bitterly sorry. I can only say, though you will not understand it, Mr. Moore, that what I did was prompted by love for Jim."

"How could that be? You had given him new life, and your leaving him was his death-sentence. How could you leave him for love of him—my poor little boy?"

She had an impulse to tell him, but while the words hung on her lips he spoke again.

"I fear you have come back too late."

"No, no; I should never have a happy hour if that were so. Jim will live."

"I do not think he will live," he said with curious gentleness. "But I am glad you have come back to make him happy for the time he lives."

"Mr. Moore, he will live, he must live."

He looked up at the agitation which marred her beauty.

"Do not grieve about it," he said. "At first I was angry, when I told you to go. But the anger burnt itself out. It was something that had to be. You were no more than the instrument. I have to lose Jim, as I lost his mother, in punishment for my sins. Nothing you or any one else can do would alter that."

"No, no"; she said. "Don't believe such horrible things. God is Love and Pity. He will leave you the child. You have suffered enough."

"There was something I promised my brother Dick on his death-bed to set right. Well I have never had a chance to set it right. God wills that the wrong shall stand against him and shall stand against me till the Judgment Day. I am a marked man. Your going was nothing of your doing. It was all written out in our sentence. I lost Jim's mother and I shall lose Jim. I am the unhappiest man alive."

He dropped his face on his arms and his shoulders heaved. The attitude showed piteously the ugliness of the man. The poor bowed shoulders; the great head set low between them; the shaggy, grizzling hair; things which might have revolted another only stirred his young kinswoman to depths of compassion. She passed round the table and laid her hand on his arm.

He looked up at her and she quailed for a second before the suffering of his bloodshot eyes.

"You are like some one who is dead and gone," he said. "I have been seeing it ever since I first saw you; but not so clearly as then, not so clearly, because for a second you feared me; and she never looked at me without fear. The child was pale, an elfish thing, but she had hair the color of yours. She was never afraid as her mother was. Her mother never looked at us without shrinking and fear in her eyes. Can you imagine what it is to men, already marked by nature, when a woman looks at them with fear and loathing? There! you do not know what I am talking about. You have no clue to it. How should you? Why did you look like the dead at that moment—the dead, who was ever weak and afraid while she lived? She is strong enough now that she is dead to destroy her enemies."

"She has none. She is the gentlest creature alive. There is no thought of revenge in her heart."

Stephen Moore sprang to his feet and pinned her by the wrists. She was not afraid of his roughness. Although she was very pale, she looked straight into his eyes.

"Nesta Moore lives," she said. "I am her daughter."

"My God!" he cried. "Do you know what you are saying? Are you mad or am I? Do people come back from the dead to give us a last chance?"

She winced under the tightness of his clasp upon her wrists, but her eyes did not flinch.

"I am living, Uncle Stephen," she said, "and I have come back for Jim's sake and yours—because I forgive.

"And you want your rights? My God! is it possible that even yet the past may be undone? Well, you shall have them. I only wanted you to have them all these years. It was a heavy burden after all. It killed poor Dick, although he was the strongest of the two. We hated your mother because we loved your father. But, after all, we could not escape your father's anger. He had trusted us and we had betrayed his trust. Girl, it was only when I loved a woman myself and married her that I knew what we had done. I have suffered the tortures of hell. Dick died raving of the account he would have to render to James."

He flung away her hands from him and sighed a deep breath.

"You shall have it all," he said, "every penny of it is yours. I shall need very little for myself and my dying boy."

"I tell you he will not die. And you shall not leave me; you shall stay and you shall take your share and his. I would have left it all to you when I came to love the boy and to rejoice in your kindness. That is why I went away. What did I want with the money? I could not bear to sit at your hearth as Estelle Mason who was really Stella Moore and your niece. Uncle Stephen, I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven, as my mother has forgiven. Let me stay. Let the past be utterly wiped out and the happy times begin!"

There was a knock at the door. Stephen Moore went and opened it to Nurse Shee's cheerful face.

"My late patient is awake and asking for Miss Mason," she said. "He can hardly believe the great joy that she is come. And I am sure he is really better, Mr. Moore. He looks quite bright."

"We shall both come," said Stella. "We have such wonderful good tidings to tell him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HAPPINESS.

The country had grown used to the strange things that had happened in the Moore family. To be sure those who had known James and Nesta Moore in the old days all avowed that they had noticed the strange likeness to them in the girl who had come to Outwood Manor as Miss Mason. Stephen Moore and Stella and the boy had escaped from the nine days' wonder of it all by going abroad for the months of spring. Before that came Stephen and Nesta Moore had met. Nesta Moore had chosen for her own the little Mill Cottage, where she was now happily established with a couple of servants. She still seemed to shrink from the Manor with an odd kind of fear.

"Some day," she said, "I may forget my memories of the Manor and cease to be afraid. But till then—I am accustomed to live like the mouse in its hole—let me be quiet at the cottage."

She still turned pale at the sight of Stephen Moore; but in time Stella hoped that too would pass. Meanwhile, she was

safe in her solitude at the cottage. Stephen Moore seemed as glad to let her alone as she was to be left alone.

The travelers came home about the end of May. There was no longer now any anxiety about Jim. He had made a most wonderful recovery; and, thanks to a famous Austrian surgeon who broke bodies to remake them, he could even walk a little, might walk more in time, to his father's humble and passionate delight.

It was the day after the travelers' return. Stella had hastened to her mother. The garden was in full summer glory now and Nesta Moore found her delight in working in it. All the terrible memories seemed to have passed away. Working in her garden beds she felt in peace and happiness with all her world living and dead.

She and Stella walked up and down the path between the scarlet-runner beans and hollyhocks, talking over all that had happened. She lamented humorously that the county folks would not let her be.

"You see the mother of an heiress is an important person," she said smiling. "Every afternoon of the week nearly my gardening is interrupted by a carriage driving across the green. Sometimes the smart ladies will catch a glimpse of me and insist on coming out here when I am in my gardening gloves and hat and apron."

"The old friends come?" Stella asked.

"Those who remain. The Duchess comes often, and Godfrey Grantley and Lady Eugenia. I always liked her in the old days. You know Lord Mount-Eden died when you were abroad. The title passes to a distant branch of the family. Lady Eugenia is so very kind. She is always wanting to carry me off to Mount-Eden, but I tell her I have been so long out of the world that I shall stay out of it to the end."

"And are you happy in your little cottage?"

"Happier than I ever thought I should be. It is like a nun's cell and it suits me."

She made an excuse for leaving her daughter, promising to return; and Stella sat down on a little seat amid a bower of the scarlet-runners and gave herself up to her thoughts. It was all warm and sweet about her, with the scent of mignonette and the new-mown hay in the fields across the river. She and her mother had talked much and she had been listening all the

time for one name which never came, no matter how nearly they seemed to approach it. She did not even know if Maurice Grantley was at home. She had heard of Mary Beaumont's marriage. It had been a subject of amazed comment with Stephen Moore, who, in his new, wonderful happiness, had come to take an interest in the affairs of his fellow-men.

There was a step on the gravel and she looked round expecting her mother's return. It was Maurice Grantley. He stood looking at her for a second, with a quiet passion in his gaze.

"How long you have been away!" he said. "I don't know how I should have endured it if I had not your kind mother to come to. She bore with me with wonderful patience. She has sent me to you, Stella."

She was not going to be too facile. She remembered that there had been a time when he had belonged to another woman and not so long ago. She said something a little coldly about her mother's absence at the moment and gave him no invitation to take the seat beside her, yet he took it audaciously.

"If you are going to be cold to me," he said, "I have endless patience to wait till you change your mind."

"The last time we met," she said with a little flash, "*you* were cold."

"Because I had to be, dear; because there were barriers between us."

"Of *your* setting-up."

He put an arm about her.

"Of *your* setting-up."

"If there are to be mutual recriminations," she said, and her eyes danced merrily.

"My mother longs to greet her daughter," he said, approaching a little nearer.

"She was so proud and cold. So was your cousin. To be sure I was only—"

"You shall not say it," he said; and took the most effectual means to silence her. "When you know my mother better you will know she is the most unworldly woman alive. It was only a misunderstanding. She had reason to believe that we knew each other long before we met here. You see, dear, I was always sketching your face, from the time you sud-

denly sprang up at the London crossing, a beautiful, slender wild thing, like a flower or a flame. My mother recognized the face in the pictures when she saw you and was misled. She is the most generous soul alive, and she wants to make up."

"And Miss Beaumont—Mrs. Dare, I should say?"

"Far be it from me to explain the ways of women. Mary never cared for me; I thought she did. There is plenty of time to talk about these things. Tell me that you love me."

"And Jim?" she said presently—when he would let her speak. "What about Jim? I have promised never to leave him."

"I see nothing for it but to do what your uncle has often suggested to me, to live under his roof and manage the business for him and Jim. Outwood is big enough to house us all. I should always look on Jim as a sacred trust."

"And I."

So it was settled. And presently Nesta Moore would come to Outwood, where her daughter ruled the happiest of households, with the children growing about her knees. And Jim, able to move about a little, was the children's friend and dear elder brother, and in a sense the light of the house, since to his room all brought their troubles and difficulties. There was no more any shadow of gloom on the house. The children's voices and the sound of the children's feet had chased the ghosts away.

"I remember when your father said that he saw in this house, then a gloomy and moldering great barrack of a place, a home," said Nesta Moore. "His vision has come to pass. In this very room"—it was the bedroom in which she had foreseen the tragedy of her life; the room in which James Moore had died, and it was now the children's day-nursery—"in this very room there once congregated ghosts of the past and shadows of the future, memories and portents—and there is nothing here now but the hearth-fires of home. And we are at peace with the world."

"And with our own hearts," Stella said, looking down at the child upon her knee.

(THE END.)

THE HEART OF A PEOPLE.

BY F. W. GRAFTON, S.J.

IT was a gaunt, haggard, bleeding figure of our Blessed Lord, of more than ordinary human proportions, and with all the rude ultra-realism of the wayside crucifixes of Tyrol, that was being carried through the gaily beflagged streets of the Hauptstadt on a bright Sunday afternoon at the close of August last. Nailed to a giant cross, supported in an upright position on a quadrangular framework of rough timbers, it was borne on the shoulders of four sturdy peasants of a build to match their burden. Behind followed a throng of men with set, determined, weather-beaten faces and a steady light in their eyes. Their garb was in most cases the soft leather knee-breeches and short loose jacket of the mountains; but the embroidery of breeches and belt, and the bright colors of waistcoat, jacket, hat, or hatband, were stained with the rain and weather and all faded away to the neutral tints of the earth and the mountain-side. Ragged and torn too were their clothes, and the sturdy-knit frames thrust themselves through the rents as though their very bodies cried out after the same freedom as did their hearts.

So they strode silently along, with the bent knees and forward-sloping body of the mountaineer, armed with an almost grotesque variety of weapons that sheer stress had found or fashioned; flintlocks and matchlocks; pikes and halberds and partisans; scythes lashed to stout staves; and huge three-pronged hayforks with one murderous prong turned by the village smith at right angles, so that the weapon would serve to strike as well as to thrust; heavy clubs, their heads studded with stout nails; iron flails; and a peculiar, medieval weapon termed the "morning star," consisting of a rough iron ball set with spikes and slung by a couple of links of strong chain to a wooden staff. There were wooden cannon there too, tree-trunks split in half, hollowed, and then bound together again with iron bands. Then followed the long, narrow, country

carts, ramshackle apparently, yet built to stand the rough and tumble of the mountain roads. These held the provisions and were drawn by oxen, in charge for the most part of sturdy young women, who looked to the cooking, cared for the wounded, and could handle a gun when need arose. They moved through the streets in three bodies, the first headed by a Capuchin friar on foot, whose most distinguishing feature was a flaming red beard; the second by a restless, dare-devil figure on horseback, a man of some five and thirty years, whose fearless and almost fearsome features told of his desperate bravery, though not of the almost boyish ruses and tricks that he played upon the enemy; and the last by a rather short, broad-shouldered man, of something more than forty years of age, above whose bushy black beard shone a pair of healthy, full-fleshed red cheeks and mild, genial blue eyes, on his head a soft felt hat with a gigantic brim, one of the characteristics of the national costume of his native Passeiertal. These three were they who impersonated the popular leaders of Tyrol's uprising a hundred years ago, Haspinger, Speckbacher, and Andreas Hofer. Steadily they all marched along through the double row of spectators that lined the roadway and filled the windows of the houses; and as the giant cross, with its pitiful, bleeding figure, came in sight, a sudden hush fell on the throng, and remained unbroken almost till the first troop had passed—only then did the tightened throats of the people find voice and breath to cheer; for the prototype of this crucifix had been a war-standard against Napoleon's armies.

To-day in England you would call it a pageant. But it was none of your English pageants; it was real. The men who marched behind that crucifix were the same men in heart and mind as their grandfathers and great-grandfathers, who had marched behind its prototype a hundred years ago, marched with those very weapons, and in many cases in the selfsame garb—family heirlooms both—to victory against some of Napoleon's best troops and most experienced generals. There was still, thank God, in their hearts the same simple faith of their forefathers, and inextricably bound up with it the same burning love for their Kaiser and their country, the same stubborn, unyielding spirit that had poured out so much blood in the past for that to them so sacred trinity of God, Kaiser, and Fatherland. Witness to this were the more than

30,000 *Schützen*—militia, yeomanry, volunteers, or whatever you may attempt to translate it by in English—who marched before and behind them, come together from the inmost recesses of every valley in Tyrol to celebrate the deeds of a hundred years ago, and to pay to their aged Emperor the same whole-hearted homage that had been one of the mainsprings of the deeds of heroism performed in the days when their fathers fought so bravely for their beloved Kaiser Franz.

More than half their number were clad in the picturesque though at times somewhat too gaudy costume of their native valleys, by which the expert eye could distinguish from one another the dwellers in the different valleys, just as the Highland clans are distinguished by their tartans. Others had, alas, discarded their gay colors for a semi-military uniform, not more becoming than some of our own volunteer uniforms of twenty years ago. Yet all were sturdily built men, with character and independence written in every line of their strongly-marked features, and each carried his rifle over his shoulder or in the hollow of his arm with the ease that almost daily use had given; for shooting is the village sport and there are no better shots in the whole of the Austrian Empire than the Tyrolese. In front of each company, by the side of the standard-bearer—many of the standards were in tatters, for they had been through the fights of 1809—walked, in memory of the part the women had played in the wars of Freedom, a *vivandière* in her native costume, in this case always tasteful, with her minature cask of schnapps slung by a baldric from the shoulder; demure maidens, they were chosen by the village priest for the occasion, and every one of them during her stay in the city was under the charge of two trusty members of the village contingent. So they filed along company after company, proudly past their Emperor Francis Joseph, and it must have done his old, long-suffering heart good to know that, in spite of the many discords of his motley, polyglot Empire, he has so bright and pure a jewel in his crown as *das heilige Land Tirol.*

It was at the Peace of Pressburg, in 1805, that Tyrol had been given over to Bavaria by that shuffler of kingdoms, Napoleon. Naturally the Emperor had given no thought to the feelings or traditions of this independent and stubborn-spirited race of mountaineers, and though Max Joseph, King of Ba-

varia, did his best to show his love for his new subjects and to make himself beloved of them, his ministers, inspired and coerced by the policy of their real master, Napoleon, more than undid all the good the King could effect. Even without this counter-force it was a hard task he had set himself, to win over the love of the Tyrolese from Austria to Bavaria. An incident of the year 1808 well illustrates this. Max Joseph had arranged, in celebration of his birthday, a great shooting competition, the form of recreation most dear to the heart of the Tiroler, to be held at Innsbruck. From all parts of the land the peasants flocked into the town, and one of the chief prizes took the form of a Bavarian flag sewn over with gold pieces. The face of the proud winner of this trophy shone with delight as he received it from the hands of the King himself. "Now," said the King to him, "are not the blue and white of Bavaria better colors than the black and yellow of Austria?" The peasant's features clouded and became perplexed. "Aye," he answered, "the Bavarian colors are fine enough; but"—and he stopped to scratch his ear and then looked the King straight in the face—"but when I hang them up in the smoke of my cottage, why, the blue will turn black and the white grow yellow! The old colors are faster," he concluded.

This strong natural antipathy to the new rule was further increased by the attempt to draw from Tyrol, by conscription, recruits for Napoleon's armies, recruits that might even be called upon to fight against Austria. This proved an almost ludicrous fiasco. In one typical case, out of more than one hundred recruits called out, only three put in an appearance; the rest had fled across the Austrian frontier or into the mountains, to escape having to don the hated Bavarian uniform. Their love for their own land of Tyrol, too, was cruelly wounded by the quite unnecessary abolition of the very name. Tyrol was no longer to exist and was to be known henceforth as Southern Bavaria. Finally, and this was perhaps the weightiest point, for it was brought home to one and all, old and young, their deep-seated love for their religion received a heavy blow. Amongst a people brought up in the midst of all the tender and daily devotions of the Catholic Church, and with many curious, old-world religious customs of their own, an attempt to prune all this away to the merest minimum of purely

official services soon resulted in what amounted to little less than open persecution. Three times a day, for instance, throughout the length and breadth of the land, were the simple mountain folk reminded of what they had lost, when instinctively, as the time for the Angelus drew near, they listened for the sound of the bell; and then, with bitterness in their hearts, recalled that their new masters had forbidden it to ring. The native priests, in the large majority of cases, not unnaturally refused to carry out these unwarrantable ordinances of a purely secular authority, and so were dispossessed of their benefices, often banished from their country, and Bavarian clergy inducted in their stead. The Tyrolese refused the ministrations of these stranger priests, baptized their own infants and buried their dead by night in unconsecrated ground; and when episcopal permission was given to the banned priests, many of whom were still in the land in hiding, to celebrate Mass "in cellars, caves, woods, and, moreover, at midnight, and thereby to make use of vessels of glass and pewter," all the elements and all the effects of a persecution were there. Thus towards the close of 1808, when Austria was again gathering strength to make another attempt against the world conqueror, Archduke Johann of Tyrol, who shared the love of his people equally with Kaiser Franz of Austria, was able in the war councils at Vienna to lay stress on the value of a popular rising in Tyrol and to give assurances that the fuel was all prepared and needed but a spark to set it ablaze.

It is not intended here, nor is there space, to give anything in the way of a detailed and consecutive account of the rising in Tyrol—or rather of the series of risings, for the historic year 1809 saw in reality three successive ones in the brave-hearted little land. The aim is more, by touching on certain outstanding features of the war, to throw some light on the character of the rising and of the men who fought in it. To sum up briefly the history of the three campaigns, each culminated in a general engagement in which the Tyrolese defended the lower slopes of the mountains on the south side of the broad valley of the Inn. The hottest fighting was in the centre, which lay upon Berg Isel, a bold, pine-clad bluff of the foothills at the point where the narrow Brenner Pass, the road south to Italy passing through the very heart of Tyrol, opens out opposite the Hauptstadt of Innsbruck.

The French and Bavarian troops held the plain and the city. On the first occasion, April 12, the peasants fought their way into the town and captured it. But scarcely was the month out when Napoleon's victories on the Danube enabled him to throw reinforcements into the land. Again, on May 29, was Berg Isel the scene of a fight that in this case, as also in that of the last on August 13, was stubbornly contested from early morning until night without either side gaining ground to any notable extent; yet in each case were the losses of the imperial troops so heavy that their generals found it prudent to retire in the following night down the Inn valley and to leave the town open to their peasant foe. It was Wagram and the armistice arranged on July 12, after the indecisive engagement at Zuaim, of which Napoleon made it a condition that all Austrian troops should be withdrawn from Tyrol, that laid the land open to the third invasion of their enemy, and gave occasion to the last and real popular rising. All Tyrol rose as one man, took their fate into their hands, and without any help from Austria drove Napoleon's armies clean out of their land. They were freed and that by their own efforts alone. But, alas! exactly two months after their last brave stand on Berg Isel, a peace was agreed to in Vienna by which Tyrol was again separated from Austria. All the sacrifices and bloodshed had been in vain!

The outstanding figure of the whole campaign, especially of the latter part of it when the Tyrolese were driven to rely entirely on their own resources, is the innkeeper of the little village of St. Leonhard in the Passeiertal, Andreas Hofer. We have already given some account of his appearance as he was impersonated in the centenary celebrations leading the third of the contingents above described. His personal character was representative of all that was best in the character of his countrymen. To a sterling and unimpeachable honesty was united an almost childlike spirit of piety and unwavering trust in the all-ruling providence of God. He had the slowness of thought and speech of a man born and bred in the country, but withal a fund of plain, homely common sense that led him almost instinctively to form sound judgments and decisions. Military authorities of the present day declare that his tactics in the conduct of operations, under the circumstances, could not have been improved upon. Only in his estimate of individuals was

he too often at fault; his tenderness of heart and his own upright and straightforward character lead him far too easily to accept other men at their own valuation, and when he was raised by so strange a fortune from innkeeper and horsedealer to the position of Governor of all Tyrol there were naturally not wanting individuals who sought to impose upon him. Yet, though in such men he was often deceived, he was never in the least spoilt by flattery nor did he lose any of his native simplicity of character.

It was after the third evacuation of Innsbruck by the imperial troops that in the absence of any Austrian authorities Hofer, who had already held an important place amongst the leaders of the peasantry, and had won the respect and trust of all, was driven by common acclamation to undertake the *rôle* of Governor; but only, as he clearly and explicitly insisted, as representative of his beloved Kaiser Franz. He was forced to exercise his authority from the Hofburg, the residence of the Archdukes of Tyrol, and there, surrounded by his small staff of officers and advisers, mostly men of his own station in life, sitting in his shirt-sleeves in the one room he consented to occupy, he ruled the land. His meals, ordered in a neighboring inn, and of the same simple character as those to which he was accustomed, were taken in the same room in company with his staff; and any one who happened at the time to be present on state business was invited to sit down and share the meal. Most of the plaints that were addressed to him were settled in patriarchal fashion, on the spot, after he had heard the story.

Hofer's ordinances for the furtherance of public morality, of which he issued two, are deservedly famous as unique state documents. They display his deep spirit of piety, his unaffected appeal to the people from one who, though set above them, is yet their fellow, and the simple directness of speech of the uncultured countryman.

The religious spirit of Hofer and his countrymen is most strikingly exemplified in the vow made before the second great fight on Berg Isel to re-establish in Tyrol the feast of the Sacred Heart, which had been suppressed under Bavarian rule. This vow is still observed and the feast regarded as a national one, the *Schützen* companies turning out on parade for the occasion and firing a salute outside the village church at the Sanctus and Elevation of the Mass. Another instance of the

place God held in the hearts of the mountaineers is the following. The last general engagement, the one on August 13, took place on a Sunday, and the Bavarians believed that the pious Tyrolese would refuse to fight on such a day. But they, like good militant Christians, first heard their Sunday Mass and then immediately, with the strength they had won from God by prayer, began their attack. The fighting raged the whole day until dusk set in, along a front that stretched right to Hall and Volders, some seven or eight miles down the valley. Then in the failing evening light, when the last onslaught of French and Bavarians had broken and rolled back from the mountain-side, with childlike piety Hofer bared his head and sank upon his knees to thank God for the victory. His comrades near him did the same, and then troop upon troop throughout the whole long line followed suit, and the last rays of the setting sun shone on one of the noblest and most moving acts of homage that a nation in arms ever paid to God.

It would be too long to relate in detail the many further examples of the piety with which the hearts of these simple peasants were filled; but one last well-known one must be given. It was the custom of Andreas Hofer and his personal staff during their sojourn in the Hofburg to keep up the Tyrolese family practice of reciting the rosary in common immediately after the evening meal before the pipes were lit and the gossip began. Hofer himself led the prayers, and whoever present on business had been invited to take part in the meal was afterwards required, without any acceptance of refusal, to join in the evening devotion. "Hast shared our supper with right good will," Hofer would say, "and there's no good reason for not doing the same by our prayers."

It was, however, in the terrible misfortunes that turned the glories of the year 1809 to the deepest tragedy that the village innkeeper, though not he alone, rose to the greatest heights and displayed the characteristics of a hero. Yet he sank before he rose and after the Peace of Vienna, when all hope of further resistance to the concentrated forces of Napoleon was vain, seemed to lose all his former clearness of vision and let himself be led by the less reputable and most desperate of his following to renew the struggle. But this renewal served only to enhance the sufferings of the now impoverished and downtrodden land. At last all further resis-

tance became impossible, and he was forced amidst the snows of winter to take refuge in the mountains; for he had already strenuously refused to leave the land he loved so well and to accept the opportunity of flight into Austrian territory which was offered to him, though it would have allowed him to enjoy a life of honor and of ease. High amidst the peaks of the Alps for well-nigh two bitter winter months he lay hid in a rough log-hut that was occupied ordinarily only in summer by the shepherds when they drove their flocks to the mountians. His wife, his little son, and one true friend remained with him. A price had been set on his head and from his eyrie he could often see the French patrols or the Italian gendarmery as they marched through the valleys in search of him. When the snow did not render the mountain-tracks altogether impassable, one or the other of the few friends who knew where they lay hid brought up food to the sufferers. At length, however, towards the end of January, 1810, a traitor was found who, prompted by a personal grudge against Hofer and spurred on by the thought of the blood-money, spied out the patriot's hiding-place and lodged his information. The local magistrate, who, in common with nearly all the land including most of the officers of the French army of occupation, was full of sympathy for the fallen leader of his countrymen, refused at first to act on the report. But on Hofer's betrayer threatening himself to take his information direct to the military authorities, a refusal became no longer possible.

It was thus that on the night of January 28 Hofer and those with him were awakened by the sound of footsteps on the frozen snow outside the hut, and going out were met by a body of no less than six hundred Italian soldiery, who by two different routes had come to effect the capture. All four were bound and driven through the snow and the night down the mountain side, Hofer himself being cruelly mishandled by the soldiers, who were angered at the trouble his capture had given them. But this treatment was put an end to by the French General, Baraguay d'Hilliers, when Bozen was reached, and there the request Hofer had made on his capture was acceded to and his wife and son set free. He was then marched to Mantua to be judged by court-martial, and it was his conduct on the way thither and in the fortress of the town itself that so won for him the sympathy and respect of all, that

even his rough guards came to look upon him with something of the awe with which men regard a saint. On the march, for instance, when he himself might have escaped, he had preferred to save the lives of his goalers. For they had fallen asleep and were in danger of being suffocated by the fumes of a charcoal stove that they had kindled in the room where they were keeping guard over their prisoner; and it was he who woke them and warned them of their peril.

At length Mantua was reached; and of what took place there every child in Tyrol could tell you the moving story in all its detail. Hofer defended himself before the court-martial calmly and with dignity, or rather failed to defend himself in his efforts to obtain mercy for his friends and followers. His advocate, however, a young Italian lawyer, handled the case with such skill that there was danger of the court failing to pass the death sentence. News of this was brought to Napoleon, who was at Milan, and the emperor sent posthaste a despatch ordering Hofer to be condemned and executed within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the message. Unmoved he heard his sentence pronounced and passed the last few hours of his life on earth in intercourse with his confessor, who after the execution wrote of it: "My soul has been filled with heavenly consolation and with wonder, for I have found a man who in truth trod the path of death like a Christian hero and suffered without shrinking as a martyr suffers." Hofer's own last words to his wife are also preserved in a letter he wrote to her a few hours before his death. The letter closes thus: "And so farewell to all in this world until we meet again in heaven above and there praise God forever. Let all my friends remember me in their prayers, and let the good wife not grieve overmuch for me. I will pray God for you all. Adieu! thou miserable world! So easy do I find it to die that my eyes do not even grow moist at the thought."

Between the rows of his weeping fellow-prisoners, to many of whom a measure of freedom within the fortress was allowed, he went to his death upon the broad bastion that flanked the gate. He refused to have his eyes bound, gave the last coin he possessed to the corporal of the firing party, bade them take good aim, and then, after a short prayer, cried with steady voice: "Fire." The first volley brought him to his knees, and even after the second he still lived. It was

only a shot at close range from the corporal's musket that put an end to his sufferings.

On the same day on which Hofer's gentle and noble heart ceased to beat, another hero of the year 1809 met his end in Bozen. Peter Mayr, he too an innkeeper, was there shot on February 20. General Baraguay d'Hilliers was anxious to save him, and he might have been acquitted had he affirmed that he knew nothing of the decree issued on the 12th of November ordering all to lay down their arms and threatening all further resistance with the death penalty. But, "I read the decree for myself," he declared steadfastly, "and I will not save my life by a lie." From this resolution all the weeping entreaties of his wife and children could not move him. He met his death bravely and in Christian wise, even as Hofer had done, and if neither lived to see Tyrol once more joyfully reunited to Austria four years later, yet they failed too to be witness of the misery and mourning that brooded over the exhausted, impoverished, and depopulated land during those unhappy four years. Moreover, it may well be that their sacrifice and their prayers before God helped not a little to bring back to their country that happiness and freedom for which they had so generously striven and so terribly suffered.

MOTHER MARY VERONICA OF THE POOR CLARES.

BY WALTER ELLIOTT, C.S.P.

IN the issue of this magazine for June, 1895, appeared an account of the establishment of a colony of Poor Clare nuns in Omaha, Neb., in 1878. The writer, Father S. B. Hedges, was sympathetic in spirit and well-informed of the facts, which are an illustration of the Psalmist's axiom, that "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Two Italian sisters, after wandering from point to point in a very sorrowful pilgrimage, from New York to New Orleans, finally gained a quiet harbor at Omaha in 1878. Their monastery was built and their living made secure by the late J. A. Creighton, whose munificent zeal founded and endowed the Jesuit University in the same place.

Father Hecker, an ardent lover of the solitude and silence and prayer of a contemplative life, was one of the warmest friends of this holy enterprise. He encouraged these pioneers of Seraphic seclusion in America with words of hearty cheer. At the time of their arrival in our country he was in the first era of his long and final illness. But this only cleared his vision of the religious future of America.

"God," he writes, "has clearly taken your affairs into His own hands. He leaves you no human respect whatever. *Ipse faciet.* Every door seems shut against you. O blessed obscurity, which forces the soul to look for light and guidance to God alone! O blessed perplexity, which throws one into entire dependence on God. This is the real contemplative life." Then, in accordance with his native artlessness of expression, he adds: "As often as your mind is disturbed, and your heart grows faint, take some pills—made in equal parts of the following ingredients: Resignation, Patience, and Fidelity to the Divine Will."

This letter, and the others that followed it, were written two years before these nuns were finally settled and had begun their peaceful and secret, yet eventful strife with the agencies

of sin in our land. His words, rightly esteemed prophetic by the nuns, came exactly true: "The trials and mortifications and disappointments which you have received since your arrival here, have served, I trust, to deepen the conviction in your souls of the high vocation to which you have been called, and, like that of your holy Foundress, your names will be held in benediction in common with hers in the future of the Church in our beloved country."

He also recorded his conviction of the seed of the contemplative life among us. The terms he used will strike with astonishment those who believed the false accusations made against him, one of which was that he was hostile to the cultivation of the passive virtues: "My most intimate conviction is that not only the gift of contemplation is necessary to our century, and above all our country, but that God will not fail to bestow this grace on certain elect souls in our day and precisely among us. It is the only counterweight that can keep this headlong activity of our generation from ending in irreligion and its own entire destruction." Since then the "elect souls" have come to the Omaha monastery in goodly numbers, and it has been able to establish a colony in more peaceful but hardly more propitious circumstances.*

But it is not mainly about the Omaha Poor Clares that we are now concerned, but rather with their sisters settled in Cleveland and Chicago. The coming of both colonies to America was almost contemporary, and they met in Cleveland under peculiar circumstances, deeply interesting, we trust, to a large section of our readers. The event is part of a chronicle as interesting as it is artless, telling of a great and saintly woman, Mother Mary Veronica.†

The Cleveland foundation began in 1877, and consisted of five German sisters. They were placed in the temporary convent already occupied by the two Italian Poor Clares, brought to that city by the Provincial of the German Franciscans. His zealous purpose was to form one community of them all,

* Our readers will be interested to learn that a good many years previously Father Hecker was equally interested in the pioneer establishment in America of the Little Sisters of the Poor. He endeavored strenuously to fix their first house in New York City, and, failing in this, he helped place the foundation in Brooklyn, and he was the first one in this country to give them financial aid.

† *A Cloistered 'Life.* The Venerable Mother Mary Veronica, Poor Clare Colettine. With a history of the two Communities of Poor Clares founded by her at Cleveland, Ohio, and Chicago, Illinois. Cleveland, O.: The Catholic Universe Publishing Company.

and both parties of the nuns entered heartily into his plan. But it failed. There was no division of feeling nor friction of sentiment, but the practical differences were found to be insuperable, for the Italian nuns were Observantines of the original Rule of St. Clare, and the Germans were of the Reform of St. Colette. None of the Germans knew Italian, none of the Italians knew German, and the intermediate speech of French was possessed by Mother Magdaline and Mother Veronica alone. Fair trial resulted in amicable separation.

Our heroine was born of a noble Westphalian family, in 1845, being the eldest of eight children. She was a pious child, blending the instincts of innocence with the aspirations of grace from the very dawn of reason. Those who knew her best and first and last, affirmed unhesitatingly that she never sullied her baptismal robe with a mortal sin. Her desire to become a religious was evidenced in her conversation and in her prayers at about twelve years of age, and from the beginning it was the standard of holiness which she set up for her daily conduct. Yet meanwhile, both as child and as young woman, she was sensible and wide-awake, fond of girlish sports, and had a strong sense of the humorous. Love of the poor and devoted service to them was her chief external religious trait. Love of prayerful seclusion and of the Blessed Sacrament was her secret joy, deep-flowing and of generous promise. The young Baroness Mary von Elmendorff, such was her name and title, was expedited towards the goal of her desires by the two most fateful events of human life, the death of her parents. Her mother, whose influence had always been exceedingly religious, died when Mary was but eleven years old. The effect of this on the child was profound. The next year she made her First Communion, and received the first impulse from God towards the cloister. She experienced it while hearing Mass and afterwards when visiting the nuns at a Monastery of Poor Clares. They told her many things about their life, all of which "charmed her, particularly the midnight office, the perpetual fast, and the bare feet"—to quote her biographer. She inquired, in all simplicity, whether they did not also sleep on the bare ground, wear the celice, and take the discipline; this was greeted from within the blank and curtained grating with the laughter of the sisters. Curious taste this of a child of twelve years, delicately reared and

waited on by servants at every turn, to love austerity and to look for more of it than even Poor Clares practised.

At the age of eighteen Mary finished her schooling and returned to her father's castle. She was by him installed as mistress of its home life. It now seemed that her longings for contemplation were to be starved by restriction to the rare opportunities for solitude stolen from the cares of a household of seven children and many servants, not to mention the solace her father expected and received from her company—a beautiful daughter, highly educated, as happy as an angel, and overflowing with the joy-making resources of a most affectionate disposition.

No wonder that he was shocked by the revelation she at last made to him that she was called by God to be a nun. This happened when she had given him three years of sweetest domestic peace. Her prayer, even when backed by the full and free approval of her father confessor, was refused, though with deep emotion. No, not during his lifetime could she leave him for the convent. Mary was much distressed, of course. But only God could see it, for she hid it from all others. And He intervened in her behalf; for her father soon after died suddenly, and in two years Mary had arranged all family matters satisfactorily and joined the Colettine Poor Clares of Düsseldorf, having, meanwhile, rejected an advantageous offer of marriage.

The peace of heaven then settled upon her soul, never to leave it again, though it was not at any time unmingled with pain. She had many a hard interior struggle and not a few severe external trials to undergo. St. Bonaventure says that when St. Francis beheld the Seraph of the crucifixion in the high heavens coming to brand him with the wounds of Jesus, "joy, mingled with grief and sadness, overwhelmed his soul." The same might be said of this gentle disciple of Francis on entering his Seraphic Second Order: "She was outwardly clothed in the vesture of penance and inwardly marked with the ever painful and ever joyous wounds of the Crucified."

Her entrance was in the spring of 1869. She was clothed on June 23, taking the name of Veronica, and professed of the first vows the following year, on July 8. With the rigid exactness of the German temperament she united the mystical sweetness equally peculiar to the race, but not so often in

evidence. Saintliness is the only word that justly describes her career. She took the Gospel literally, as did St. Francis and St. Clare and St. Colette. When, in due time, her vows were made perpetual, she had spent some years of successful trial of the unbroken fast of her Rule, which, however, but feebly represented her interior hunger and thirst after justice. Her joy in bodily self-restraint never left her. A lady of the nobility by birth and training, wholly untainted with grave sin, and of a guileless nature every way, besides being endowed with God's choicest graces, she yet became a barefooted penitent, out of pure sympathy for Jesus crucified. Naturally chatty and social, she loved silence as her dearest companion. She joined her order more radiant and happy than any young bride at the wedding Mass, and so she ever remained. The deep running currents of holy joy overflowed the sorrows of a naturally timid conscience and the anxieties of the many years in which she bore the burden of office in her monastery.

Her loved ones according to the flesh, were cloistered as sacredly in her heart as they were rigidly excluded from her company. She was joined in outward and inward kinship of a heavenly kind with her sisters in religion, those gray-clad virgins, whose holy voices sanctify the midnight hours of every part of Christendom. We do not intend to do what we are not competent to do—reveal Mother Veronica's inner life. But every part of this interesting biography shows that she enjoyed in an extraordinary degree the three higher gifts of prayer. "The first," says St. Teresa, "is the perception of the greatness of God, which becomes clearer to us as we witness more of it. Secondly, we gain self-knowledge and humility, seeing creatures as base as we are in comparison with the Creator daring to offend Him in the past, or venture to gaze on Him now. The third grace is a contempt for all earthly things, unless they be consecrated to the service of so great a God" (*Interior Castle*, VI. *Mansions*, Ch. V.).

Not many years after her profession, the Poor Clares were driven out of their convent at Düsseldorf by Bismark's May laws, taking refuge in Holland. This experience of the bitterness of exile was an eventful incident, but only preparatory to a far more eventful one, namely, voluntary exile to the United States. For Mother Veronica was appointed leader and finally chosen Abbess of the American colony and of the

Cleveland foundation, whose singular beginnings we have already noticed.

Mother Veronica, as Superior or Assistant, bore a heavy burden for the rest of her life, nor was she quite free from it even during her last lingering illness. The foundation at Cleveland, aided though it was by the continual and generous co-operation of the Franciscan Fathers of that city—who had procured it—as well as by the favor of the Bishop of the diocese, was beset with the gravest difficulties, such as poverty most real and pinching, illness of the sisters sometimes prostrating nearly the whole community, unavoidable mistakes about location and neighborhood. More to her, under God, than to any other single person, was the final glorious success to be attributed.

Without being fretful or hasty or severe in her disposition, she was yet a vigilant superior. Absorbed in God, she was quite lifted above human motives in the enforcement of her austere Rule. She was observant of the faults of others only by compulsion of duty and for their own interest, as well as out of love for a manner of life which must be strictly followed or soon lapse into degeneracy. She communicated her own sweetness and sunny cheerfulness to the tone of the monastic life. Meanwhile she had excellent business qualities. She managed the gravest financial matters for many years with surprisingly few mistakes, and none that were serious. Of the spiritual life she was an example of observance far more intense than belongs to any but very saintly characters. The choir service, our highest form of vocal prayer, occupying several hours daily, found in her a fervent lover.

Tauler compares vocal prayer to the straw of the wheat, which bears and protects the grain; so does the recitation of the divine praises both suggest and guard our thoughts about God and divine things. In this function Mother Veronica was singularly at home, having a voice remarkable for strength and melody. In private conversation on devout subjects its tones provoked reverence by a certain virginal purity. If one could understand not a word, the lesson of love for God and for sinners was yet plainly taught by its tones. The present writer conversed with her several times, seeking an interview during his missionary travels to solicit her interest in the conversion of America. The cloister shut her off from sight be-

hind its iron grill. The gentle face was not seen. But the reader will trust an old confessarius, who has listened to the sweet plaints of many thousands of penitents and the tender accents of as many lovers of the Divine Spouse; one, too, who has heard the human voice in every range of its melody, in choir and home, in senate and forum and battle-field. But he never heard a song of joy or of triumph so beautiful as Mother Veronica's words of hope and encouragement, few and slowly spoken, but with the resonance of paradise. This private charm was dispensed constantly among her sisters. Many a vocation did she save, sometimes by a short phrase, like this, uttered one hot summer's day when the sisters were half-stifled by their heavy habit: "Never mind, dear Sisters; our sweat is water, His sweat was blood."

Let no one suppose that the cloister is no place for the exercise of the gift of eloquence. "Mother Veronica," says our author, "was possessed of a wonderful gift of speaking of God and of divine things. Like a gentle stream the words of instruction and exhortation flowed from her lips, without exertion and without preparation; and as they came from a heart all inflamed with the love of God and her neighbor, so did they ever find open hearts ready to receive and follow them. Some of the sisters in all simplicity said that it was a pity their Mother was not a priest, because of her great gift of speech and her ability to impart peace and consolation."

As to her face, postulants were fascinated by its holy expression, saying to themselves: "How beautiful!" "She looks like a saint!" "And how truly a mother she seems!"

As she looked so she lived. The perfection of charity was the whole purpose of her life. She was so sympathetic, that the bare suspicion of pain in another set her to work in the holy offices of comforting the sorrowful. She often rose at night to peep into the cells of sisters not quite well, to look after their comfort. "In numberless ways," says our narrative, "she robbed herself for the sake of others." If she granted dispensations, it was done indeed with an outlook for observance, but yet "with a delicate charity," while she reminded the sisters that in such exceptions they could practise obedience and humility and simplicity in a higher degree than by austerities suggested by their own will. Meanwhile she was a stalwart champion of strict observance, even if in her later

years she seemed to soften in her Rule beyond the line of prudence and firmness. "In reality this was not the case. When duty required she could proceed with a sharp judgment and great decision, as was repeatedly seen when she sent away candidates that were unfit for the religious life or corrected and punished one or other of her subjects. Only the tears which flowed from her eyes on such occasions betrayed her compassion and interior pain."

Two events of prime importance were the attempt of the Houses of Poor Clares in Germany to reclaim Mother Veronica, and her founding of the House in Chicago. It looked for a time as if Providence destined her to return to the Fatherland to deepen and strengthen the virtues of the sisters there; but America, it was soon perceived, was God's appointed field for the remainder of her career. Little can be said here about the Chicago venture. Let the reader enjoy its curious and at one time perilous vicissitudes in this biography. As a foundress and a superior of such religious institutions, Mother Veronica was ideal. She was not only full of love for a poor and penitential and silent life of prayer, but she had a native aptitude for such new things as were good company for old things in religious observance; meanwhile being a steadfast "enemy of all comforts and modern improvements." Suffice, then, to say that her Chicago foundation was as great a success as her Cleveland one had been.

Mother Veronica had always blessed God for calling her to be a Poor Clare. But there came a time when her gladness was heavenly, as she heard the *Veni electa Mea* calling her to the Bridegroom. Then her heart melted with joy for the barefooted life in chilly Cleveland and Chicago, the broken sleep for the midnight office, the scanty diet, the grave-like enclosure, the desert-like solitude. In the beginning of her vocation "a feeling of mortal disgust for worldly things took possession of her, and her longing for an austere and perfect life daily increased." And her love for it increased even unto death, a longing, too, for paradise and God, as strong as it was tender. The sisters noticed that all her virtues matured and mellowed towards the end. Especially did they perceive in her an atmosphere of more intense seclusion of spirit. One virtue alone became more active and demonstrative, sisterly affection.

Next to the Divine Presence in the oratory, Mother Veronica's room during her long illness was the happiest place in the monastery. She seemed as if created (to use her biographer's words) for the joy of others, full of the strategems of love and the anxieties of sympathy, pouring her soul into the cares and troubles of others with overflowing tenderness. On her very death-bed she rather gave than received consolation; and this she extended by the help of others to her correspondents. Indeed all her life she had been, by her letters, an evangel of happy contentment for the unfortunate, and of resolute courage for the timid. Almost the last letter she wrote was an offer to send sisters from Chicago to Cleveland, where the whole house was down with the grippe.*

It was in the spring of 1904 that Mother Veronica received the first signal of the approach of death. This was a stroke of paralysis. It was followed by a partial recovery. But only eighteen months more were set apart for her pilgrimage, and November 9, 1905, she received all the last sacraments and expired. Her biographer has given a remarkably edifying account of that event and of the illness that preceded it. We have seldom read anything better fitted to teach one how to die a holy and happy death.

And now it may be asked: What have we busy men to do with these silent nuns? Everything. Their solitude is not spiritual by any means. Their cloister is no bar to the unity of love among the members of God's Church. They are but secluded from earthly noise, that they may more attentively hearken to God's voice calling on the whole communion of the faithful in earth and heaven to love Him and to be His instruments in saving His straying children. As the angels rejoice over the repentance of sinners and the conversion of heretics, so also do these contemplatives of the Seraphic order. By their intercession with heaven they provide all parish priests and missionaries with the most essential aid, namely, the secret influences of grace. They pray and fast and watch, that they

* The present writer enjoyed for many years the privilege of an occasional exchange of letters with Mother Veronica on spiritual topics. She wrote English with absolute correctness, in the beautiful script of educated Germans. She exhibited a peaceful force of conviction, a gentle urgency of exhortation to virtue, and an unusual gift of inspiring fortitude in enduring trials. One could not help feeling under the spell of a master spirit in reading her letters. They were never lengthy and yet never too brief. And they plainly showed that both humility and sympathy had entered so deeply into her soul as to have become, as it were, a trait of nature.

may live in absolute and conscious sympathy with all men and women actively engaged in God's work, from the Bishop laden with the grave responsibility of many thousands of souls, down to the humblest parents going the weary round of domestic duties. By obtaining the grace of conversion they are the foremost convert-makers in America. And what we say of the Poor Clares, the same is to be said of all the strictly contemplative orders, such as the Carmelites, the Dominicans, and various other orders. Differing in particulars, they are substantially the same in the characteristics of this vocation, a spare and mortified provision for bodily food and clothing, sleep and lodging, almost total silence, except in the public saying and chanting of the Church's office, and practically total seclusion from the world, with large opportunities for private meditation—all for God's Church militant.

Not all of our readers will be equally affected by this Life, kindred spirits of course enjoying it best. But not even an atheist could go through this peaceful and yet eventful life journey without feeling at once ennobled and humbled by the companionship of such lofty souls. The book is perfectly well written. It resembles in several ways the monastic *Chronicle of Jocilyn*, made famous by Carlyle's *Past and Present*. Like that writer, too, our authoress is sometimes over candid. We fear that some of her sisters have found matter to call forth their forgiveness, as well as their praise of her book.

To the Catholics of America there is a special importance and a national interest attached to this biography, for it tells of the great servant of God who first founded the Poor Clares of the Colettine Reform in this country. To such contemplative orders, as we have already said, we must look for the most essential aid in the active ministry. For over fifty years St. Paul of the Cross prayed every day for the conversion of England. More than a hundred years after he began, the Passionist Father Dominic received Newman into the Church. Sometimes soon, sometimes late, but, whether soon or late, the prayers of a saint are surely answered.

"He knows well how to live right who knows rightly how to pray well," is a saying of St. Augustine. Now a universal union of prayer is established by Christ in His Church, especially between the extreme of activity with the extreme of quiet in God's vocations. The school of all virtuous living is

in the study of prayer, vocal and especially mental. Shall we not say the same of all effective preaching, religious publishing, conversation? The Christian apostolate really centres in the cloisters of the Church, whether they be constituted by canonical enclosure, or in separate individuals by personal attrait amid active religious works. We meet with very many members of the active communities of women, whose devotedness to their busy apostolate and their success in it, is to be attributed to their peculiar fondness for the most contemplative life. And the Rule of every Catholic order set apart for active labors specifically inculcates this. The primary Rule of all working priests, brothers, and sisters is that they shall strive for personal sanctification as the principal aim of their existence. St. Alphonsus was once asked by certain cardinals for advice on some weighty matters. After thinking the case over he gave this counsel: "All that I deem it wise to advise is that we should pray a great deal about this affair." To souls for whom the interior life is the mainspring of every action, and to whom thoughts and motives, aspirations and purposes, divine communications and infused guidance, form the principal reason of existence, this history of a German baroness transformed into a contemplative nun in the latter half of the most worldly of all centuries, is of absorbing interest. To a rightly guided missionary or parish priest there is no help so precious as close union of his work with the prayers of a community of contemplatives, devoted to him and to his vocation, and especially sympathetic with his efforts for his own personal sanctification.

It is refreshing to read of souls like Mother Veronica and her sisters, whose spiritual ambition is simply limitless—for whom to be saints is the one passion of life. This does not necessarily mean the sanctity that God publicly approves by astounding miracles, though this book records some marvels of the sort. It means not so much the miracles of sanctity as its virtues. Tauler is never tired of saying that the world was created for such souls. Under Christ, their merits are its salvation. Their prayers and sacrifices make them the leaven of the whole mass of humanity.

We have written this little tribute to the memory of Mother Veronica, out of gratitude for the incalculable help she and her sisters gave to the non-Catholic missions in the United

States by their prayers and sacrifices, dating from the beginning of the American Apostolate. Happy should we be if our words should be made God's occasion for the vocation of as much as one noble-hearted girl to give up everything for Jesus Christ crucified and enter such a cloister. We hope also that all who read this article may at least duly venerate that lofty ambition of St. Teresa, the greatest modern legislator of such a life: *aut pati aut mori*—Either to suffer or to die.

"Even at this day we are sensible of the truth of what St. Francis said, that nothing is more glorious for the regular religious state, and nothing more edifying for the whole Church, than to see the nuns of St. Clare, who keep the Rule of their order without the slightest mitigation, who renounce the possession of any property whatsoever, whether private or in common, who live wholly on alms, and in such a state of rigorous austerity that the stronger sex would find it to be quite appalling. And notwithstanding this, in no other monasteries is there more harmony, or greater contentment, or greater liberty of spirit to be found, or more of that joy of which our Savior spoke: 'I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice; and your joy no man shall take from you'" (Chalippe's *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, Book V., p. 191, Oratorian Translation). Père Chalippe wrote thus in the first quarter of the degenerate eighteenth century. True then, his words are just as true now, and may be applied equally well to all the contemplative nuns in Holy Church.

AS IT HAPPENED.

BY JEANIE DRAKE.

CRAGMONT, which was once Santa Fidelia, which was once Tallaloa, which was once Iguadzil, and so on to a time when she was nameless, looks down variably, but always enchantingly lovely, on those who discover and re-discover and again discover her. Her cliffs, sparkling salt-encrusted, or towering sea-splashed and foam-crowned, have watched long, sweeping Pacific waves efface from her sands the footprints of furtive pre-historic savage, of predatory Indian, of Spanish missionary, of Western fortune-seeker, and of gay summer visitor with equal unconcern.

Yet here, on the eve of his wedding-day, was Lieutenant Paul Torrance, feeling that nature must be in full sympathy with him. He squared his broad shoulders, inhaling long draughts of ozone from the sea, held his head aloft, seeking to hide the joy dancing in his eyes, and with the touch of his sweetheart's lips yet upon his own would have changed with no emperor. Settling to his stroke in the rowboat, he sent it with easy strength skirting the various coves and inlets in which that indented coast abounds; and darting steadily along, now in the wide shimmering afternoon glow, now under shadow of overhanging crag or darkly verdant hill, let his eyes rove from the leaping green and white billows against the setting sun Japanward to the noble heights crowning the shore.

"It is good to be alive," he exulted, "possessing the earth and the fullness thereof! Since I mustn't see my dear again until to-morrow, this is worlds better than hanging about the inn with oppressive eyes upon me. Glad there's no distracting city fuss and feathers to be gone through. That's thanks to Diana—bless her dear heart! 'Nothing to spoil the sacredness down at Cragmont villa in the rose garden where we first met,' said she. Isn't that their red roof above the tree-tops? The ancient mariner, whose boat I borrowed without leave, was wrong to croak about the weather. Nothing but a cap

full of wind in that cloud over yonder against the sun. What an afternoon!" He hung on his oars worshipping nature, paganwise. "If Pan came piping down that hill with a rabble rout of fauns and satyrs about him—or if elusive nymphs with wind-blown tresses should call me shrill and sweet from below that great rock where the seed-weed washes—it would seem natural enough to a man who once wrote a poem without being found out. Well, one more pull upshore, one more look at the dear red roof, then back to the inn."

"There was a bold fisherman
Set sail from off Barnegat,"

he whistled, pulling away vigorously.

The Greek chorus which, subdued or strident, accompanies life's circumstance and follows death, was busying itself now up at the one Cragmont inn with him and with Diana. This is flagrant abuse of the accident which from the veranda of "The Cliffs" had permitted through the trees their glimpsing the lovers' parting at the villa beneath.

"Ah," said an acrimonious voice, "not so absolutely icy as one might expect of the superior Diana."

"Since he," suggested another, "of the crowd of adorers is very definitely accepted—"

"My dear, I can't imagine what they all see in her! Absurdly fastidious about a bit of harmless gossip or the tiniest joke, you know. Too tall and white, with that mass of auburn hair and the pride of—well, her maid told mine that Miss Farland said Cragmont could never be quite the same Arcadia —'Harcodious,' Betts called it—it had been before this hotel was built. *We* desecrate the formerly exclusive scene of her love idyll, don't you perceive?"

"Well," said a third, "the bridegroom is a pleasant fellow enough and certainly walks on air at present. But since it was announced I have been a bit afraid of that desperately disappointed suitor, the Englishman. He looks as if setting fire to the inn would be congenial sport. One cannot get a civil word from him."

"Could one at any time? He has always seemed to regard an offer of the cream at breakfast as a deadly insult. Isn't that the Honorable Percy down below there now? What's he

doing? Going in swimming or coming out, or just strolling round in bathing suit to display his muscle?" She adjusted an opera-glass, as though what happened below their hill was prearranged for their express benefit. "Seems to be taking that vicious horse of his from the groom and into the surf. There they go round the Point. Splendid figure. They do look fine, man and horse; but if they should be swept away, there would be two ill-tempered animals removed. How black it is getting, and how the wind whistles! Ow—w! See that lightning! Let's go in."

The landlord, owner of a fishing smack, in which Miss Farland as child and girl had often sailed, and with whom she was a favorite, looked after these balefully as they retired, before he proceeded himself to where banging window blinds and loudly creaking, flapping awnings claimed his attention.

Down at the villa Diana, restless within doors, wandered among the catalpas and lingered about her rose-trees. Beside the tallest near the gateway she stood long, touching it caressingly and letting a soft smile of reminiscence curve her lips. Past the great gate the Englishman went swinging toward the sea. He was compelled to see the slim white form against the verdure, so the girl, after imperceptible hesitation, spoke:

"I hope," she said pleasantly, "that you may enjoy your swim," in allusion to the bathing dress which largely displayed his athletic figure. The habitual impassiveness of his handsome features changed electrically.

"I think you know," he replied with undisguised sullenness, "that I enjoy nothing these days. I was in a Fool's Paradise just long enough to have it spoil everything else in life."

"Not everything, I am sure. You are young."

A flush answered her mistake. "A boy, perhaps you think, since the playtime you accorded me counted for nothing."

Her inclination to offended dignity softened before his evident wretchedness. She tried to ignore the intensity of gaze dwelling on her face and figure, on her dress and the flowers in her hand. "Hear that wind through the trees," she said, holding up her hand, "and see those clouds! I must get in. But leave with me, in proof of generosity, good wishes for myself and Mr. Torrance."

"For that," he said bitterly, "I am not generous enough."

And checking with violent effort the wild words rushing to his lips, he went his way downward. Below around a curve, where the steep descent runs into the ocean, came a groom leading his horse, glistening wet from the waves. "Give him to me," cried the master sharply. "Do you call that a bath?" The man ventured a respectful word or two concerning the approaching gale, but unheard, for the Englishman had already vaulted to the horse's back. He rode the spirited animal into the surf, wheeling and dashing this side and that, scattering high the spray, the rider finding outlet for the angry humor possessing him in the din of the incoming storm. He forced him swimming about the Point, into a secluded inlet where wind and wave roared between high rock walls. And as they splashed and plunged together in the foaming waters, hastening for safety there shot into the cove from the further side a boat whose oarsman still whistled: "There was a bold fisherman."

"Splendid model for a Centaur!" was the rower's instant thought. Then, coming near enough to see the Englishman's frown—"but confound him for a bad loser!"

In this narrow ocean amphitheatre, cut off from human eye by its perpendicular rocks, and from human ear by the roaring and whistling of the nearby storm, the former rivals must needs pass each other closely.

"May I beg you," called the lieutenant, when near enough to be audible, "to hold hard a moment? He'll swamp my boat."

The animal, excited by the increasing noise, was swimming unwillingly, strongly resisting the rein. This struggle, together with the unexpected meeting of to-morrow's bridegroom, brought the rider's pent-up passion to a climax.

"I'm not riding an omnibus hack, you see," he answered savagely. "It's a horse."

"Unmannerly cub!" muttered the officer through his teeth; but held himself in with the reflection that a winner could afford to do so.

"Keep that boat out of his way if you can," continued the other, "it annoys him. Don't they teach rowing at Annapolis?"

In view of the fact that the cove was now an angry, rushing swirl of mounting water, whose spray dashing high whitened the cliffs overhead, this was hard to bear.

"They teach us—" began the lieutenant impetuously, and again restrained himself. A surging roller lifted him high and let him down into the whirling vortex, so close to man and horse that the latter's flank grazed his gunwale. To avert more dangerous impact he pushed the snorting, tossing head hard aside.

"Damn your awkwardness!" cried the Englishman. "Take your hand off my horse!"

Torrance was at the end of his endurance. "I know which is the poorer brute of you two!" he exclaimed. "He may not be a hack, but he is ridden by an ass!"

The waters whirled, the storm darkened and howled, the tumbling, frightened beast scattered foam over both men, while for a second they glared at each other. Then the rider, slipping sidewise on his steed's back, gathered the ends of the reins and cut Torrance across the face. In Paul Torrance's memory it seemed afterwards almost simultaneous—his reaching up, oar in hand, and striking in return with all his force. And horror did not at once succeed fury when the rider, loosening his hold on the bridle, threw up his arms and fell forward, catching at the horse's mane. He hung so but a moment, for the animal, now wild with terror, pitched and reared, flinging his master across a projecting rock; then, swimming back around the Point, made towards his stable. The lieutenant urged his boat closer to the rock, clambering over its slippery surface to draw the unconscious form higher. Then threw up his arms in turn. "God!" he said, stunned, for he had been through a war and knew that no living body ever hung limp and twisted in just that fashion. He bent over it for an agonized instant, and again looked desperately at the precipitous, rocky barrier behind them. "The horse will give the alarm," he thought; then with dazed idea of fetching the surgeon who lived a mile upshore, he caught up and fell to his oars again.

But if entrance to the comparatively sheltered inlet had been difficult, leaving it was a mere opportunity to the mad winds and waves. In one fierce blast they fell upon his little bark and swept it far outward to the tempest's will. In the teeth of the rioting squall, through mountainous billows, he rose and fell now, hour after hour. Stricken in soul from the tragic happening he left behind, yet instinct and habit made

him bend his back and strain his muscle in this new, prolonged conflict. Rising and dipping, he strove now, arduously always, then desperately, at last hopelessly. Chilled to the bone in cold wind and drenching seas, arms and shoulders aching, hands bleeding, purpose and heart almost failing, night brought no relief, for the gale still raged. About midnight one oar slipped and was whirled from his benumbed fingers. "Now it would be better to end it all," he thought. "Once overboard, it would be quick." But righting the bewildered brain: "No, no, not that; not while I keep sane at all."

Then he dropped exhausted in the boat, mounting and tumbling through seas eight feet high, which smothered and drenched and turned his clothing to ice upon him. Holding to the gunwale, he caught now and then through the utter blackness a glimpse of distant light-house or brilliantly illuminated passenger steamer making for port. After a seeming eternity of this, there came a slight lulling of the elements, and off shore he discerned an ocean tramp, the first craft venturing outward. Hope of rescue stung into life the last atom of strength. He tied his handkerchief to the remaining oar, signalling and hailing; then, as they went on, without heed, he laughed weakly and muttered unconnected words until he fell oblivious. But from the lumber vessel his little fluttering speck of white had been at last perceived; and in time they bore down upon him in the early dawn's pale light, and presently drew over the side a man apparently dead.

When the day shone at last with the mocking splendor it wears after a storm, he opened his eyes and struggled to get out of the berth. "You don't know—" he protested. "It's Diana, calling, calling; and I must dress for the wedding. But why should that fellow lie so, all doubled up and clammy?—no wonder the horse is frightened—" and so rambled.

"Wild as a loon, and small wonder," said the captain, who yet knew but a part.

At Cragmont, which they were leaving leagues behind, the chorus at "The Cliffs'" breakfast table was querulous about the past night's tempest.

"Impossible to sleep," complained one.

"Oh, as for that, my dear, I sat up the entire time, thinking the roof would be blown off."

"It's hardly worth while to escape city noise for this

racket," grumbled another. "Such an uproar and such terror I never wish to endure again."

"You're luckier than some," commented the landlord, grimly, "Mr. Sydenham—he wasn't troubled by the night's noise. They brought him in at dark, stone dead, offen the rocks. That brute of hisn had kicked him in the head while they was a-bathin'."

"Oh!" "Ah!" "How dreadful!" they murmured, shocked into comparative stillness; then recovering: "Wonder how Miss Farland will take that after his summer's devotion! I should look upon it as a wretched omen for a wedding day."

"Oh, my dear, she is thinking right now that fate arranged that gale expressly to freshen up the earth for her and give her this gorgeous day. No one else is of any real consequence, unless it is incidently the bridegroom. I wonder, by the way, where he is this morning. I haven't seen him round, though I can spare him. That poor, rude Englishman was really better looking. So is Captain Condor, the best man. That's he now going in at the villa gate. Pity those trees hide so much of the grounds."

"Do you think they'll shoot that fiery horse. They ought, I think."

Diana, happily unconscious, explored with light foot her storm-beaten garden paths. "Oh, my poor roses!" she cried, but none the less her eyes shone and she hummed a love-tune, gathering surviving buds.

"Diana, Diana!" expostulated her mother from the veranda. "One may be too unconventional. Even for such a quiet home wedding as your taste for romance imposed, the bride, already dressed, need not be outdoors and waiting."

"But the glorious day! And the glorious sea! And the glorious woods! And the glorious world!" chanted the girl. An officer in glittering, full-dress uniform, who overheard her, came quietly up the avenue. "Ah, Captain Condor," she greeted him with a pretty blush. "Are you on time?"

"A bit too early, perhaps," he said, with a touch of constraint, which the mother noted. "One or two last little arrangements to discuss with Mrs. Farland, if I may," and the bride nodded, resuming her lilt as they went in.

"I can spare you a moment in private," said the mother, "but those pretty young things, her maids, are flying all over

the place among the flowers, like so many humming birds." She did not entirely hide her anxiety.

"It is nothing at all," said the officer with studied carelessness, "but Torrance must be detained somewhere—somehow. I thought I might find him here since he is not at 'The Cliffs.'"

"You have not seen him this morning?"

"He was to come up to town, you know, on the early afternoon train, and return to-day with me. They tell me at the station that he missed the four o'clock and said he would take the next up, two hours later. They are not sure whether he did or not. I have telegraphed to his apartment there without result. His wedding things are in readiness in his room here; but it is—quite—late; and—and so it stands."

"Gracious heaven!" murmured the woman of the world, appalled at the certainty of scandalous tongues. Then, more humanly motherly: "Some terrible accident, perhaps—my poor girl!"

The bevy of maids, fluttering impatiently into the flower-scented room, stopped short at sight of her disquiet. But Captain Condor had eyes only for the slender, shining bride who now came under an archway. "If you will go up-stairs with your mother," he said very low, "she will explain the cause of our—our temporary delay." And he carried away with him for all time a vision of her, tall and shimmering in silver-white, her lovely eyes widening in wonder touched by alarm.

Some time further he spent at Cragmont in investigation, with no discovery, for so many small craft had been torn loose to destruction that night of tempest that no significance attached to any one boat missing. Then he escaped from the curious glances at "The Cliffs," which for her sake he resented, to an equally vain search in the city. At Cragmont day after day wore on in pain and tortured uncertainty, which made Diana shrink from urban streets and scenes.

Long afterward she received from Captain Condor, now transferred to the Atlantic squadron, a letter which contained in part these words: "You might have seen all the while that I loved you hopelessly myself; though I tried and meant always to hide an unaccepted devotion. Now, after this interval, I dare to offer it and to believe that I could make you happy."

To which she answered in part: "If he be dead, I shall mourn him always. Only proof of living disloyalty—a thing incredible—could make me think of another."

He pondered his answer to this, passing through a deserted card room at the Army and Navy Club; and came face to face with a man, gaunt and haggard, whose clothes hung upon him and whose countenance was deeply lined with trace of long illness of mind and body.

"You! You—Paul Torrance! Is it possible?"

"What's left," said the other, forcing a smile. "Blown to sea in a cockle-shell; nearly drowned and frozen; rescued and put down after long sailing in a beastly little South American port, where I have lain between life and death ever since with fever—"

"Then—then—" said the older man, his hopes fading. A messenger boy handed him a telegram which he opened. "Come to me when you can—Diana," he read. "Can she know?" he wondered heavily; then, after reflection, handed it to Torrance. "This should be for you," he said.

The lieutenant's brow contracted. "Though I am again in life," he said almost inaudibly, "it is not for marriage. I have written her—she knows—that it is all over. Something—insurmountable—impossible to explain—has come between us. If you are to be the fortunate man—fortunate above all others—then—God bless you and her!"

Captain Condor looked at his friend long and gravely. Then he said, with a certain heroism: "Are you very sure that it *is* insurmountable? I will explain for you—if I may—if you will trust me."

"I would trust you with my life—with my honor—most precious of all—with her. But for this there is no help. I have reported and sail for China next week; but you—go to her, man, go to her!"

And with a pressure of the captain's hand he passed down the stairs and was gone.

Several years after this the summer chorus at "The Cliffs," with certain changes and additions, still chattered, still buzzed its accompaniment.

"Isn't it delightful that the squadron should be ordered down here for target practice?" one began.

"Re-enforced, too, by a cruiser from the Asiatic side."

"I'm told that the first lieutenant on that one is a man who had some sort of adventure right in this place."

"Oh, yes; Torrance is his name. I was here at the time. Blown out to sea on his wedding day—picked up by a schooner—fever after—a lot of stuff—I never believed a word of it. The man concocted it to cover his disappearance; and if you knew her you could excuse him. Handsome enough, yes—but with pride to suit her name. Didn't mourn him long—went up to town and was a howling belle for a while, and then married another officer, who's down here, too. Has been promoted since, I hear. Rear-Admiral in command of this fleet, I believe. I'm told she supervises the invitation list for all their affairs aboard ship. She's the sort, you know, that wouldn't go to heaven unless she was assured of a private box there. Wonder how she likes meeting the lieutenant."

While these ladies talked, an entertainment to which they were not invited was being given out in the bay aboard the returned cruiser, *Montana*. Chinese lanterns and electric lights supplemented the peaceful moonlight. The band played softly, the marines presented arms, and at the gangway the captain and first officer, Torrance, received the Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Condor. One of a party of girls, already aboard and withdrawing to make room, fluttered near enough to Paul Torrance to whisper playfully "Pinafore," in passing. The answering smile, lightening for a moment his habitual gravity, masked such emotion as she happily could never know. Diana's graceful head, held high under her white plumes, her level eye-glance passing easily from the captain to him, the very sweep of her silken gown, expressed such calm and courteous indifference as might have been looking on him for the first time. She went forward with the captain, the lieutenant and her husband following, while the band played an old Spanish melody, a favorite of hers in the past. Both men's hearts beat hard at memories of sitting out with her in just such moonlit scenes while that air was being played, and at their inability to find a word now for each other.

At last the admiral seemed impelled to say: "I have tried to make her happy."

"You have succeeded—I am sure. I was not worthy. But there have been moments when I have regretted not ending it all that night."

The admiral looked at him narrowly, marking the premature gray of the hair and the melancholy of the eyes gazing out over the silvered Pacific.

"There is your work"—he hesitated—"which you do so well, that I am told there is talk of you at headquarters for who knows what honor, especially since the last campaign."

"There is always some duty, thank God!" said the lieutenant, "or fewer people would be sane." Then, as host, he was called away to an evening of such heaviness as the sweet minor strains of that melody had seldom accompanied. Whether in a low word or two to his captain, or in pulling down to throw overboard a suddenly ignited lantern which threatened a dowager's drapery, or seeing that the chaperons were served to their liking, or murmuring complimentary nothings to bright-eyed, expectant maidens, or even in gliding a dance with these, there went with him insistent consciousness of Diana's presence, in whatever part of the deck she sat or walked or talked, stately, charming, unapproachable to him always. He was haggard with long strain before the delighted, chattering company began by boat-loads to leave them with laughing, flattering good-nights. Avoiding the helping hand which Torrance had extended to all, Diana's foot caught in her gown and she would have fallen into the launch if he had not caught her. She shrank instantly from his touch and passed on without a word. Watching from the side the boat which held her disappearing by the light of the low-hanging moon around a cape into the darkness of an inlet, at shadow of which from afar he shuddered—"Lord in heaven!" he breathed, "if she knew! Well, my penance has been long and heavy for an instant's unrestraint."

All signs of festivity had long disappeared from the vessels in the bay by the next noon, when there was business-like preparation aboard such as were within the range for gun practice. Here and there hung clouds of smoke about the harbor; and glasses leveled at "The Cliffs" discerned launches and boats which carried an officer hither and thither from this ship to that. It interested those who looked, especially to reflect that Mrs. Condor, from a seclusion which they resented, could, as well as themselves, see Lieutenant Torrance go aboard her husband's vessel.

"I wasn't sure that I should have another chance to see

you before you go," Admiral Condor was saying, "so I asked you to umpire."

"I appreciate the thought," murmured the lieutenant, his glance measuring space between the distant target and the great guns. Then he entered the turret. The first pointer had fired his string and the second pointer had just fired the third of his string. The third shot was being loaded and the first half of the charge had been rammed home, when something—gases, perhaps, from shot previously fired, or parts of the cloth cover—the newspapers differed and disputed over it for months afterwards—ignited the powder. There was a sudden report, flames leaped from every part of the turret, and almost immediately a second explosion sounded from the handling room below, where twelve hundred pounds of powder, ready to be hoisted, had ignited. Instantly, at command of the admiral, fire quarters were sounded, and within a few seconds the magazines and handling room were being flooded with water; and at their officer's call for volunteers every man aboard responded, eager to help in rescue. The admiral, unheeding protests from his officers, flung like the others a wet handkerchief across his face and plunged into the smoke and suffocating fumes of burnt powder. Pushing his way below, the first body he stumbled over was the gun umpire's, which he lifted and dragged upward stumbling on deck, with the helpless body held close. His burden's eyes were shut, his clothing hanging in rags, but not having yet entirely entered the turret, a few moments of life were still left to him. He opened his eyes to see the admiral's compassionate gaze fixed upon him.

"Oh, my poor, poor fellow!" cried his friend in anguish.

"No, no; I am very willing. Only tell her—tell my Diana, now—the reason. Not the Englishman's horse, but I—I—killed him. Not intended—no—but in anger. Then I couldn't—claim—her—and so—so—am glad to go."

And then he did go to such peace as life had not given him.

THE SUPREME PROBLEM.

BY GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

THE "supreme problem," ably treated in a most opportune work just published,* is rightly so called for those who have no solid Christian faith. For Catholics, of course, it is no problem at all; they have the answer to it in the very beginning of their catechisms, and all good Catholics are as sure of the correctness of this answer as they are of their own existence. But very many outside the Church have been trained to believe that this answer is incorrect, or that, at any rate, it has no solid foundation; and they continually seek for some other one. They are, as St. Paul says, "ever learning, and never attaining to the knowledge of the truth"; for the simple reason that they reject the truth to begin with. Their position is like that of one desiring to learn astronomy, but rejecting the law of gravitation as unworthy of attention.

Problems in general, if no progress is made toward a satisfactory solution, are dropped by sensible men; or they are content to wait till the increase of knowledge, or the accumulation of facts, shows the way to such solution. But for this problem even those who see no way to solve it will not wait. As Mr. Raupert remarks, they persist in returning to it. "In a pronouncedly rationalistic and worldly age," he says, "we have the remarkable spectacle of an incessant evolution of new religions, and of a literature in which the discussion of religious problems is the predominating feature." It is really extraordinary that (to quote his words again) "the most sceptical of scientific men cannot leave it alone."

And yet the reason why they cannot is not so very hard to find. It is simply that man necessarily seeks for happiness; and this is impossible, with this problem unsolved. For it is the problem of "our duty here, and the destiny of our souls hereafter," as the author puts it; the question what are we here for, and if we are going elsewhere when we leave here,

* *The Supreme Problem.* By J. Godfrey Raupert. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Co.

where shall we go? It is one that affects our whole life, and spoils our interest in anything else. With it once settled, we can attend to other things, and let them take the places due to their relative importance; but while it is unsettled, our whole life is disorder and confusion.

Of late, many imagine that the key to it is to be found by some kind of scientific investigation. As some of the mysteries of nature have been cleared up by this, why not, they say, this one also? So the world is interested to know what Sir Oliver Lodge, for instance, has to say about it. But, after all, it will find that a merely human authority is not enough to settle its mind on a matter of such immense personal importance. It must know not only what his opinion is, but why it is his opinion; it must judge of his reasons. But if it comes to this, few are able to so judge. The question is one in which every one is interested, however unlearned or incapable of argument he may be. The idea of settling it by means of Sir Oliver is like the theory of some High Churchmen, that the original Christian doctrine is to be ascertained by studying the works of the early Fathers; but how many have the ability or opportunity for such study? Even the agreement of all scientists would not suffice in this matter, but they never will agree, except in agreeing to differ. The only thing that will answer is something which will bring conviction to every individual soul.

It is the seeming possibility of such individual conviction that has given the interest to modern spiritism. This professes to open a channel of individual information to every one; for it is not necessary even to go to a medium; one may become a medium oneself, or probably find one among one's friends. And if, in this way, one can be convinced that a departed father or mother, husband or wife, is giving information as to what is to come hereafter, and how one should live here to be happy there, what more is needed?

If every one could in this way obtain the required personal conviction, and if the information on which it was based was the same for every inquirer, we should certainly have quite a satisfactory solution of this "supreme problem." The reality of a future life would have a natural proof, and the barrier between this world and the next would be quite effectually removed. But what is the actual state of the case?

No one is better able to tell us than our author, who has made a special study of the subject, as is very well known. But we do not need his word to assure us. We all know that no consistent body of doctrine has been deduced from spiritistic seances. Plenty of informaton there is, indeed; but it is absolutely inconsistent, and apparently often given to suit the views of those who receive it, or those popular in the country in which it is given. What comes from one alleged informant is often absolutely contradictory to what is received from another. If two travelers, who claim to have visited some unknown country, entirely disagree in their account of it, we necessarily conclude that one at least of them is lying; either he has not been there, or he does not truly tell us what he has seen.

Now this discordance in spiritistic information is so obvious that no one ventures to deny it. We are forced to conclude either that those who give it cannot be depended on for truth, or that their true communications are so inextricably mixed with the personal views of the mediums through which they come, that no separation can be made on any point whatever. Instead of the desired information as to the unknown country in question, we are getting a mixture of statements, some of which may come from those who have seen it, but who either cannot be trusted to tell what they really have seen, or who cannot separate their accounts from the imaginations of those who receive or transmit them.

All, then, that the most ardent adherent of spiritism can save out of the wreck, unless he himself arbitrarily determines just what to hold and what to reject, is that his departed friend still exists, and that some of what purports to come from him is true. But of what practical use is that, unless he can find out what is true and what is not?

And can he reasonably be sure that the departed one is really speaking at all? All spiritists, and all those who wish to be, as well as outside observers, realize this difficulty. The great effort is to obtain what are called "proofs of identity"; but the proofs are not such as would convince any business man, unless he determined to be absolutely certain that no one but the actual person whose identity is to be established could be cognizant of the circumstances which constitute them. The whole structure of the identity proof falls

to the ground if it is once admitted, as spiritists generally do admit, that the sub-conscious mind of the medium or of the inquirer using the medium, or of some other living person, can communicate these circumstances to the alleged informant; or that they are down somewhere in black and white, or other visible way, so that this informant may know them quite naturally.

All this is brought out most clearly by our author, who is thoroughly familiar with the work of recent psychical researchers. And it is quite clear that the motive which inspires this work, at any rate in England and America, is the desire to solve the "supreme problem"; to get some proof that we can communicate with the spirits of the departed. On the continent of Europe, the mysterious forces which seem to be exerted, and the "astral" substances by means of which they seem to be produced, excite more interest than the supposed communications. There, investigators are more anxious to find if a table can really be moved without physical contact, and some apparition produced which may be supposed to move it, than in anything the apparition may have to say. It does not worry them perceptibly to have the spirit behind the scenes say that it is not a departed or human spirit, as is recorded in a recent number of the *Annals of Psychical Science.* They do not care what kind of a spirit it is, but merely what kind of physical effects it can produce. It looks very much as if they had come to the conclusion there that the Church has all the information possible on the matter of religion; or, at any rate, that they have discovered that the so-called "controls" producing the seance phenomena are either unable or unwilling to furnish any.

But our English and American investigators are not yet so sure of this. They are still hoping that some scheme of religion will emerge from this mass of apparent information, or at least that the latter comes from their departed friends and relatives and shows that they survive in some sort of way, even if it is not clear what the way is. The simple fact of their survival would be to them a great piece of news, and they imagine that it would be so to every one, not dreaming that the vast majority of Christians, even if not living according to their religion, have no doubt whatever of its truth, especially about this point, and would not be at all more sure

of it, though one should now rise from the dead. Catholics would like, of course, to hear from their departed friends, as they would if these friends were living abroad somewhere, on this earth; but they have no more idea that they have ceased to exist in the former case than in the latter. As was said at the outset, the "supreme problem" was solved, for us, long ago.

It is Mr. Raupert's object in his book to show those outside the Church that the only possible solution of the problem is the one which Catholics possess, and to show just why no other solution can be found except this one in just the way that they have found it. It is very important to convince them of this; for the line which many of them are now so eagerly following, is one which will, in the great majority of cases, lead them to more harm than good.

Now, why is it that our modern researchers (whether "psychical" or not) for truth will never arrive at it on the lines they are following? The author gives us the fundamental reason in his book. The reason, both for their anxiety, and for their failure to remove it, lies in the fact which is at the basis of all actual religion, whether true or false; that is to say, the fall of the human race from the state in which it was originally created. Many, of course, try to ignore this, and please themselves with the idea that man, instead of having fallen, is gradually rising from a merely bestial existence into higher and higher regions of intelligence and knowledge; but their struggle to reach in some way to the God Whom they cannot really ignore, shows more and more plainly the wounds of the intelligence, as well as of the desires and of the will which that fall has caused. Every one finds in himself what St. Paul says (Romans vii. 18–24) of himself; education and culture do not remove it, though they may change its form. The state of things, among those who have rejected the Christian revelation, is substantially the same as it was with the Greeks and Romans before they received it. They endeavor to find out what is the matter with themselves by scientific inquiries and systems of philosophy, and to imagine that the cure will ultimately be found by these. But the trouble still remains; all that is gained—and that not always—is a keener consciousness of it. They will never obtain any remedy till they realize that this disorder of human nature can only be

repaired by Him who made it, and begin to inquire whether it has not actually been so repaired in those who will come to Him for that reparation.

Our psychical researchers have got as far as to understand, or at any rate to suspect, that the light which they need—they do not understand that they need strength as well—must come from outside. Some one must tell them what they cannot find out for themselves. They must get some one to give them the solution of the supreme problem, or puzzle, for which their own heads are too weak.

The strange thing about it is that they are ready to take any answer which seems to come from those who have passed through the portal of death. It is one of the strongest proofs of the desperate uneasiness which the fall has caused, that they are so unwilling to admit that this answer may fail them.

The totally unscientific attitude of mind which they have adopted is really phenomenal. It is quite true that we should, on scientific principles, admit no more causes than are needed to account for our observations. But if the causes assumed fail to account for them, then the case is quite different. These very scientists, however, who are so ready to admit and to investigate new physical substances and forces, and so prompt to suppose them to be used by living or dead human beings, are, for the most part, simply deaf to any suggestion that there may be other spiritual beings beside human ones, and that there may exist the God Whom, in some way, they have to acknowledge.

And yet, if they would not so obstinately shut their eyes to this idea, everything seems to point that way. Why should there not be intelligences which have never been in bodily form, just as well as those which have been? And why, if so, should not some of them be liars and deceivers, just as many men are? Why should they not know the circumstances which they bring up as proofs of their truth, and bring them up simply in order to have their lies believed in other matters?

There seems to be some hope, recently, that the possibility of this simple proposition is beginning to be admitted by the more advanced investigators. The principal thing which seems to stand in their way is the assumption they have become so accustomed to, that the Catholic Church is wrong on every point. If there be other spirits beside human ones, let us call

them "elementals," or some other high-sounding name, which may make it seem that we were the first to discover them. Not plain "devils"; oh, no! That would be quite too orthodox and superstitious.

And yet the truth about their character would seem to be clear enough from the consequences of accepting their influence and their teachings. We have yet to hear of any one who understands moral truth more clearly, or who has more moral strength, from anything that these spirits have taught him.

These spirits are so confident in the blindness of poor human nature that they are even willing now and then to tell the truth about themselves, as in the instance above recorded, as well as in others where their dupes have gone so far as to get quite in their power. Cases of this latter kind are many, and some are given by the author in his book.

The question has, however, occurred to many, even among ourselves, whether, in spite of all this, some good may not come out of spiritism, if only the conviction that man does survive death (however poor grounds it may give for such a conviction), or at any rate that spirit does exist without union with a material body. It is possible, of course, that God may bring some good out of the evil, but we can hardly be very sanguine about it. The only real remedy for the great evils inflicted on man by the fall has been already applied by the Redemption effected by the Incarnate God. The only hope for man lies in his realizing the situation, at any rate as existing in the individual case of each one, and in his finding that no mere efforts on his part, and no mere knowledge which he can of himself acquire, will relieve it; and in his then turning to the one original source of light and strength, and availing himself of it. Great ability or learning is not required for this; it is not necessary to study history in order to be convinced of the historical Church which He has founded, though such study may help those competent for it.

To quote the words of Mr. Raupert in the last part of his work, on the *Restoration of Man:*

"Considering," he says, "all the facts of the case; the circumstance of our present helpless moral condition, and at the same time the incessant craving of our nature, our demonstrated inability to find within the realm of nature and the

sphere of the known the remedy for our trouble; considering also the conscious limitation of our faculties, in their attempt to make connection with the higher powers; the gift to man of a revelation above nature and the disclosure of a divine remedy becomes not only a conceivable possibility, but a veritable necessity—indeed we cannot well imagine how such a remedy or disclosure could take any other form.

"Now, it will be readily conceded by all rightly-instructed persons that Historical Christianity, as the world received it nearly twenty centuries ago, as generations of the best and noblest of men have believed it, as the Catholic Church, in her historic creed and her formulated teaching, has preserved it, not only claims to be that divine remedy and revelation, but that it has also, by the universal experience of mankind, proved itself to be such."

This is the great aim and object of the author's work, to show to those who do not already know it, the reason for all their anxiety, and to warn them not to search for its relief, by means that will only aggravate it; but to understand its cause as it really is, and to seek for its cure where so many millions have already found it, in the divine institution which God's goodness has so long ago prepared.

Let us hope that many who need this help will read his book, which we have so inadequately noticed; for they know that he is not talking at random, or ignorant of the matters of which he treats. And Catholics also will find his words profitable, for he is also well acquainted with the theology of the subject, and is competent to speak about it in the name of the Church, for which he has sacrificed much, and of which he is so good a member.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

I.

THE poet, Patmore declared in a moment of luminous paradox, "occupies a quite peculiar position —somewhere between that of a saint and that of Balaam's Ass": and save for the fact that both saint and ass are notoriously humble in demeanor, it seems impossible that any phrase should more suggestively crystalize his own lifelong attitude. With meet dramatic insight, Mr. John Sargent chose our poet as model for his Prophet Ezekiel, and to the sense of friend and foe alike there played about him flashes of the untranslatable Vision, echoes of the Voice Crying in the Wilderness. From the days of his vivid and self-conscious childhood, through that maturity of passionate antagonisms and inviolate fealties, into the prophetic old age, ominous, aloof, yet strangely tender, Coventry Patmore was at each moment a unique and compelling personality. Aristocrat, pessimist, scholar, poet of human love and of transcendent mysticism, he stood as a rock of offence to the Philistines of his own and every age. He himself loved and hated strongly; and in the eternal justice it has been decreed that strongly, too, should he be loved and hated—a scandal to the timid or unbelieving multitude, a seer to the few who have cared to understand.

From the first, there was a singular interdependence between Patmore's life and his literary work; a consistent absorption in certain ideals which must always be rare in human nature. Not that he was free from vagaries; but his prejudices and perversities even now are "excellently intelligible," and a certain proud integrity of soul forbids us to separate the poet from the man. Together then, as one single entity, should the life record and the art record be studied.

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore was born at Woodford, in Essex, the 23d of July, 1823. From his mother, an austere

woman of Scotch descent, he seems to have received little save the gift of life; in his father he found not only the inseparable companion, but almost the sole instructor of his youth. Peter George Patmore was himself a journalist and litterateur, a man of versatile parts, embodying that not unusual combination of strong individuality and feeble character. From very childhood Coventry spent hours in his father's library; together the two read Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and selections from all the great English classics; while at night this not unliberal education was supplemented by visits to the best playhouses, or to the homes of "Barry Cornwall" and others of the so-called Cockney school. It was doubtless a desultory *regime*, yet it proved more effective than many a wiser method. And when, between his twelfth and fifteenth years, the boy manifested keen interest in mathematics and experimental science, his father—with customary indulgence and apparently at some pecuniary inconvenience—fitted for his use a little laboratory. To the end of his life our poet was wont to refer zestfully to his investigations there, even asserting that he had in those early years discovered a new chloride of bromine.

But in the life of so transcendent a thinker, it is the spiritual experiences, however youthful and fugitive, which retain permanent interest. The elder Patmore seems to have been what is now known as a "reverent agnostic," and Coventry naïvely tells us that until his twelfth year *he* was an agnostic, too! He had, indeed, received no definite religious instruction: but coming at that time upon some little book of devotion he was impressed with a gasp—"what an exceedingly fine thing it would be if there really were a God," with Whom he might live on terms of love and obedience. It was the first of those illuminations or angel-visits, of which our poet was vaguely conscious all through his youth—visits which, as yet, left slight impression upon the outer life, but which cast upon the things of earth sudden gleams of interpretation, and in one memorable instance forced upon him a most intense and lasting apprehension of the supreme worth of personal purity.

But poetry, that elect lady and predestined passion of his life, early claimed some initiative allegiance. From Patmore's own account, it was at about the age of sixteen (in "The River," and "The Woodman's Daughter") that he first turned

seriously to verse-making; writing then also a remarkable little essay on Macbeth, published later in the Pre-Raphaelite *Germ*. The fact that an original tragedy was also in contemplation would scarcely be worth noting save for the subjective experience which it induced. For by another wholly characteristic illumination, the boy student came to perceive that such tragedy as might inspire the highest poetry "ought to present the solution, rather than the mere conclusion, by death, of the evils and disasters of life." Here, assuredly, was no ordinary fruit of youthful speculation, but the basis of that philosophic and fundamental simplicity which Patmore was so uncommonly to attain. May it not, in truth, be recognized as a note of that Divine Wisdom which will neither be withstood nor denied by its chosen vessel? For in casting about for this possible solution of a difficult world, our poet first came into definite contact with the Christian idea. The conception of the God-Man, the Word made Flesh, took immediate root in an intellect and heart peculiarly open, peculiarly sensitive to beauty and to truth. Almost half a century later Coventry Patmore declared that this thought of God incarnate in Jesus Christ had from that moment remained to him "the only reality worth seriously caring for."

Kindred experiences were more disquieting. A visit to relatives in Scotland (devout members of the Free Kirk), much "profitable discourse," and an unsuccessful attempt at extemporaneous prayer, sent Coventry back to London in a revulsion of feeling which almost threatened unbelief. But the early vision remained intact, and excesses born of much zeal and little knowledge gradually made way for a new advance.

Meanwhile Peter George Patmore's parental pride urged his son on to publication, and in 1844 the first little volume, *Poems*, was issued from Moxon's press. The home circle was, of course, enthusiastic, and even the literary world took some slight notice. "A very interesting young poet has blushed into bloom this season," wrote Robert Browning*; Leigh Hunt and the "Cockney" contingent were vastly appreciative; and Bulwer Lytton sent a most discerning letter of sincere praise and admonition. Several of the reviews were, on the other hand, actually abusive, and in his later years Patmore himself

*In an otherwise unpublished letter quoted by Mr. Edmund Gosse: *cf.* his *Coventry Patmore*.

came to regard these early poems with undisguised contempt. To the critic of to-day untempered praise and blame seem alike superfluous. They were simply experimental verses of pathetic and picturesque character, the vigor of their word-painting being as undeniable as, upon one side, a certain hectic quality, or upon the other, an imperfect sense of rhythm. At their best, as for instance in "The River," one seems to detect a weak solution of "Christabel":

> Beneath the mossy, ivied bridge
> The River slippeth past:
> The current deep is still as sleep
> And yet so very fast!
> There's something in its quietness
> That makes the soul aghast," *et cetera.*

In 1845, just a year after his son's little triumph, Peter George Patmore was overtaken by financial troubles, and precipitately left England. It meant a radically new era for Coventry. Practically penniless, he was now left dependent upon his own resources; while the hot-house atmosphere of sympathetic and uncritical praise was simultaneously withdrawn. So the young swimmer made his plunge, and contrived to prove that he was not of the sinking sort. None the less, it was a year of arduous struggle, Patmore's work for the current reviews scarcely sufficing to pay for the humble lodgings which he and a younger brother occupied together. "Who is your lean young friend with the frayed coat-cuffs?" inquired Monckton Milnes one evening of Mrs. Procter, when the impecunious poet had been dining at her house. But after reading the early verses and learning more of their author, the future Lord Houghton made brave reparation for this "heartless flippancy." Through his assistance Coventry obtained, in 1846, the post of assistant librarian at the British Museum, and the friendship thus opened up proved thenceforth of very mutual profit.

It was during those gray days that Patmore made the acquaintance of Tennyson—then also the occupant of a modest apartment "up two or three flights of stairs." Together they discussed letters, together they dined, together they walked half the nights away; and although the elder poet had not yet attained his full recognition, he was to the devoted Coventry

a font of perfectness. Years later, when a most regrettable breach had withered the intimacy, Patmore's proud and essentially original spirit used to refer bitterly to the days when he had followed Tennyson about "like a dog." But there can be little doubt that his understanding sympathy, his mature and serene judgment proved, in those early years, distinctly helpful.

But infinitely more potent than any other influence upon our poet's youth was that of a woman, Emily Augusta Andrews, destined to create for him one of the ideal unions of literary history. She became the wife of Coventry Patmore, after a brief courtship, in 1847 (her twenty-fourth and his twenty-fifth year), and to the end the exquisite intimacy and dignity of their love served as a veritable initiation into the mysteries of life. The mingled simplicity and stateliness of Emily Patmore, her strange beauty—perpetuated by Woolner, Millais, and Browning*—her selfless devotion, her wit, and withal her practical wisdom, come down to us upon the testimony of nearly all who were privileged to know her. And the gentle sway which she exercised over the heart and mind of her husband was absolute until her death. "I have been thinking to-day," Coventry wrote in 1860, when the great Shadow was already falling across his hearthstone, "of all your patient, persistent goodness, your absolutely flawless life, and all your amiable, innocent graces." In another place he declares that her love revealed to him what was to prove the basic philosophy of his life and work:

"The relation of the soul to Christ *as his bethrothed wife* is the key to the feeling with which prayer and love and honor should be offered to Him. *She* showed me what that relationship involves of heavenly submission and spotless, passionate loyalty."†

A second volume of poems, containing "Tamerton Church Tower," "The Yewberry," "The Falcon," *et cetera*, was published by Patmore in 1853. Its simplicity—bare and at moments almost crude—was an intentional protest against the wilful metres just then affected by Browning and even Tennyson. Its realism may, perhaps, be one fruit of our poet's sympathy

*"A Face": *Dramatis Personæ.*

†For most of these personal details see Mr. Basil Champney's monumental work, *Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore.* London: Bell & Co. 1900.

with the Pre-Raphaelites: although that "last rub which polishes the mirror" (a watchword Patmore himself is said to have furnished the Brotherhood!) was the quality it most conspicuously lacked. Yet in spite of much imperfectness and some monotony, there are strange, searching gleams of metaphysical insight in these romantic pieces; and with curious premonition, the bright particular star was that charming lyric, "Eros."

But the *magnum opus* of Patmore's early life was at hand. "That New Song," "the first of themes, sung last of all," had long been trembling upon his lips: in "The Angel in the House" it found its full and perfect utterance. The theme—daring precisely because it was so simple, so universal, and to the vulgar mind so commonplace—was a glorification of happy nuptial love! In itself, the graceful and very simple romance scarcely justifies repetition. *Par la grâce infinie, Dieu les mit au monde ensemble;* and so, in the surpassing pain and joy of love, they woo and wed. There are no memorable obstacles, no heroic sacrifices; it all passes in the conventional shadow of an English deanery; and like the delicious fairy tales of old, they live happily ever afterward—and have many children! But in this quiet domestic idyl one is conscious of the first man and the first woman, of the last man and the last woman, and of God, in Whom love finds its source. Patmore's rare insight into the elemental human consciousness, his reality and delicacy of emotion, form the warp of the poem; albeit its woof includes the homeliest details of "sun and candlelight." Here is one beautiful fragment, the first recognition of love between Felix and Honoria. With the latter's sisters, they are seated one summer morning in the shadow of the grim Druid rocks:

> That scowled their chill gloom from above,
> Like churls whose stolid wisdom mocks
> The lightness of immortal love.
> And, as we talked, my spirit quaff'd
> The sparkling winds; the candid skies
> At our untruthful strangeness laugh'd;
> I kissed with mine her smiling eyes;
> And sweet familiarness and awe
> Prevail'd that hour on either part.
> And in the eternal light I saw

That she was mine; although my heart
Could not conceive, nor would confess
Such contentation; and there grew
More form and more fair stateliness
Than heretofore between us two.

Our poet's primal love was essentially of the Sacraments; and early in his song—even while seeking expression for things "too simple and too sweet for words"—he struck the note of his characteristic message:

This little germ of nuptial love
Which springs so simply from the sod,
The root is, as my song shall prove,
Of all our love to man and God!

With this root, indeed, rather than with any potential flowering, the poem is mainly concerned. Yet there is an increasing tendency, notably throughout the preludes, toward a mystical interpretation of sexual love. The "pathos of eternity" has blown across the face of passion: and in the "Victories of Love" (as the latter part of the work was known) there is even more of this divine pathos than there is of nuptial joy. Although the "Angel" was never completed according to Patmore's original design, few of us will feel that it could desirably be longer. The last word is spoken in that extraordinary wedding sermon which brings the poem to a close. Here, where the claims of body and spirit are reconciled with so sweet and austere an eloquence, we realize that the home of love is no longer upon our humble earth. Out from the house of human felicity must the angel now adventure —out into realms higher and *more loving;* although to men of good-will the body's bond may still reveal itself as

All else utterly beyond
In power of love to actualize
The soul's bond which it signifies.

Here, for those who could receive it, was anticipated the whole tremendous doctrine of Patmore's future odes!

The metrical scheme of the "Angel"—an iambic octosyllabic

line, rhyming throughout the first part, in quatrains, throughout the second in couplets—has often been subjected to ridicule. It is, in fact, a metre trembling perilously upon the border of the commonplace, and lending itself with staggering ease to parody and perversion. But the poet had chosen it deliberately, as the vehicle best suited to a simple and for the most part joyous story; and, in the main, he avoided the pitfalls both of his form and his theme to a marvel. There is no denying a certain obvious quality in the "Angel in the House." But those who find it merely "sweet" or "innocuous" must have missed the more transcendent message of the wedding sermon, and of those interesting preludes which, chorus-like, precede and interpret the various cantos. The "Spirit's Epochs," "The Daughter of Eve," and many another of these lyrics, are of singular beauty and power—as, for instance, this pregnant stanza of "Unthrift":

> Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
> On her sweet self set her own price,
> Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
> How has she cheapen'd paradise;
> How given for nought her priceless gift,
> How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
> Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
> Had made brutes men, and men divine.

Doubtless it was this rarer quality, coupled with Patmore's eternally *real* tenderness, which attracted the immediate appreciation of the poets themselves. Tennyson believed it "One of the very small number of great poems which the world has had"; Father Gerard Hopkins (who knew the work in a later edition, which his own criticism had helped to perfect) declared that "to dip into it was like opening a basket of violets." And Ruskin, both in season and out of season, proclaimed that the "Angel" ought to become "one of the most *blessedly* popular" poems in our language. At last, after much early neglect, his words were fulfilled. Patmore's work became the poetic idol of England; its coloring of popular taste was reflected in Meredith's "Lucile," as in Woolner's "My Beautiful Lady"; and before the author's death, almost a quarter of a million copies had been sold.

In a most real sense, this idyl of domestic love was the fruit of our poet's union with Emily Patmore. He himself declared that to the "subtlety and severity" of his wife's poetic taste the work owed "whatever completeness it has, not to mention many of the best thoughts, which stand verbatim as she gave them to me." Just here it may be wise to remark that Coventry Patmore was an *impressionist* in all statements of fact, that (in the words of his friend Edmund Gosse) "he talked habitually in a sort of guarded hyperbole"; hence his writings and recorded conversations abound in the most excessive appreciation or—its opposite! There seems, however, no doubt that Emily Patmore was responsible, not merely for the inspiration of the "Angel," but for much of its actual form. The seal of her firm, frail little hand is upon its beauties and its limitations: and without her revelation of human tenderness, her prodigal self-sacrifice as wife and mother, the poem had scarcely been possible. So about the brief dedication of the finished work there hung a double tragedy. It was "To the memory of her by whom and for whom I became a poet"—for she had died one year before its completion.

In the summer of 1862, after suffering for five years from consumption, Patmore's wife passed bravely and peacefully out of the little circle which she had made in very truth "a world of love shut in, a world of strife shut out." Slight as were our poet's means, he had spared no effort that Emily should be "as much cared for as any duchess"; and when the break at last came, his anguish was acute. The "Azalea" ode, which records an experience of this time, vibrates with a poignancy almost insufferable. Wakened by the perfume of his wife's azalea flower, and momentarily oblivious of his loss, the poet suffers a strange repetitional agony:

> At dawn I dream'd, O God! that she was dead,
> And groaned aloud upon my wretched bed,
> And waked, ah, God! and did not waken her,
> But lay with eyes still closed,
> Perfectly bless'd in the delicious sphere
> By which I knew so well that she was near,
> My heart to speechless thankfulness composed.
> Till 'gan to stir
> A dizzy somewhat in my troubled head—

It *was* the azalea's breath, and she *was* dead!
The warm night had the lingering buds disclosed,
And I had fall'n asleep with to my breast
A chance-found letter press'd
In which she said,
"So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!
Parting's well-paid with soon again to meet,
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you!"

Almost equally pathetic were Patmore's efforts to be "mother and father, too," to his six young children—his impatience at infantine perversity, and the bitter self-accusings which followed. One of the best known among his shorter odes, "The Toys," traces its source back to the rocky path of those sad days. Rocky enough in all truth it was: yet upon its way one flower blossomed into bloom—Emily Honoria, the poet's eldest daughter, rising as best she might to be caretaker of the little family, companion and confidante to the father himself.

Coventry Patmore's own health had become so much impaired by the long strain of anxiety and sorrow that, in 1864, he obtained leave of absence from the British Museum for a few months' travel in Italy. It was arranged that he should join Aubrey de Vere in Rome; but, on the whole, the bereaved poet seems to have anticipated the trip without enthusiasm. "I expect," he wrote to that wise little Emily Honoria, "to be very dull and miserable for the first two or three weeks, until I get to Rome; but when I am there I shall be all right, for nobody can be dull or miserable where Mr. de Vere is."

A more compelling, though as yet an unacknowledged, magnet was drawing Patmore to the Eternal City. For almost ten years—during which time he stood as a "High" Anglican—a shadowy but colossal vision of the Church Catholic had been looming before his consciousness, alternately claiming and repulsing his affections. The Catholic position, he tells us, had early been revealed to him as so logically perfect as almost to imply an absence of life: while from his reading of St. Thomas he discovered two luminous facts: first, the eminent reality of Catholic devotional literature; second, that "true poetry and

true theological science have to do with one and the same ideal, and that . . . they differ only as the Peak of Teneriffe and the table-land of Central Asia do." Yet the unalterable repugnance of his wife Emily (who was the daughter of a Dissenting minister, and all her life "invincibly" prejudiced and terrified by some imaginary spectre of Papistry!) had long seemed a tenable argument against the momentous change. In point of fact, what the poet needed, each day more imperiously, was just the gift of faith. And so, pilgrim-like, with unerring instinct, he traveled back that old, old road which leads to Rome.

Once in the Papal city, Aubrey de Vere introduced him into a Catholic circle of notable grace and distinction; and here, with "deliberate speed, majestic instancy," he continued his search after truth. It was not an easy struggle. We have the whole story in his little "Autobiography of the Spirit"; and it proves that, while the man's reason was soon convinced, his will remained faltering and unpersuaded. The further he advanced—stepping *into* the battle of truth and error, he calls it, instead of being merely a spectator—the more vehemently developed his own natural reluctance. After several weeks of this ordeal, flesh warring against spirit and reason against conscience in the age-old strife of centripetal and centrifugal force, it flashed upon our poet that nothing but the definite act of submission—the experimental and bridge-burning leap—could effect the reconciliation he sought. It was late at night when he reached this decision; but, like the importunate widow of the Gospels, Patmore rushed from his hotel to the Jesuit monastery, and would be denied neither by Rule nor padlock. Father Cardella, the learned and patient priest who had been his instructor, refused to permit the great step in this precipitate haste. But the neophyte made then and there his general confession, and two or three days later he was received into the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE FIRST AMERICAN CARDINAL.

BY THOMAS F. MEEHAN.

AITING the day when another archbishop will enter into the membership of the Sacred College, the red hat of a Cardinal swings high above the sanctuary of the New York Cathedral. In the crypt below rests the man who wore this insignia of his rank.

John McCloskey, the first native of the State of New York to be ordained a secular priest; first Bishop of Albany; second Archbishop of New York and first American Cardinal, was born in Brooklyn (then a village) just one hundred years ago. Brooklyn at the time of his birth was a rambling settlement, thoroughly Dutch and Lutheran in its life and social atmosphere. There had been no special inducements for Catholics to locate in this part of the country until the establishment there, in 1800, of the United States Navy Yard. Many mechanics and workmen were required for the extensive shipbuilding, and a number of natives from Ireland came hither to engage in the work. In large part, they were sturdy confessors of the Faith from the Northern counties, exiles because of the consequences of the ill-starred rebellion of 1798.

Among those who settled in Brooklyn about 1808 were the parents of the future American Cardinal, Patrick McCloskey and his wife, Elizabeth Harron. They were both natives of Derry. The couple had been married a short time before they emigrated from Ireland. Their son, John, was born on March 20, 1810.

After attending a private school for some years, the future Cardinal was sent, in September, 1822, to Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, Md. It was during the vacation of 1827 that he decided to study for the priesthood. Accordingly, he returned to Emmitsburg in the fall of 1827 as an ecclesiastical student. Almost from his earliest college days he made it a practice of preserving a copy of everything he wrote and of noting down his current impressions in a diary. This data has been al-

ready edited in part for the *Records and Studies* of the United States Catholic Historical Society by Archbishop Farley of New York, who for twelve years, at the close of the Cardinal's life, was his secretary and constant companion. Whatever was reminiscent of personal history in their daily conversation, the Archbishop tells us, he at once jotted down in his own diary. Thus, Archbishop Farley has secured a history of Cardinal McCloskey that is largely autobiographical and gives a comprehensive and exact picture of the man and the prelate.

During his theological course at Emmitsburg young McCloskey was extraordinarily diligent as a student. He was ordained priest in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, by Bishop Dubois, on January 12, 1834. For a time his work was confined to parochial duties in the city of New York. Later Bishop Dubois sent Father McCloskey to Nyack-on-the-Hudson to take the position of President of a College and Seminary which he was building there. "It was a bitterly cold day in February," he used to relate, "when I drove up to that poor building in an open wagon. There were no Catholics in the neighborhood, and the old Dutch settlers in the vicinity, as we afterwards learned, not only shunned us by day, but feared to quit their houses after dark, less something dreadful should come upon them at the hands of the Catholic priest now so nigh; but they soon came to be very friendly and did us many kind offices." Father McCloskey's health, never very robust, was severely taxed by his work at Nyack, and the college building there soon after being destroyed by fire, he returned to New York, and with the consent of the Bishop sailed for Europe, on November 3, 1834, to pursue further studies at the Gregorian University, Rome. The Journal he kept of his stay abroad is full of the most entertaining descriptions of people, places, and events.

The letters of introduction which Father McCloskey brought with him to Rome secured him the immediate friendship of prominent ecclesiastics, among whom were Mgr. Angelo, later Cardinal and Librarian of the Vatican, Cardinal Weld, Doctor Paul Cullen, then Rector of the Irish College, and his associate, Doctor Michael O'Connor, afterward first bishop of Pittsburg, and the Rector of the College of the Propaganda, Mgr. Reisach, the subsequent Archbishop of Munich, Cardinal and First President of the Vatican Council. By the advice of these men, he

entered himself as a student at the Gregorian University of the Jesuits. At this time, in a letter to his sister, he thus describes himself: "Imagine that you see me in a high cocked hat, cassock, silk mantle or cloak, according to the weather, and shoes with buckles, walking through the streets of this great city, minding nobody and nobody minding me—quite at home." Writing of the death of his old friend, Father Kohlmann, S.J., at this time, Father McCloskey said: "I feel his death most sensibly, having lost in him so prudent a director, so kind a father and a friend."

The large collection of manuscript notes he has left testifies to the close application Father McCloskey gave to his studies. His letters home and his diaries are full of the most entertaining pictures of Roman life and of the great people and notable happenings that made up its details. "Each day," he writes, "affords new sources of pleasure, and an intellectual banquet, of which one can never partake to satiety. . . . Oh, what cannot one enjoy who comes to this great classic and holy city, with a mind prepared to appreciate its historic and religious charms."

Cardinal Weld and Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon's uncle, were his special friends. To the French Cardinal he was personally introduced by Bishop Bruté, who was visiting Rome during his second year there. The Cardinal took him to visit Mère Letitia, Napoleon's mother. "She was propped up in bed," he tells us, "eating breakfast from a little table used by her son in St. Helena, the only article of furniture belonging to the Emperor she has. She is quite a skeleton, has a good deal of a French countenance, the outlines of the face are not unlike those of Napoleon when young. She is quite blind. How few are now around her! Cardinal Fesch visits her every day."

A fellow-student and associate at the Sapienza was the great Lacordaire, whose father had been a surgeon in Rochambeau's contingent of Washington's army. Bishop Dubois had invited the young French Abbé to come to New York, and it is said he had accepted and almost taken passage at Havre, but Providence decreed that he should rather be one of the regenerators of the French Dominicans. Another friend was the sculptor Thomas Crawford, also a Brooklynite, and the father of F. Marion Crawford, the novelist.

It is of interest to note, in view of the present movement here to establish Houses of Retreat, that the young ecclesiastic, in a letter written to Bishop Dubois, from Rome, on November 12, 1836, had that idea thus early in mind. He had just returned from following the "Exercises" for eight days, at St. Eusebius', the house of the Jesuits. "How incalculable," he writes, "I often reflected within myself, would be the benefits to the clergy in the United States, could we but enjoy the same facilities, nay the same inducements, to withdraw for a time from the distractions and cares of the mission, to some retired spot, where we might refresh our spirits, and afterwards go forth with increased alacrity and zeal! And how plain it is that nothing will so effectually secure to us these great advantages as the establishment of well-regulated seminaries."

Archbishop Farley records that the Cardinal one day, in answer to the question why he did not present himself as a candidate for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, said pleasantly: "Well, I did not want to take the trouble"; so without further honors he ended his studies in Rome, after a two years' course that greatly broadened his character and tastes, and on February 10, 1837, started home to New York. *En route* he visited Germany, Belgium, France, England, and Ireland, arriving at New York in the following summer. "I bade a reluctant adieu to the 'Holy, the Eternal City.' I had spent in it just two years," he says in his diary. The bishop then assigned him to take charge of St. Joseph's Church, in New York City. In this parish a strong, insubordinate trustee-spirit was rife. His coming there was bitterly resented. For a long time a multitude of annoyances beset him; but his gentleness and patience finally conquered all opposition and turned his former antagonists into warm friends and active partisans. When appointed president of the new St. John's College, Fordham, in 1841, he retained his charge of St. Joseph's, and did not relinquish it even when he was promoted to the episcopate as titular Bishop of Axière and coadjutor, with the right of succession, to New York, on March 10, 1844. He was then in his thirty-fourth year and owing to the growth of the Church in the State of New York, and the infirmities of Bishop Hughes, the duties of the coadjutor kept him traveling over the state. In 1847 a subdivision of this exten-

sive territory created the new dioceses of Albany and Buffalo, and he was selected to govern the former see, of which he took possession in May of that year. The seventeen years that followed he spent in building up the well-equipped, well-appointed, and thoroughly organized diocese he transmitted to his successor.

On the death of Archbishop Hughes, January 4, 1864, the name of Bishop McCloskey was sent to Rome as the most worthy candidate for the succession. His feelings in regard to the matter are clearly expressed in the following letter of protest to his old friend Cardinal Reisach, which is dated Albany, January 26, 1864:

> Your Eminence will pardon me, I trust, if, presuming on the kindness and condescension shown to me in the past, I now venture to have recourse to you in a moment which, for me, is one of deepest anxiety. Your Eminence, as a member of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, will have learned most probably before this reaches you that among the names commended through the Sacred Congregation to the Holy See, to fill the vacancy caused by the much lamented death of the illustrious Archbishop of New York, my name, unfortunately, is placed first on the list. Now, I write to implore your Eminence, in case there should be any danger of my appointment, or of my being transferred from Albany to New York, to aid me in preventing it, and to save me from the humiliation and misery of being placed in a position for the duties and responsibilities of which I feel myself both physically and morally unfit and unequal. If you will bear with me, I will state a few of my many, very many grounds of objection:
>
> In the first place, it was by only a majority of one vote my name came to be placed first. My own vote was, and still is in favor of the Bishop of Buffalo.
>
> Again when, after having been appointed and consecrated coadjutor of the Bishop of New York, with the right of succession, I resigned both coadjutorship and right of succession to come to Albany, I then resolved and still hold to the resolution that, as far as it depended on my free will or consent of my own, I should never again return to New York. Having been relieved from the prospect of succession, I never thought of afterwards aspiring or being called to it. I have accordingly done nothing to prepare or qualify myself for it.

I speak only from the deepest sincerity of heart, and from the strongest conviction of conscience, when I say that I possess neither the learning, nor prudence, nor energy, nor firmness, nor bodily health or strength which are requisite for such an arduous and highly responsible office as that of Archbishop of New York. I recoil from the very thought of it with shuddering, and I do most humbly trust that such a crushing load will not be placed upon my weak and unworthy shoulders. Either the Bishop of Louisville, Dr. Spalding, or the Bishop of Buffalo, Dr. Timon, would fill the post with dignity, efficiency, and honor.

Your Eminence may, perhaps, be disposed to ask: Why not make these representations to Cardinal Barnabo, rather than to you? My answer is: I do not wish to seem as taking it for granted that my name will be presented to the Holy See. The communications which will be received from the several archbishops of the country, and from other sources, may change entirely the aspect of the case, and no serious attention may be paid to the simple fact of my name appearing first on the list forwarded from New York. In such an event objections and remonstrances on my part made to the Cardinal Prefect would not only be out of place, but would seem somewhat presumptuous and premature.

It will be for your Eminence to make such use of my communication as to your own wisdom and prudence seems best. I only wish, if occasion requires it, my feelings and sentiments should be made known to the Cardinal Prefect and Sacred Congregation. When once the decision is made, when the Holy Father speaks, there remains for me nothing but silence. His will is in all things to me a law.

His old teacher, however, was only the more ardently urged by this portrayal of profound humility, and on May 6, 1864, Bishop McCloskey became the second Archbishop of New York. He was no stranger there and his return was hailed by every genuine manifestation of welcome and pleasure. For twenty-one years following he governed the see with marvelous success. No interest of his great charge was neglected or halted for lack of proper encouragement; in its every relation the Church kept fully apace with the tremendous temporal, commercial, material, and industrial strides of the metropolis following the close of the Civil War. Parishes were multiplied, schools and institutions were fostered and promoted. Of the

many it suffices to mention the Catholic Protectory, the Foundling Asylum, the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for Homeless Boys, and the Mission for the Protection of Immigrant Girls, any one of which would in itself be a monument to a successful administration. He resumed the building operations on the new Cathedral of St. Patrick, which was dedicated on May 25, 1879. In the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, he was a dominating influence, and at the great Vatican Council, convened by Pope Pius IX. in Rome, December 8, 1869, he was an imposing figure, meeting there many of the friends and associates of his student days.

At the Consistory of March 15, 1875, the Holy Father crowned Archbishop McCloskey's honorable career by creating him a Cardinal-priest. The beretta was imposed on his head in old St. Patrick's Cathedral, on April 22, by Archbishop Bayley, of Baltimore, acting as Apostolic Delegate. The Cardinal, while pastor of St. Joseph's had received the Archbishop into the Church. The ceremony signalizing the high honor the Supreme Pontiff paid the Church in the United States was an event of national interest and was carried out with the due ceremonial of such an unprecedented incident in the history of the Republic. His elevation to the Sacred College made no change in the life or manner of the Cardinal, who, in 1878, was summoned to Rome at the death of Pius IX. to attend the Conclave that was to elect his successor. The era of five-day ocean voyages had not yet dawned, and Cardinal McCloskey did not arrive at the Vatican until just after Leo XIII. had been elected. At the first Consistory of the new Pope, March 15, 1878, he received the final insignia of his rank, the cardinal's hat and ring, and then took formal possession of his titular church, Sancta Maria Supra Minervam. His return afforded the occasion of another tribute of affection from the people of New York.

The Cardinal's health, never very robust, now became more feeble, as the palsy, from which he had suffered for a number of years, grew pronounced and prevented the active performance of his episcopal duties. At his request for a coadjutor, Bishop M. A. Corrigan, of Newark, N. J., was promoted to that office, with the right of succession, October 1, 1880. The fiftieth anniversary of the Cardinal's ordination to the priesthood, January 12, 1884, was celebrated with general en-

thusiasm and tender filial solicitude. It was the Cardinal's last notable appearance in public. On this occasion he spoke feelingly, in answer to the address of congratulation, laying particular stress on the prosperity and progress of the Church in this country. "As to all you have said with regard to the promotions that have followed one after another," he concluded, "I can only say that not one of them was ever sought by me."

The last flicker of the candle was in March, 1884. The Italian government, in its scheme of spoliation, attempted to seize the property of the American College in Rome. His secretary, Mgr. Farley, and Archbishop Corrigan, acting for him, at once appealed to President Arthur for the protection of this property of American citizens. Secretary of State Frelinghuysen notified the American Minister at the Quirinal, Mr. W. W. Astor, to protest to the Italian authorities against any such action; and it had the desired effect of saving the college from the fate of the other ecclesiastical institutions in Rome. The Cardinal's health then grew steadily worse, and during the last year of his life he was unable to move without assistance and could see no visitors. He bore his sufferings with uncomplaining equanimity and resignation, devoutly preparing for the end, which came peacefully and painlessly, on October 10, 1885.

In appearance Cardinal McCloskey was slim, tall, straight, and dignified. Commanding in his presence, he was modest, confiding, frank, and benignant in manner. He had a rooted dislike for notoriety and display, and only his official duties ever brought him before the public. He never challenged public attention nor mingled in public controversy. Such a thing as a communication or an interview to a newspaper was an impossibility for him, and he did not like to see any of his priests indulge in such things. He had a sound appreciation, however, of the benefit of a well-directed press and when the project of establishing a Catholic daily was laid before him he cordially endorsed it and offered to give $10,000, the proceeds of a life insurance policy then falling due, to the enterprise. When Father Hecker began the Catholic Publication Society there were some who complained to the Cardinal of ecclesiastics engaging in business; but he soon made it plain to all that he had no sympathy with such narrow and selfish

views. He was thoroughly in accord with the plan to promote the apostolate of the press.

Archbishop Hughes commanded respect and admiration by his aggressiveness; Cardinal McCloskey was equally potent in persuasion by the winning effect and lasting edification of his meek and benignant discourses. It has been well said that he was better remembered by his contemporaries for his personal virtues and purity of character than for the high offices and dignities he so worthily held and conspicuously adorned.

NIGHT IN ASSISI.

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

SILENTLY steals the moonlight's cool white feet
Along the empty street.
Assisi sleeps—what spell constrains her guest
Whose pillow lies unpressed?
Not memories of old power and pride and lust—
Mere dust amid the dust
Those men of blood and fire too long have lain
Ever to live again.

We watch to see the slender form pass by
Of one who cannot die.
Above him arches like a shrine alight
The jeweled Umbrian night.
Ah, tear-dimmed eyes and worn, ecstatic face,
And hand upraised to trace
The sign of peace, its sacramental scars
Kissed by the reverent stars.

New Books.

THE SOCIAL QUESTION.

Professor Peabody begins his latest book* with the observation that ours is pre-eminently the age of the Social Question, which he defines as the question of the adjustment of the individual to his fellows in all the relations of life. Before any progress can be made toward a solution, the question itself must be correctly understood; but it can never be properly understood, unless it is properly *approached.* It can be properly approached only through the comprehensive method of philosophy; that is, through a unified knowledge of its fundamental causes and principles.

Accordingly, the first way of approach is by the methods of social science, namely, by observation, analysis, and generalization, applied to the various social facts and relations. This exercise would naturally lead one to the philosophy of society, which one might expect to find in the current science of sociology. However, the author rightly observes that sociology is still too vague and uncertain to perform that function, or to be of much help in the study of the Social Question. In passing, it might be observed that the philosophy of society, which sociology sometimes ambitiously attempts to formulate, can be found correctly conceived only in the Christian philosophy of life.

In much the same sense as social science, but to a greater extent, economics is also an important method of approach, for the Social Question has many economic aspects. Indeed, the Social Question is conceived by many as a purely economic question. But this is an inadequate view. The mechanism is economic, but the soul of it and the solution of it are ethical. Hence ethics provides the third way of approach. Nevertheless, the author's treatment of this topic is rather unsatisfactory, since ethics for him includes merely social relations, and rests upon principles that seem to be but vaguely and uncertainly held. From ethics he passes to a chapter on "Ethical Idealism," which, he maintains is supremely necessary in domestic, industrial, and other social relations. By ethical idealism he means, briefly, a willingness to serve rather than to dominate, to seek the higher good, moral good, rather than

* *The Approach to the Social Question.* By Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Company.

material satisfaction. His analysis of this aspect of the Social Question is excellent, but his principles are indefinite, too much dependent upon sentiment, not sufficiently supported from the objective side, nor sufficiently provided with universally valid motives and sanctions.

Finally, he considers the approach through religion, to which ethical idealism necessarily leads, and which seems to many to be the most direct way of all. For the Social Question is largely one of social service, and the latter is rooted in the same soil as religion. On the one hand, many unselfish souls approach God through their willingness to serve their fellows; and, on the other, devout servants of God naturally turn to the service of their neighbor. While his treatment of the precise bearing of religion upon social service and the Social Question is somewhat wanting in definiteness, the author does emphasize the important facts that religion and right conduct are inseparable; that the best social work demands religious motives; that the religious life (in the general sense of that phrase) includes right relations between the individual and his fellows; that "the Church of the Middle Ages . . . appreciated this comprehensiveness of the religious life, which Protestantism has in large part ignored" (p. 201); and that the way of religion enables the student to enter into the very heart of the Social Question.

Such is the author's viewpoint and method. If both involve occasional defects, these are in matters of detail, or are quite unimportant when compared with the general trend of his work. The Social Question is that of the right relation of the individual to his fellows in all departments of conduct; only religion can tell us finally what this relation is, and only religion can give us the strength and the motives necessary to carry this knowledge into practice. The Harvard professor's book teaches all these general truths with more or less clearness, and is therefore worthy of perusal and approbation.

WHY AMERICAN MARRIAGES FAIL.

In this book* a cultivated and observant American woman presents a *piquant* arraignment of some of the defects in our national life and character. Various topics are treated, such as conver-

* *Why American Marriages Fail; and Other Papers.* By Anna A. Rogers. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

sation, manners, the newspaper press, political apathy, false ideals in education, but the strongest portion of the book is that indicated by the title. Most of the blame for the failure of American marriages the author lays at the door of the members of her own sex, and the more ultimate responsibility for their defects she places on the false views of life which they get from their education. She enumerates three causes for the failure of marriages: "(1) Woman's failure to realize that marriage is her work in the world; (2) Her growing individualism; (3) Her lost art of giving, replaced by a highly developed receptive faculty." It need scarcely be said that she is aggressively old-fashioned in her views concerning "woman's sphere," and in her insistence that the dominant motive of life should be duty and not self. "The rock," she says, "on which most of the flower-bedecked marriage barges go to pieces is the latter-day cult of individualism; the worship of the brazen calf of self." This sentence, by the way, gives a taste of the author's quality. Her weapon of attack is a sword, not a hat-pin. That her charges have a sufficient element of truth in them few will deny. The only trouble is that in her chapter on "Some Faults of American Men," she attacks with the button on her foil. The book is one for women to read—it may irritate, but it will do good. But the men should not be allowed to read it. From Adam down, men have been only too willing to put the whole blame on the women.

THE YOUNG PRIEST'S KEEPSAKE.
By M. J. Phelan, S.J.

It is the prospective young priest, or seminarian, who is the beneficiary of the wise, practical counsel of which this admirable little book* is compact. The author, an Irish Jesuit, with twenty years' missionary experience at home and abroad, offers to young Irish ecclesiastics the fruit of his observation in the field, in order to point out to them the necessity for cultivating certain qualifications for the ministry which are not always adequately appreciated by the young levite; and are, therefore, neglected. "If you question any priest of experience and observation, who has lived on the foreign mission, and ask him what constitutes the greatest draw-

* *The Young Priest's Keepsake.* By Michael J. Phelan, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

backs, what seriously impedes the efficiency of our young priests abroad, without hesitation he will answer: First, want of social culture; and, second, a defective English education." Accordingly, Father Phelan dwells, in his first chapter, upon the necessity of cultivating or acquiring the manner of good society; answering at the same time the arguments or excuses offered frequently by those who are delinquent in this respect. Neither learning nor piety, he says, can dispense with a practical knowledge of good manners. Similarly, in a special chapter, Father Phelan insists upon the need for acquiring a command of correct English and the pronunciation of a gentleman; and he adds some good advice as to how these graces are to be cultivated. The topic which occupies the rest of his pages is preaching. A great deal of what he says here has been said before, and with more ample development. But Father Phelan has the knack of selecting the essentials, and putting his points forcibly. The young preacher will find many valuable hints regarding the preparation and delivery of a sermon.

MORAL EDUCATION.

In a series of conferences* addressed to Catholic teachers, M. l'Abbé Désers insists upon the lofty character of the teacher's mission and suggests points to be dwelt upon in the moral development of the child. He urges, with truth, the great importance of personal affection and devotedness as an element of the right kind of education, and into the discussion of abstract moral principles continues to interject an abundance of sensible advice.

LIFE OF BISHOP CHALLONER.

One who reads these volumes† will surely lay them down with the sense of satisfaction that comes from seeing a bit of work well done. And in this case there is the additional gratification that the work itself was well worth doing. Aside from the interest to Catholics which the name of Richard Challoner holds, the period in which he lived was almost an unexplored field in the history of the Church in England since the National Apostasy in the sixteenth century. In the preface to Kirk's

* *L'Education Morale et ses Conditions.* Par Léon Désers. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

† *Life and Times of Bishop Challoner (1690-1781).* By Edwin H. Burton, D.D. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Biographies of English Catholics in the Eighteenth Century, edited by the author of the present work, in collaboration with Father Pollen, S.J., it is stated: "There is no period of Catholic history which is at present more obscure than the eighteenth century. We know more, far more, about the thirty years that succeeded the landing of Father Campion in England than we do about the hundred and forty years that passed between King James' flight from Whitehall and the Emancipation Bill. . . . The inconspicuous church in the catacombs of the eighteenth century has hitherto enkindled but little enthusiasm. But the period of neglect is passing away."

That the period of neglect is passing away is largely due to the labors of Dr. Burton. He has delved to good purpose in the comparatively unworked fields of eighteenth-century English Catholic history, poring over old letters, sermons, inscriptions, college diaries, etc., for facts to illumine the dark period. There is something fine in this tribute of the bustling present to the suffering past, in the frank recognition by the modern scholar of the solid nature of the work which Challoner was doing in obscurity and difficulty over a hundred years ago.

Dark though the period may be, the one name in it that is most familiar to English-speaking Catholics is that of Bishop Challoner. We have all found it on our versions of Sacred Scripture and the *Following of Christ*, and it is associated with at least the title of the manual of prayers called *The Garden of the Soul*. All of us are, therefore, prepared to be interested in the story of the life of one whose very name carries with it a waft of grace and solid piety. It is accordingly a pleasure to read this biography which presents the man and his times not only with the patient accuracy of the historian, but with the intimate touch of the admirer who discerns the living truth which lies concealed in the dry sources of history. We may leave it to Dr. Burton's fellows in the Royal Historical Society to descant on the scholarly merits of his two portly volumes; the running bibliography which puts us in touch with the whole English Catholic history of the period, the frequent and excellent illustrations, the sedulous anxiety about accuracy of dates, the complete indexes to both volumes. What interests us more is the clearly-wrought picture of the conditions of the Church in England during these gloomy

years. For instance, the work contains a description of the English College at Douay, which is practically an epitome of the history of English Catholicity at home and abroad during this obscure period. Dr. Burton narrates with judicious equanimity the story of the attack made on Douay by the "unco guid," under the guise of zeal against the heresy of the day, Jansenism. One is irresistibly reminded of similar outbreaks of denunciatory hysteria against institutions in our own day, only now the favorite pretense is naturally zeal against Americanism or Modernism.

Several chapters are devoted to the vexed controversy concerning the relations of regulars to episcopal authority. Here again the author judiciously refrains from *ex parte* statements of opinion, and limits himself to the documents in the case, which indeed are sufficiently telling. He seems to partake of the broad-minded and pacific spirit of the great Pontiff Benedict XIV., whose document *Apostolicum Ministerium* settled the question in his own age, and has been a basis for decisions which beget peace and amity down to our own times. After all, as Dr. Burton suggests, we should not keep up ill-feeling over such matters in our present state of affairs "wherein the old quarrels are nothing more than rapidly fading memories." One thing, indeed, that will strike the attentive reader of Dr. Burton's work is that his vocabulary, while it seems ample for all the varied needs of his history, is yet almost destitute of opprobrious epithets. He does not shrink from calling a spade a spade; but he does not think it necessary to refer to it as "a bloody shovel." Facts speak for themselves, in his opinion. The Penal Laws are stated when occasion demands, but the author does not feel called upon to denounce them. So, too, with estimates of character. If actual evil must be narrated, here are the facts. If good men fall short of perfection, as they generally do, their weak points are indicated along with their better ones, in a fine choice of epithets.

One point in Bishop Challoner's career is of special interest to Americans. His spiritual jurisdiction extended to the Colonies, and the author mentions, as "a strange and curious fact," that in the latter days of Bishop Challoner's life, "his jurisdiction over his American priests and people remained the only remnant of authority in the hands of an Englishman that was still recognized in America." In summing up this portion

of the Bishop's career, Dr. Burton says: "It was little enough he could do, yet who shall say how much of the later harvest has been due to the seed of his prayer; and the Catholic Church in America, in her strength and her beauty to-day, may recall as one of her earlier graces that for more than twenty years Bishop Challoner was her sole pastor, and that thus she may point to his name on the roll of her former bishops and fathers in God."

ST. SIDONIUS APOLLINARIUS.

The life of St. Sidonius Apollinarius,* by Paul Allard, is an historical sketch of his times, as well as a personal study of the cultured, patriotic, and saintly bishop of Clermont. Born at Lyons in 431 or 432, of a noble Gallic family, he received an excellent education, one in which strenuous athletic exercises were judiciously harmonized with the study of literature, history, and philosophy. Sidonius early evinced a love of letters, and gave proof of decided literary ability. This trait and talent characterized him to the end of his life, and have apparently done more than his sanctity to perpetuate his name on earth. Yet he was a saint. Even in early life, when he seems to have cherished political ambitions, and to have taken too keen a delight in worldly honors and pleasures, he was a genuine Christian, affectionate as a husband and father, genial, hospitable, remarkably pure, and deeply religious. The latter part of his life brought out in bold relief other and far rarer virtues, devotion to the welfare of others, unworldliness, humility, and intense zeal. To set the saint before us clearly, his biographer has dwelt at great length on the political and social conditions that prevailed in those troubled times. The causes of decay in the Roman state, the steady aggressiveness of the barbarians, the sports of the people, their manner of life, their tastes, their characteristics, are graphically sketched for us by anecdotes and descriptions which make this volume extremely delightful reading.

THE JESUITS IN SPAIN.

The long period of thirty-four years, during which Father Aquaviva ruled the Society of Jesus, is of extreme importance and interest to the student who wants

* *St. Sidoine Apollinaire.* Par Paul Allard, de la collection *Les Saints*, Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

to know the history of that Institute. Those were years of difficulty and danger. Some Dominicans criticised and attacked the Society because of its vows and because of its theories about Grace; the Inquisition showed hostility; Sixtus V. for a while entertained doubts and suspicions. Worst of all, internal dissensions, with their inevitable accompaniment, a lessening of fervor and fidelity, and an undue willingness to manage the worldly affairs of prominent people, threatened the welfare and permanence of the Order. Yet these were also years of prosperity and splendid achievement. The number of establishments and members increased greatly; the Fathers of the Society began to publish extensively their works, dealing chiefly with theological, philosophical, exegetical, and historical questions; their missionaries accomplished marvels. In the third volume of his history of the Jesuits in Spain,* P. Astrain deals fairly, fully, and frankly with what may be called the spiritual side of this varied activity. The literary phase and the Missions will be treated in a forthcoming volume. The comparatively short and peaceful administration of P. Mercurian, who preceded Father Aquaviva as General, is also dealt with in this volume.

CYRUS HALL McCORMICK. By Herbert N. Casson.

This is not a character study, but an account of the varied external activities of a man† who had much to do with the invention and the perfecting of the combined reaper and self-binder, a machine that greatly lightened the labors and wonderfully increased the efficiency of the farmer. The story of his difficulties, energy, foresight, tenacity, methods, and success is well and enthusiastically told by one who ranks him among the greatest benefactors of humanity during the nineteenth century.

EXPLORERS IN THE NEW WORLD. By Mrs. Mulhall.

Mrs. Mulhall's book, entitled *Explorers in the New World, Before and After Columbus*,‡ gives the reader a great amount of interesting information about the piratical English expeditions which harassed the Spanish colonies

* *Historia de la Compañia de Jesus en la Asistencia de España.* Por el P. Antonio Astrain, de la misma Compañia. Madrid: Razon y Fe.

† *Cyrus Hall McCormick.* By Herbert N. Casson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

‡ *Explorers in the New World, Before and After Columbus.* With pre-Columban maps. By Mrs. Mulhall. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

in South America during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the English privateersmen who scoured those seas in the eighteenth century, and particularly about the part played by Irishmen and Englishmen in the South American struggle for independence. In addition, the opening chapter treats briefly and disappointingly the question of pre-Columban discoveries of the New Yorld, while the final chapter gives a succinct account of the bright prospects and the dismal ending of the Jesuit Missions in Paraguay. The title of the book, as is clear from our brief indication of its contents, is rather misleading, and might not unwisely be altered in another edition of the work.

TRAVELS IN SPAIN.

It is highly desirable that those who intend to read Mr. Marden's account of his travels in Spain * should first of all read his preface to the book very attentively. They will then be in a position to weigh both the author and his work justly, not blaming the one for failing to do what he has no intention of attempting, nor attributing to the other an authority which it frankly disclaims. The author does not aim at giving us a scientific treatise on Spain, or a study of its people. His purpose is to tell us about the places that he visited, among them most of the important and famous cities. As a rule he does not concern himself with the material side of Spanish life. He is chiefly interested in the relics of Roman and Moorish days, the great cathedrals, famous monasteries and shrines, and works of art. The narrative is steadily entertaining and instructive. Here and there we meet with passing comments on the Spanish character. It is easy to believe that they are all well-meant, and that the writer was fully determined to pass the most favorable judgment he could on the people and their institutions. The kindliness of his intentions is sometimes offset, however, by his patronizing tone and by passing indications that in his inmost heart he cherishes some harsh estimates of this little-known, but much-berated people. These opinions, he tells us, are not born of his own experience, but are borrowed. At times one regrets that he did not judge things and people for himself.

* *Travels in Spain.* By Philip S. Marden. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.

This timely and scholarly work * of Professor Rivière first appeared in the French, under the title *Le Dogme de la Rédemption.* Paris: Lecoffre, 1905.

Coming at a time when the traditional character of the dogma was very keenly attacked on historical grounds, and while the Subjectivism of Ritschl, Harnack, and Sabatier was being so much insisted upon, the book served the double purpose of affording a solid answer to the accusations made in the name of history, and of giving a critical vindication of the Catholic Doctrine.

The author begins by a brief *exposé* of the dogma in question, endeavoring very carefully to disassociate from it certain misconceptions, quite common even among the learned.

After stating, by way of contrast, the views of the "Neo-Protestants," the Abbé undertakes to establish from the Gospel data that Christ taught the expiatory character of His death, and that the New Testament authors, particularly St. Paul, thus understood Him, and so preached.

Having made clear the continuity between Christ's teaching and the views expressed by the New Testament writers, Professor Rivière, following in the footsteps of Petavius and Thomassinus, traces the doctrine through the patristic and scholastic periods, down to the days of the Angelic Doctor. As a result we see that history is by no means the very clear witness to the opposition of Latin and Greek Fathers on this point that Ritschl and others would have us believe. Rather does it become evident that history is our best friend, in making clear that traditional character so essential for a dogma of the faith.

The question of the "Ransom from Satan" is considered at some length, and though the widespread influence of this view is admitted, it is not conceded as an "exclusive" theory with any of the Fathers.

Throughout the work, modern positions and theories are subjected to searching and intelligent criticism, and the study concludes with a succinct summary of the author's contentions.

The translation is well done and the two volumes afford very pleasant as well as learned reading. The value of the

* *The Doctrine of the Atonement.* By M. J. Rivière, D.D. Authorized Translation. 2 vols.: By Luigi Cappadelta. St. Louis: B. Herder.

work has been enhanced by the translator's supplying a copious Scripture Index to texts upon which the dogma is based.

The books are printed in an attractive and convenient form, and will prove a valuable addition to any up-to-date library.

DE LIBRIS.

In six chatty chapters* an Irish parson gives us much wisdom about books and their uses. He is evidently widely read, as his range of quotation, in English literature at least, is very great. In fact, his work is in most cases a tessera of quotations with a brief running commentary. He is generally interesting in his theme and practical in his advice. There is a strong religious note pervading his little volume, but it is not partisan in tone.

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

One of the needs of the present age in the spiritual life is a brief and explicit outline of the true Catholic principles of Christian perfection. Such a need is now filled by the author of this excellent work.† His object is to point out the guiding posts of true perfection, rather giving general directions than entering into a multitude of details which serve to confuse the reader. The word *Groundwork* in the title is judiciously selected, as it is truly expressive of the contents.

An excellent feature of this book is the summary it gives of the chief teachings of such masters of the spiritual life as Fathers Rodriguez and Scaramelli. The great majority of those desirous of perfection at the present day have neither the time nor the inclination to read through the immense volumes on Christian perfection. This work being a brief and clear summary of those great teachers will be found of service to many.

Another noteworthy feature of this book is the use made of sound theological principles as a basis for the rules of spiritual guidance. Many of the chapters, particularly those on the virtues, are but a summary of the teaching of St. Thomas and the Fathers. Not private ideas on holiness, but the teaching of the Church, serves as the foundation stone on which the spiritual edifice is to be built.

* *De Libris:* Six Essays on Books. By Rev. F. J. Grierson, A.M. Dublin: Sealy, Brynes & Walker.

† *The Groundwork of Christian Perfection.* By Rev. Patrick Ryan. Dublin: Gill & Son; London: Washbourne; New York: Benziger Brothers.

In regard to method of presentation, while fault may be found with a too rigid adherence to the logical order, yet from a pedagogical standpoint the author is to be commended for the use of the positive rather than the negative method; telling briefly and explicitly what is to be done rather than what is not to be done. We bespeak for this excellent little work an even greater success than was accorded the author's previous effort, *Christian Doctrines Explained and Proved*, and look forward with pleasure to the author's coming publication on *Culture of the Soul.*

MATERIALISM.

We are in receipt of two pamphlets treating of the present-day attack of certain science-philosophers on the foundations of religious faith. Rev. Dr. Horatio Oliver Ladd considers only the attack on the basis of natural religion made by Ernst Haeckel and others.* Against them he adduces the testimony of Sir Oliver Lodge in his recent works, *Life and Matter* and *Science and Immortality.* The author's mode of treatment is similar to that of Father John Gerard, but he lacks the latter's fine touch in controversy.

Mr. F. Wayland-Smith † covers a wider field, as he considers objections to revealed religion. His method of presentation is that of quoting pregnant passages which present difficulties or the answers to them. The conclusions which seem to be aimed at in the pamphlet are that positive religion is essential to morality and that belief in a personal devil is a touchstone of orthodoxy.

SERMON DELIVERY.

A shrewdly observing foreigner has remarked that there is no place in the world where a really good preacher can more certainly command the presence of a large and appreciative audience than in the Catholic pulpit in the United States; and that it is therefore strange that we have so few first-class preachers. We suppose that similar conditions exist, to greater or less degree, in other English-speaking countries. The law of supply and demand works in this line as well as in any other, and there are indications that

* *The Trend of Scientific Thought Away From Religious Beliefs.* By Horatio Oliver Ladd, S.T.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

† *Materialism and Christianity.* By F. Wayland-Smith. Kenwood, N. Y.: Published by the Author.

many priests and students are beginning to appreciate the need of careful preparation for pulpit work. Accordingly, there will be, we hope, a good welcome for this excellent little book of Father Hitchcock on *Sermon Delivery*.* The work is eminently practical. The first part deals with voice-culture, pronunciation, and delivery; the second treats of deportment and gesture. A great many very practical suggestions are packed away in surprisingly small space. The writer has the gift of analyzing a difficulty or defect, whether of pronunciation, gait, or gesture. Accordingly he does not merely depict the ideal of speech or deportment; he indicates exactly how it may be attained.

LORD ARUNDELL OF WARDOUR.

As the most fitting memento of a noble career devoted to the service of Church and country, the Dowager Lady Arundell of Wardour has issued the speeches and papers† of her distinguished husband, whose death three years ago was a great loss to the Church in England. Lord Arundell was a man of the best type of English noble, interested in all public questions, devoted to his tenantry, and faithful to his religion. The variety of his interests and the religious temper of his mind are made manifest in these papers, which consist of speeches in the House of Lords or on other occasions, notes for speeches, and letters, mainly controversial. Even readers who, like the reviewer, are entirely out of sympathy with his insistence on the rights of property rather than on the rights of man, and his opposition to Irish Home Rule, will be glad to admire this great English Catholic layman for his stanchness to principle and fidelity to the duties of his station in life.

In one of his speeches in the House of Lords, on the abolition of the religious tests in the universities, there is a reference to a point in the history of the American Colonies which will bear quoting:

But I cannot leave this discussion without pointing to one

**Sermon Delivery: A Method for Students.* By Rev. G. S. Hitchcock, B.A. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Some Papers of Lord Arundell of Wardour, Twelfth Baron, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, etc.* With a Preface by the Dowager Lady Arundell of Wardour. With portrait. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

episode in the History of Persecution, and I do so with something of family pride. When the Catholic colony, under Lord Baltimore, left England in the reign of James I., and founded the colony of Maryland in America, they established it on the principle of political toleration. This is the first instance in history of the principle being proclaimed; and I ask your Lordships, for my information, when it was first proclaimed in Protestant communities.

There is a reference in an earlier speech to what is called, no doubt through the mistake of some over-wise compositor, the "no nothing" movement in America.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOQUENCE.

This work on Eloquence,* which is a translation by Joseph Skellon from the German of Nicholas Schleiniger, S.J., is deserving of attention, if for no other reason than that in it elocution is based on a solid scientific foundation. Too frequently our books on eloquence offer only a superficial treatment of this important field. It is, therefore, a source of real pleasure and practical benefit to find at our disposal a work which treats the subject in the careful manner of a scientific treatise. The chapter devoted to the history of Rhetoric and Eloquence is a good example of this. In it the development of these arts is traced from Greece and Rome down the ages to our own times. Not a mere list of names and subjects, but a critical commentary on times and conditions is presented to the reader. It is a practical refutation of the charge of the satirist, that

"All a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools."

The book resolves itself into two chief divisions. The first includes chapters on the means of gathering matter, methods of placing this collected material in the proper order, and, finally, suggestions on delivery, with rules for style, memory, gesture, and pronunciation. The second division, comprising about half the book, is devoted to a presentation of extracts from famous speeches. Here the work of the author is re-

* *The Principles of Eloquence.* By N. Schleiniger, S J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

edited and supplemented by the translator, in order to make the selections more available for the uses of the English-speaking student. Select quotations from Demosthenes, Æschines, Cicero, Burke, Pitt, O'Connell, and Gladstone, are successively presented to the reader. American orators are not neglected; we find the names of Patrick Henry, Webster, Seward, Lincoln, etc. Finally we are given a "florilegium" from the great pulpit orators: St. John Chrysostom, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Father Burke, Newman, Spalding, Kenrick.

The Principles of Eloquence is a book deserving of high commendation for its value both as a statement of principles and a manual for practice. It will be found to be of service not only to special students of oratory, but also to the general reader who is desirous of a general acquaintance with the principles of oratory and their historical applications. In Germany it has reached its sixth edition. A similar success may be prophesied for this English translation, so well rendered by Joseph Skellon.

PEDAGOGY.

This is a modestly anonymous pamphlet* on vitality in teaching. It is issued from Mt. Pleasant, Liverpool, which, we learn from the Catholic Directory, is under the charge of the Sisters of Notre Dame. After reading the pamphlet one can easily believe the tribute to education in that school which *The Tablet* gave a few months ago, from a volume of recollections by a genial old school inspector, a Protestant. Speaking of Liverpool, he says: "If any one wants to know what can be done for education, primary, secondary, and tertiary, for aught I know, he should go to Mt. Pleasant, in that city, and look around him." The book deals mainly with the personal qualities required in a good teacher—besides knowledge of the matter, alertness, humor, and good humor, individuality, vitality, in short. Reading it may be dispiriting to humdrum souls, but it will be inspiring to such as have the root of the matter in them, but have never been made to realize the way in which their natural powers of mind and character can be brought into play in the work of teaching.

* *Quick and Dead.* To Teachers. By Two of Them. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

A new volume* of historical essays, by Abbé Vacandard, has just been published. It is made up of articles that previously appeared in three French magazines. One of them, that on the "Origins of Sacramental Confession," has undergone considerable revision since its first publication. This is the longest and one of the most important of the essays. The subject is studied under seven heads: the antiquity of confession; the minister of the sacrament; the matter of confession; the mode; when absolution was given; readmission to the sacrament after a relapse into sin; and changes in the penitential discipline. Evidence in support of the author's conclusions is presented, and carefully considered.

Two other essays of importance are: "The Formal Institution of the Church by Christ," and "The Nature of the Church's Coercive Power." The former is a reply to one of the challenges issued by M. Loisy, and criticises his theory of the non-historicity of the risen Christ. The latter maintains the thesis that the Church, being a spiritual society, has no right to exert any other than a moral pressure on her disobedient children. Opponents of this theory make much of the encyclical *Quanta Cura*, in which Pius IX. formally condemns the opinion of those who assert that "the Church has no right to coerce violators of her laws by means of temporal punishments." M. Vacandard first asks what is the doctrinal value of the encyclical, and hints plainly that its teaching is neither infallible nor final. He then endeavors to show that the declarations of Benedict XIV., Pius VI., Pius IX., and the theologians of the Vatican Council do not necessarily conflict with the theory that moral pressure alone may be rightly exerted by the Church. This thesis, needless to say, does not meet with universal approval. M. Vacandard's exposition of it was sharply criticised by Father Choupin, S.J., in the *Nouvelle Revue Théologique* of April, 1908. He reminds M. Vacandard that "there is a grave obligation resting on all the faithful to submit to the decisions of the Holy See, whether those decisions are or are not guaranteed by infallibility." M. Vacandard's interpretation of the Pope's words is "neither true, nor probable, nor likely. The text, the context, the historical circumstances, all the diction-

**Études de Critique et d'Histoire Religieuse.* Deuxième Series. Par E. Vacandard. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

aries which have fixed the meaning of the words *temporal* and *salutary*, the common opinion of theologians and canonists, the constant practice of the Church, and sound sense, are against it."

The other topics treated are Military Service and the first Christians; The Council of Macon and the Souls of Women; and The Albigensian Heresy in the Times of Innocent III. In the appendix there are discussions of M. Loisy's views concerning the Kingdom expected by the Jews, and the Church, the *Christi ego miles sum* and the *Pugnare mihi non licet* of St. Martin, and the relations between Church and State.

THE CATECHISM IN EXAMPLES.

The host of catechists and school-teachers to whom Father Chisholm has become an invaluable friend, will find the latest volume of the *Catechism in Examples** no less useful than those which have preceded it. Besides fulfilling the promise of its title, it covers also several other sections of the catechism—the four last things, the Christian's rule of life, daily exercises, and perseverance. The collection of examples is copious; and they are apt to the point which they are meant to enforce. While the language is simple enough to be comprehended by the younger children, it is also suitable for the more mature.

RELIGIOUS AND THE SACRED HEART.

This little manual † is intended for religious, and more particularly for women. It is extracted from the large work in five volumes, entitled *Le Regne du Sacré-Cœur*, which has had considerable vogue in France. The author, an Oblate Father, based his work on the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary and on the life of her which was written by her contemporaries. The text largely consists of *verbatim* excerpts from the original writings, to which our author supplies sufficient comment, narrative, and explanation to bind them into unity. The book is intended for spiritual reading and meditation.

* *The Catechism in Examples.* By Rev. D. Chisholm. Second Edition. Vol. V. *Virtues and Vices.* New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Religious and the Sacred Heart.* Blessed Margaret Mary's Message. Translated from the French of F. Alfred Yenveux. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE POETS' CORNER.

The year just closed apparently marked no diminution in the industry of our minor poets, for once again a harvest of rhymes comes to us, in neat sheaves, from the publishers. With some few notable exceptions, it cannot be claimed that the first fruits are of any superlative excellence. Distinction of thought, the true singing quality (or, contrariwise, the breath of sure dramatic vigor), are rare enough; yet scarcely a volume is without evidence of gracious fancy, of authentic emotion, and of an ability, when duly chastened and controlled, to produce beautiful lines.

Miss Edith Thomas' new collection* will be welcomed by those already familiar with her graceful and thoughtful muse. The immemorial cry of woman—the life-bringer and preserver!—against War and its heritage of Death rings across more than one page. Yet Miss Thomas' real strength would seem to lie in brief lyrics of a single delicate fancy, a single poignant emotion, rather than in the narative or dramatic form.

From Mary Austin Low come half a dozen touching poems of motherhood and human feeling, amid a volume of miscellaneous verses more or less darkened by the fear of death and annihilation. There is much of the beauty and the tenderness of *earth* in this little *Confession*,† but not yet any vital apprehension of that supreme Beauty and Love which eye hath not seen nor heart understood, but which are eternal realities, none the less, to the faithful soul.

A third volume, *Love, Faith and Endeavor*,‡ betrays a certain loyal zeal *Pro Christo et Literis*. The verses are upon many themes, often occasional, and of unequal merit, but in the main dignified and interesting.

From Edmund Basel comes a little book of narrative poems§ reaching all the long way from Castle Hapsburg to the romance of our own American history.

* *The Guest at the Gate.* By Edith M. Thomas. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

† *Confession; and Other Verses.* By Mary Austin Low. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

‡ *Love, Faith, and Endeavor.* By Harvey Carson Grumbine. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.

§ *Poems.* By Edmund Basel. Farmingdale, L. I.: Nazareth Trade School Printing Office.

In *Changing Voices*,* too, the patriotic note is sounded, along with religious, fanciful, and meditative themes.

And *The Silver Lining* † brings us verses alternately grave and gay, in a wide variety of subject and metre.

So turns the shuttle, and the woof is formed: while upon their far-off hill the Muses watch—and wait.

The story of the Catholic missions in the Far West is a glory to the Church in America. The present volume‡ is a biography of a Franciscan friar, Father Català, who, filled with the missionary spirit, left home and country to spread the Kingdom of God in America. Father Català was born in Spain, in 1761, and came, in 1794, to Santa Clara, where he toiled for souls for thirty-six years, until his death in 1830. The virtues miracles, and prophecies of this man of God are described in detail. The volume is cheaply gotten up: the paper is poor, the illustrations somewhat better. However, it gives a good idea of the mission work that has been done by the religious orders in this country.

Those who read Spanish will find the fourth edition of Father Ferreres' commentary § on the *Ne Temere*, an extremely useful and reliable handbook. The author's style is methodical and clear. Frequent references to the former law enable the reader to see quickly and accurately the bearing and force of the new. Considerable attention is given to the question concerning the validity of private betrothals in *foro interno*, since the new law went into effect. In addition to the usual arguments, Father Ferreres gives us one based on the old Spanish law, in support of the widely accepted conclusion that these private betrothals are invalid, even in conscience. The great favor with which his work has been everywhere received has happily prompted the author to keep on enlarging it, by discussions of new questions, as well as by including the latest decisions of Roman congregations in this connection.

* *Changing Voices; and Other Poems.* By R. D. Brodie. Boston: R. G. Badger.

† *The Silver Lining; and Other Poems.* By Nelson Glazier Morton. Boston: R. G. Badger.

‡ *The Holy Man of Santa Clara; or, the Life, Virtues, and Miracles of Father Magin Català, O.F.M.* By Father Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. San Francisco: James H. Barry Company.

§ *Los Espousales y el Matrimonio.* Por el R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Madrid: Razón y Fe.

Another excellent book * by the same author, states and explains the present-day laws of the Church with reference to religious communities of women. The matter is treated under five heads: "Confessors," "The Account of Conscience," "The Cloister," "The Vows," and "The Election of Superiors." Like the other work that we have just mentioned this treatise is clear, orderly, and of high practical value for those who have any relations with such communities.

The tenth volume † of a set of texts and documents designed to furnish, in a convenient form, the materials for the historical study of Christianity, gives us the Greek text and on the opposite page a French translation of the Epistle of Clement of Rome to the Corinthians, and of the homily which was formerly called his second epistle. The text here reproduced is that of the critical edition published by Funk at Tübingen in 1901. A good introduction by the editor gives a biographical sketch of Clement, analyzes both documents, discusses their authenticity, the date of their composition, the occasion, end, and character of the genuine epistle, its references to various institutions and doctrines, the Great Prayer, and the history of the text.

La Théologie de Bellarmin ‡ is a clear, concise, and, we doubt not, a faithful summary of the opinions held and proclaimed by that greatest of all Catholic controversialists. The work is valuable not merely because it sets before us the mind and method of Bellarmine, but also because it gives us a comprehensive view of the great religious debates of the sixteenth century, together with an analysis of the arguments used by the ablest spokesmen of both parties to the conflict. Inasmuch as the Scriptural and Patristic arguments employed by the Cardinal had been already treated at length in another volume belonging to the same series, Father de la Servière passes lightly over them. Since the present work, though bulky, is after all only a summary, its usefulness lies chiefly in this, that it is well calculated to rouse interest in the works of Bellarmine himself, and will prove wonderfully helpful as a guide in the study of his writings.

* *Las Religiosas.* Por el R. P. Juan B. Ferreres, S.J. Madrid: Razón y Fe.

† *Les Pères Apostoliques.* II. *Clément de Rome.* Par Hippolyte Hemmer. Paris: Alphonse Picard et Fils.

‡ *La Théologie de Bellarmin.* Par J. de la Servière, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne et Cie.

A very useful publication for those that are seeking to know the Church is one just published by B. Herder, St. Louis: *The Convert's Catechism of Catholic Doctrine*, by Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.SS.R. It is a booklet of 110 pages and is composed on an entirely new plan. This plan facilitates the labor both of the inquirer and the instructor by presenting religious truths in the order of their relative importance to the sincere non-Catholic. Because of the great good it will do the booklet deserves a wide distribution.

Faith and Reason—Showing How They Agree, by Rev. Peter Saurusaitis, is a booklet just issued by the Christian Press. *A Simple Communion Book*, by Mother Mary Loyola is published by the International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, N. Y. A Complete Index to the contents of *The Month*, published in London, England, has been issued in an attractive volume at a cost of 3*s.* 6*d.* net. It is a most important volume for all interested in Catholic literature and Catholic apologetics.

Following the celebration of the centenary Mother Seton's birth, a centennial book entitled *Mother Seton*, has been published by the Sisters of Charity, Cincinnati, Ohio. It is a history of Mother Seton's life and work.

The value of the De la Salle series of school readers is appreciated in the Catholic educational world. An examination of the *Sixth Reader* which we have received confirms our opinion that the student who follows faithfully the plan marked out by the compiler of the volume will possess a true appreciation of the best in literature. We have every word of praise to offer in commendation of the taste shown in making selections from the best authors.

As a result of the Hudson-Fulton celebration an abundance of literature concerning the early history of New York has been issued. The latest publication that we have received on the subject is one entitled: *The Beginnings of New York—Old Kingston the First State Capital*, a booklet of seventy pages, written by Mary A. Forsyth, and published by Richard Badger, of Boston, Mass.

A Catholic Diary for 1910 is published by the Angelus Company, Norwood, London, Canada. It is especially prepared for English-speaking Catholics and for those who make use of a diary it will be found useful. It is a practical little book and contains much valuable information.

It is almost like journeying personally through the country to read *Guatemala and Her People.** The author writes most interestingly of places and of people, makes no attempt at a deep study of conditions or of problems, but guides the reader in a pleasant and interesting way. The volume is remarkably well illustrated and admirably gotten up.

This volume† contains a series of pious Christmas, Epiphany, and Easter stories. Some were written originally for *The Living Church*, *The Young Christian Soldier*, and *The Independent*. From this fact we surmise that the author is a non-Catholic. However, the book contains nothing that a Catholic could not write or accept.

The individual teacher, as a rule, is the best judge of his or her own text-books. One that deserves a test from teachers of English composition is a volume recently published: *Writing and Speaking*, a Text-Book of Rhetoric, by Charles Sears Baldwin, A.M. Good, solid work has gone into the making of the book. It is meant for a practical guide in that branch of instruction which concerns the power of expression. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, publish the work.

Pitman's Commercial Dictionary has been prepared as a handy volume for those engaged in commercial correspondence. Much labor has been expended on its compilation and it cannot fail to be of advantage to those for whose use it is primarily intended. *Pitman's Progressive Dictator* includes selections of original letters relating to different lines of business, arranged with vocabularies and engraved shorthand outlines and phrases. In its field it is an excellent text-book. Both volumes are published by Isaac Pitman & Sons, New York.

* *Guatemala and Her People.* By Nevin O. Winter. Boston: Page & Co.

† *The Shepherd Who Did Not Go to Bethlehem.* By S. Alice Raulett. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Tablet (8 Jan.): Conclusion of D. Moncrieff O'Connor's paper on Ferdinand Brunetière.——Father F. M. de Zuluetta, S.J., describes the confiscation of the French Catholic daily *La Croix*, and of the publishing business of La Bonne Press.——The Roman Correspondent outlines the plans of Father de Santi, S.J., for making more effective the legislation of his Holiness on music. He proposes to found "scholæ cantorum" and carry on a campaign in the press.

(15 Jan.): Account of the production of Father Benson's miracle play "The Nativity," in the Hall of the Clergy House at Westminster House.——Mgr. Moyes, in a first paper on "The Mozarabic Rite and Anglican Orders," points out what is necessary to make ordination valid. In a subsequent issue he will examine how far this ancient rite fulfills the requirements.——Father Thurston, S.J., deals with certain imputations cast upon Jesuit missionaries at the court of Akbar. They appeared in a novel by Mrs. F. A. Steel called *A Prince of Dreamers.*

(22 Jan.): "The French Chamber and School Neutrality," an editorial.

(29 Jan.): "The Fight for the Children in France" describes the debate on school neutrality in the French Chamber.——Address of Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., on the influence of the Catholic Press. Practical suggestions for its improvement.

The Month (Feb.): "The Divinity of Christ." The Rev. Sydney F. Smith offers some comments on the two rival arguments against and for the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, which have been set before English readers in a volume entitled *Jesus or Christ*, recently brought out by Mr. L. P. Jacks.——"Two Great Modern Frenchmen" are brought before us by Ymal Oswin. The first of these is Ferdinand Marron of Rouen, "one of the greatest of modern iron-workers"; the second is Victor Prouvé, of Nancy, an artist of genius who has earned the title of "The New Leonardo."

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): In "The Christ of History" the editor assails the thesis of a marked distinction between the Jesus of history and the Christ of worship and the ascription of Christian teaching mainly to St. Paul.——"Æneas Silvius: Pope Pius II." is declared by Edward Armstrong to be perennially interesting because of his impressionable character and literary tastes. ——Madame Goyau's book, *In Quest of Joy*, is extensively reviewed. It portrays the despair of pagan souls, such as "Marius the Epicurean" and Richard Jefferies in *The Story of My Heart;* and the joys of Christian souls as exemplified by Christina Rossetti, Eugénie de Guérin, and St. Catharine of Siena.

The Dublin Review (Jan.): Canon William Barry describes the gigantic energy Bishop Challoner displayed in the dark days of English Catholicism.——"The Ethics of Strong Language," by Wilfrid Ward, discusses the psychology of vehement language that still remains parliamentary. ——To Mrs. Meynell, Tennyson is a true poet who "had both a style and a manner: a masterly style, a magical style, a too dainty manner, nearly a trick."——"The Oriel Noetics," by Wilfrid Wilberforce.——Under the caption of "The New Learning," Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., writes on the Greek spirit.——Hilaire Belloc, in the first of a series of articles on "The International" anarchistic propaganda, gives the true story of the Ferrer case.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (Jan.): The Rev. J. M. Harty traces the main outlines of the "Historical Evolution of the Catholic Teaching on Usury," from the closing centuries of the Middle Ages to the present day.—— ——The Rev. M. J. O'Donnell gives an historical review of the "Seal of Confession." From a study of the records the writer concludes that "the general principle, the obligation to secrecy, was admitted and accepted as a rule of conduct by those to whom the Church entrusted the power of the keys." The early teachers and confessors did not consider the imposition of public penance for secret sins a violation of the Seal. They "saw things in a different light and adopted a different principle."——"A Thirteenth Century Revision Com-

mittee of the Bible" by the Rev. B. Barrett, O.P.—— The action of the Convocation of Canterbury in officially sanctioning the omission of the "minatory clauses" of the Athanasian Creed has turned men's thoughts once more to the question of "Eternal Punishment." This question is discussed by the Rev. G. R. Roche, S.J.——"The Teaching of the New Testament on Divorce" is treated by the Rev. J. MacRory.

The Irish Ecclesiastical Record (Jan.): Rev. James MacCaffrey writes on The "Catholic Church in 1909."——"Old Criticism and New Pragmatism," "an essay on Kant and Hegel," by Dr. J. M. O'Sullivan, is favorably reviewed by C. Murphy.——The Editor, prompted by the interest aroused by his previous articles on "the proceedings of the British Parliament relating to Maynooth," shows how an old myth—"that Maynooth was intended originally for the laity as well as for the clergy"—was disposed of in Parliament, and explains why Mr. Gladstone undertook to pay off all the arrears of building expenses in accordance with the promises of 1845.

Le Correspondant (10 Jan.): "The First Political Vote of Women in Norway." The writer discusses woman's position in Norway as being one of "equality." He gives us a *résumé* of her public activity, and questions whether the result of the 1909 election to the Storthing in which the majority of the members who "had powerfully contributed to promote the separation with Sweden" were defeated, could have produced such results were it not for the women who cast their vote "without noise and flourish."——"The Struggle for the Transpyrenees," by Lucien Primaube. The question of the construction of railroads across the Pyrenees is "one which will contribute to a closer bond between France and Spain."

(25 Jan.): "Leopold II.," by J. Van den Heuvel. "The great work of his reign was the endowing of Belgium with an important colony in Africa." "With a character of steel and a far-seeing intelligence he truly endeavored to make Belgium greater, stronger, and more beautiful."——"The Political Speeches of Duc de Broglie." Comte de Chabrol discusses de Broglie's struggles

against Thiers. His speeches were of "the highest political philosophy," being founded on the "profound convictions" of a man who "enjoyed the respect of all."——"Honoré d'Urfé," by Emile Faguet, the author of *L'Astrée*, "the greatest novel of the seventeenth century, was a charming novelist and a poet who, though not of the first rank, did not deserve the scorn which Malherbe heaped upon him."——"Iron in Lorraine," by Jean Tribot-Laspière. The iron industry of Lorraine, which "was known to the Romans," was 88 per cent of that of all France in 1907 and has made Nancy the centre of "an extraordinary intellectual activity."

Études (5 Jan.): Louis de Mondadon contributes a study on St. Augustine as a professor.——André Bremond, in "The Moral Ideas of Samuel Johnson," thinks that a true Christian spirit pervaded his life, manifesting itself particularly in a filial dependence upon God.——J. Brucker welcomes the appearance of the French translation of another volume of Pastor's *History of the Popes*. He notes the author's various conclusions regarding Leo X., Adrian VI., and Clement VII.——The history of some noteworthy events in the French Church for the year 1909 are given by Yves de la Brière. He refers to the trials of six bishops, and to the condemnation of four of them, for opposing certain text-books. The tenor of the letter of the hierarchy regarding neutral schools is given, and the consequent organization of Catholic parents.——"The Mussulmans in India," by S. Marès.

(20 Jan.): "The Psychology of St. Francis of Assisi" (continued), by Lucien Roure, studies "a type most astonishing and most typical of Catholic sanctity." Can contemporary psychology account for his life without the supernatural, is the problem the author sets himself to answer.——"Unedited Letters of de Lamennais to Chanoine Buzzetti," by Paul Dudon. Among the papers of Ventura, placed in the author's hands by T. R. Ragonesi, there were four letters of de Lamennais. An attentive examination has led M. Dudon to conclude that Ventura was not the recipient of these letters.

Revue du Clergé Français (1 Jan): T. Venard concludes the treatise on "The Teaching Church."——J. Bricout continues his criticism of "What the Children are Taught in the Public Schools."——Writing of the "Religious Movement in Italy," J. M. Vidal considers the religious reforms and the renewal of Catholic Works at Rome. His plan is first to trace out the efforts of Pius X. to reform the diocese of Rome, to revivify ecclesiastical life and discipline, and to reform the parochial ministry and Catholic activity; second, to treat of the work already accomplished by the people themselves for education, for religious propaganda, and for social action. (15 Jan.): "The Official Care of Apprentices," is a sketch by P. Pisani of the origin and growth of Catholic societies in Paris and other large cities for promoting the religious and social life of the apprentice classes. ——Leon Désers concludes his articles on the "Parish Ministry," with a consideration of the difficulties and trials of the priest in his pastoral duties.

Revue Pratique d'Apologétique (15 Jan.): H. Lesêtre begins a series on "The Biblical Commission: the Value of Its Decisions." He shows that, while one cannot in conscience publicly combat the decisions of the Commission, they are, nevertheless, subject to modification by that body, and a different opinion may be privately submitted to the Commission.——"The Crisis of Lutheranism," by G. Lapeyre, contains quotations to show a state of internal upheaval within that body, as regards all dogma. While hoping that the conservatives will find ways to stop its rapid march towards paganism, he asks if, after all, the Lutheran Church is not reaping what it has sown?

La Revue du Monde (15 Jan.): In the third conference of his historical synthesis, "Yesterday and To-day," M. Sicard treats of the Social *rôle* of the clergy. This consists principally, he believes, in liturgical prayer, filial piety, and justice tempered and elevated by divine charity. ——"The Feminist Movement." Theodore Joran discusses in this article, the three leading characteristics of the "Militant Feminist."——"Around the World," political

and literary essays, by Arthur Savaète.——Continuation of "The Mysteries of the Success of A. T. Stewart, New York Merchant Prince," by Denans d'Artigues.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Jan.): Henri Bremond, continuing his defence of Fénelon, criticises M. Crouslé's sources. Bossuet's relations with Madame Guyon and his attitude towards Quietism are discussed.——"The Social Week of Bordeaux," by Testis, treats of the intellectual and political attitude of social workers towards the Church that is resulting in an unchristian spirit.

Biblische Zeitschrift (Jan.): Hubert Grimme proposes a textual emendation of the Messianic passage in Lamentations iv. 20, which would then read: "The breath of our life, the Anointed of Jahwe, lies captured in a pit and He is dead under Whose shadow we thought to live among the Gentiles."——Dr. W. Wilbrand, writing on "Ambrose and Origen's Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans," wishes to prove that four letters of Ambrose may be traced back to the commentary of Origen.——"The Breaking of Bread in Primitive Christianity," by Dr. Theodore Shermann.

La Civiltà Cattolica (Jan.): "Karl Marx and Exchange-Value," shows the part Karl Marx played in the development of "scientific" socialism, both in and out of Germany.——"The Beginners of the Catholic Reform in Italy," a review of the recent work *The History of the Society of Jesus in Italy*, by Father Pietro Tacchi-Venturi, S.J., is an account of the religious life in Italy during the first half of the sixteenth century.——"Accusations Against the Catechism," shows how bitter anti-clericalism is in opposing religious teaching in the elementary schools of Italy. This is at present an open question, waiting a definite solution in the near future.

Razón y Fe (Jan.): Hilarión Gil continues the history of Catholic missions in Hindustan and Indo-China.——Zacarias García, considering Tertullian's *De Pudicitia*, denies that its logical conclusion is that Pope Calixtus was the innovator in pardoning adultery, and that Tertullian represented tradition, and says also that Tertullian's assertion that the Catholics refused absolution to apostates and

homicides does not merit acceptance.——R. Ruiz Amada praises the great material resources of America, but pities the moral calamities that are dragging her to the abyss.——"The Return of Halley's Comet," by M. Martinez.

(Feb.): A letter from his holiness, Pius X., to the Archbishop of Toledo on Catholic Social Activity in Spain. ——In order to check imitation of France, A. Pérez Goyena describes French depopulation, the ruin of her schools and her navy, and the increase of crime.—— The series on "Popular Urban Credit with Unlimited Shares," by N. Noguer, is concluded by showing the value of such credit to salaried workingmen.

España y América (1 Jan.): P. Santiago García, continuing "Theological Modernism and Traditional Theology," expounds the views of Loisy, Goetz, and Reville on the Holy Eucharist.——The evil tendencies of "Modernistic Poetry," such as that of Verlaine, Anatole France, and their imitators, as seen by P. Graciano Martinez.—— "The Japanese Merchant Marine," by P. G. Castrillo. ——P. P. Rodriguez describes briefly the early period of the Spanish Church and the records of the life of St. James.

Current Events.

France.

The *gesta per Francos* have not excited so much interest during the past month as the action of the elements. Nature has shown how capable she is within a few days of laying low the highest achievements of science and industry. Floods have always been an incident in the life of Paris, as its motto indicates; but instead of becoming less frequent with the growth of civilization, the opposite has been the case, and the recent flood is the most considerable for nearly three centuries. Up to the end of the eighteenth century an abnormal rise of the Seine was recorded on an average about once, or at most twice, in a hundred years. During the course of the last century, however, such a rise took place about a dozen times. By some this is attributed to the gradual process of deforestation that has been taking place, and which has had its influence upon the watersheds of the great rivers of France, and has not been counteracted by the construction of adequate agricultural drainage. The present floods have cost, it is estimated, no less a sum than two hundred millions, merely on account of the destruction of property, and there are fears that the seeds have been sown of typhoid fever that may result in an epidemic. The government seems not to have neglected the duty of providing relief. Cabinet ministers were at their posts. The Chamber voted large sums of money. Bakers and other purveyors of the necessaries of life, who attempted to make profit out of the necessities of their fellow-countrymen, were made to feel the full rigor of the law. The troops were ordered to shoot at sight both marauders and stray dogs. All the world joined together in a practical manifestation of sympathy by subscribing funds for the relief of the sufferers. The President of the Republic, accompanied by the Prime Minister, visited each day the settlements of refugees which had been improvised by the Union of the Ladies of France and warmly congratulated them on the great success of their work.

That the clergy were unwearied in their efforts to minister to the wants of their flocks need not be stated. The curé of one parish for a whole week, it is stated, hardly left the boat by which alone access to his parishioners was possible, while

the Archbishop of Sens gave up the Cathedral for the reception of those who had been driven from their homes. The special intercession services, which were held in the churches, were crowded throughout the week. The Sisters of Charity were engaged in all parts of the city, ministering to those in need, and they met everywhere with the warmest welcome.

The people of this country were, as is their wont, among the first to come to the aid of the distressed; and the Holy Father, the Austrian and German Emperors, as well as the Kings of Great Britain and Italy, and the Sultan sent condolences and subscriptions.

This visitation was not by any means confined to Paris; more than half of France, it has been said, was under water; but this seems to have been an exaggeration. Without doubt, the destruction has been widespread, whole villages have been blotted out, farms devastated, and crops swept away, in nearly every part of France.

With another class of French citizens the government has been obliged to deal with severity. In England they have what they call hooligans—young men addicted to outrages of various kinds. The corresponding class in France are called Apaches. They seem to be a good deal more ferocious than are the English hooligans, and at times they do deeds of fiendish atrocity. Yet they are punished by being forced to join the army. More than eleven thousand of these young men, condemned by the Courts, are serving under the colors. Two of these soldier-Apaches having recently outrageously murdered a woman in a railway carriage, and a policeman having been wantonly murdered in the streets of Paris, the question has arisen as to the propriety of entrusting the safety of the citizens to such custodians. Although M. Hervé eulogized the Apache who killed the policeman as a "professor of energy" whose act was "not wanting in a certain beauty or in a certain grandeur," whose deed had given a good example to the revolutionary parties, the government has taken a different view and has brought in a bill to enable it to relegate to the troops on the African borders the worst malefactors of this kind. M. Hervé, too, is to be prosecuted.

The labors of the Committee appointed to investigate into the reform of criminal judicial procedure have resulted in the introduction of a bill. The new measure proposes to abolish

the cross-examination by the judge and to make other changes of less importance, all of which are meant to make it easier for the public to have a greater confidence in the impartiality of trials. The bill has on the whole been well received, although there are those who think that it is not sufficiently comprehensive.

In political matters the year did not open for France inauspiciously. Her foreign relations with her friends were as cordial as ever. The proposed Budget, it is true, is not looked upon with favor by the traders in other lands, inasmuch as it increases many of the existing duties; but of this no one has much right to complain, except Great Britain, for the rest of the world is merely being treated in the same way as it has treated France. Germany, so far as its government's action goes, is acting both according to the spirit and the letter of the agreement concerning Morocco, and is thereby bringing upon itself the severe animadversions of the Germans who are interested in the exploitation of Morocco. There are said to be certain financiers in France who, without regard to political results, are anxious to further industrial projects of Germans and even to bring about a closer financial union between the two countries. It is doubtful, however, whether they will be able to carry with them any large number of their compatriots. The supercession of M. Clemenceau by M. Briand has improved the prospect of appeasing the discontent among the Civil Servants. It is now recognized that they had just grounds and good reasons for complaint. The methods which they adopted for obtaining redress were, however, incompatible with due order and discipline; and called for the severe treatment meted out by M. Clemenceau. Upon the new Prime Minister the duty falls of removing all grounds of complaint; a duty which it will be easier for him to perform than for M. Clemenceau.

The French government, of course, together with the people of France, gave their fullest sympathy to the efforts of the Young Turks to effect an improvement in the Ottoman Empire. This has not prevented a little controversy arising from a somewhat obscure incident which took place on the borders of Tunis and Tripoli. As this dispute has been settled, it is not worth while going into details; but it deserves mention, as it shows the spirit by which the Young Turks are animated. They are determined not to suffer any encroachment, even the

smallest, upon the territory of the Empire as it exists at present. They will not, for any consideration, surrender the smallest portion. The new Grand Vizier, when asked at what price he would allow the union of Crete with Greece, replied: "At the price of twenty years' war." And he has behind him in support all the Ottomans.

The Chamber has devoted ten days to a discussion of the School Question, and upon the conclusion of the debate passed a resolution of confidence in the government by 385 votes to 137. This resolution expressed the full reliance of the deputies that the government would defend the *école laïque* and the teachers against all enemies, and promised that the bills to be introduced in their defence would be discussed before the end of the sessions. Those bills have for their object the placing of all private schools under stricter surveillance, bringing them more under the control of the state. Yet their promoters pride themselves upon their moderation, for there are those who would suppress these schools altogether and completely abolish the right of private individuals to teach.

The perusal of the reports of this ten days' debate would, without doubt, conduce to a good understanding of the school question in France, and of the attitude of the various parties. But even leading French papers give but very meagre reports. All we can do is to give a few notes of some interest. The state schools profess neutrality. But what is neutrality? The president of the Society which promotes the "neutral" schools —M. Dessoye—declared that this neutrality involved the right, and not only the right but the duty, of the teacher to teach his pupils, as a fundamental principle, that they were free to choose their religion, and even to have no religion at all. The teacher's neutrality imposed on him the duty of forming the conscience of the pupil and of expanding his reason so as to make of him a free citizen. It was this freedom which the government was called upon to defend; it was this that constituted liberty of conscience. This liberty, M. Dessoye went on to declare, was violated in the *écoles libres*—that is to say, the Catholic schools—for in them it was taught that divorce was wrong and that the Catholic religion was divine. He called, therefore, for the exercise of a more strict control over those schools, a call to which the government and the Chamber have responded. It is thus made clear that no choice was

left to the French bishops but to raise their voices against "neutral" schools of such a kind. In the event of the teachers in the public schools in this country claiming to exercise such a right, there is good reason to think that opposition would be offered by the ministers of every denomination professing to have a definite Christian belief.

It ought to be mentioned that the irreligious partisanship advocated (and adopted) at present under the name of neutrality does not represent neutrality as understood by those who established the system. This was brought out by M. Groussau, who is a professor in the Catholic University of Lille. He read, in the course of the debate, voluminous extracts from the circulars of the Minister of Education, inculcating upon school-teachers the strictest impartiality in dealing with problems affecting the moral or religious ideas of their pupils. He quoted from an instruction of M. Jules Ferry to these teachers his summing up of the spirit of these instructions. "When you are minded," he said, "to bring forward a precept or a maxim, ask yourself whether any father of a family, if he chanced to be present, could take any exception to the words; and if you think that he could, refrain." These injunctions had not been kept. In truth, it is impossible that they should be. Not to take a side, is a most decided way of taking the irreligious side. This was made evident by a quotation from a text-book in use in the so-called neutral schools. As a theme for a composition the subject *Un Honnête Homme* was proposed, and the following hints for the essay were offered: "John is good, just, upright, and so forth. He is neither Catholic nor Protestant nor Jewish; he is virtuous, which is enough. I will follow his example." M. Groussau's conclusion from this and other evidence which he adduced was that the present governments were, of set purpose, striving to dechristianize France. It is only fair to say that M. Briand warmly denied that he had in view any such object.

The distinguished Academician and novelist, M. Barrès, although not classed with the Catholic party in the house, and if we may believe M. Jaurès, not even a Catholic, supported the contention of M. Groussau, and said that the neutrality of the schools was either a meaningless expression or a piece of hypocrisy. The school-teacher's position, however, was, in the opinion of M. Barrès, the most anomalous of all. Some years

ago in London a syllabus of religious teaching was drawn up by the County Council and the teachers were called up to accept this new kind of authority in Church matters. This they refused to do; but so far as we can gather the French school-teachers are called upon to listen to the instructions which they receive from the Minister of Education, and as those "commandments" have been very various the effect upon the teachers has been far from beneficial. M. Barrès pleaded for a release from this subjection, and that the teachers should be taught to regard the rights of the families of the school children as paramount.

The speech of M. Barrès was animadverted upon by M. Jaurès, who taunted him with acting the part of the savior and protector of the Catholic Church, although he was not a believer. To this M. Barrès replied that while he acknowledged that he was one of those who had abandoned the quest of final causes, he had done so in order to discover scientific laws; and that now experience had revealed to him that Catholicism was synonymous with social health, and that it implied the most elevated sentiments. That was why he was its respectful defender.

Speeches in defence of religious education were made by M. Denys Cochin, the Abbé Gayraud, and M. Piou, while the so-called neutrality was defended by M. Briand, M. Doumergue, M. Steeg, and others. The result of the debate has been already given. The tactics of the government are to represent the bishops as assailants of the established order, of an order, too, which gives ample means of correcting abuses. The bills which are to be introduced to curtail the liberty at present enjoyed by the Catholic schools are to be passed before the dissolution. This may, perhaps, indicate that the government is afraid of an appeal to the country on this question. The bishops, while calling upon their flocks not to interfere in politics, are urging them to be mindful of the rights of the children to a religious education, and to support to the utmost of their power candidates who will do the most good—or the least evil.

Germany.

The General Election in Great Britain has excited more interest in Germany than even its own internal affairs. The Socialists have been hoping for the success

of the defenders of a Budget which is regarded as more favorable to the objects they have in view than any Budget that has ever been introduced into a European Parliament. No revolution has ever established itself firmly until it has been adopted by Great Britain, is a saying attributed to Karl Marx. Hence arose the great anxiety of Socialistic Germans for the success of the English Liberals. For another reason all Germans, without distinction, inclined to the same side. It was felt that while no party in Great Britain would consciously prove wanting in taking adequate means for securing naval predominance, there was yet some slight probability that the Liberal party would not be so alert as would be the Unionists. The *amour propre* of the Germans was, however, wounded by the assertions made during the elections that the main food of Germans was black bread and horse-flesh; and as these assertions were made by the free-traders, they had the effect of diminishing the fervor with which the success of the opponents of the Unionists was desired.

The new Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, is inspiring a large degree of trust and confidence. It is felt that he has pacific aims and that he is more worthy of trust than was the diplomatic Prince Bülow. This has been shown in his treatment of the Mannesmann claims. These enterprising brothers, in despite of the Algeciras Act, procured from the Sultan of Morocco mining concessions extending over about ten square miles of territory, and this they did without the consent of the Powers as prescribed by the Act. It now appears that they were supported by Prince Bülow. The German Foreign Office is now being called upon by many Germans to continue to give the support given by the Prince. This it has refused to do, alleging that the support to the claims given by the Prince was not absolute, but conditional. An offer has been made by the German Foreign Office to refer to arbitration the question whether in any respect the Mannesmann brothers have any claim to consideration; a certain Professor at Bonn, however, declares that such a course is altogether unacceptable to German feeling, that the case involves national *imponderabilia* which a foreign Court of Arbitration could not appreciate. Which is the best representative of German feeling, the Foreign Office or the Professor, we do not know; but that the former should take the more conciliatory and moder-

ate view augurs well for the maintenance of good relations between Germany and France.

The action of certain Professors with reference to the relations between Russia and Finland, commendable though it undoubtedly is, if looked at from the standpoint of justice, is not likely to meet with the Tsar's approval, nor perhaps that of his Foreign Office. A manifesto has been signed by a large number of well-known professors, who claim to represent the conviction of the widest German circles. This manifesto declares that any encroachment upon the political independence of Finland would be a breach of solemn promises, and of rights recognized for centuries; that the loss of its political independence would cause the lamentable collapse of the civilization of a valued member of modern civilized life; and that it is incredible that Russian society can lend itself to the political and intellectual annihilation of a deserving and always loyal people. This generous attempt to protect Finnish rights deserves success. It is not, however, quite certain that Russia has decided to work injustice, nor is it certain that all the claims made by Finns are justifiable.

Yet one more effort is to be made to revise the Prussian franchise, a promise having been made to that effect at the opening of the Prussian Parliament. The Socialists have taken the matter up and have formed a League called the Free Organization of the Young of Berlin and District. This League, however, has been proclaimed as illegal, being a political association within the meaning of the recently passed Imperial Associations Act. The Socialists dispute this decision, and are to carry the matter to the Courts. Meanwhile there have been several somewhat serious collisions between the police and the advocates of a fairer representation of the people in the Prussian Parliament. In Alsace-Lorraine, also, the government has come into conflict with the inhabitants of whom it has charge. In this case it is with the bishops. The latter thought it their duty to forbid Catholic teachers joining the German Teachers' Union, looking upon it as exerting a sceptical influence destructive of the faith. The authorities of the province protested against the action of the bishops, the Statthalter insisting that they had gone outside their province. The *Germania*, the chief organ of the Catholics in Germany, goes so far as to say that the Statthalter's action amounts to

nothing less than a declaration of war with the Church, adding that although German Catholics do not desire a *Kulturkampf*, they are not afraid of one.

With the Poles the government is in a chronic state of conflict, they being ranked by the ruling classes with the Social Democrats as enemies of the State. The latest incident in the tacit warfare which is always going on sprang from municipal elections, which took place recently at Kattowitz. The government issued a command to the State officials not to vote for Polish candidates. This order was disobeyed. In punishment of this delinquency the officials in question were removed to other parts of the country. The question was raised in the Prussian Diet. In reply to the criticisms of the Catholic Centre, the Radicals, and the Social Democrats, the Minister President defended the right of the government to take all measures which it deemed fit to prevent officials from acting in a manner detrimental to the interests of the State, and denied that religious consideration had had any influence in the matter. It is hard, however, to see that, if freedom to vote is not granted, the officials do not become the political vassals of the government.

Loans amounting to about one hundred and twenty millions have already been issued this year by the German Empire and Prussia, but no sign is shown by the supporters of the increase of the Navy that the burden is becoming too heavy. On the contrary, in the most influential circles—the circles which will decide the question of peace or war—the cry is ever more insistent for a still further increase. Anything in the way of disarmament, of course, is declared to be impossible. General Keim, the somewhat notorious ex-president of the Navy League, is very much dissatisfied with the position held by Germany in the world. It is no longer listened to as it was in Bismarck's time. The word which is spoken at Berlin has no weight; it is Paris, London, or St. Petersburg that issues decisive edicts. People who said that there would be no more wars were lunatics. War would come with England on account of antagonistic economic interests, and it would be England that would wage the war. These are the views of the General. It is some consolation that he finds the German people are in need of inward regeneration, for it is an indication that they do not share his opinion. The consolation is not great, how-

ever, because it is not by the people that the war will be declared, but by the classes to which General Keim belongs.

Austria.

A sudden change has taken place, on the surface at least, in the relations of Austria-Hungary with Germany, and possibly with Russia. To certain utterances of the remarkable Count Aehrenthal this change is due. He told the representative of the leading Russian newspaper that Germany had had nothing to do with the decision of Austria to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina. Austria, he said, was not in the habit of seeking advice from Berlin, and was as ready to listen to Russia as to Germany. These utterances excited great anger in the Berlin Press, and the resignation of the Count was declared to be desirable. The thing of greatest importance is that there is a probability of an *entente* being made between Austria-Hungary and Russia with reference to the Balkan States. An official denial of this being in contemplation has, it is true, been made in St. Petersburg; but, such is the state of official morality, little account is taken of this denial. The personal animosity existing between Count Aehrenthal and M. Isvolsky stands perhaps in the way. It was rumored that M. Isvolsky had resigned, but this does not seem to be true. It would seem that we are upon the eve of serious events. Troops have been moved, it has been said—although this, too, has been contradicted—by Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria, and the German Bourse fell decidedly in consequence. If an *entente* were reached between Austria-Hungary and Russia, it is questionable whether it would be to the advantage of the Balkan States.

The Cabinet of Dr. de Lukacs lasted only one week and held only one meeting. After some little difficulty, that of Count Khuen Hedervary was formed; but when it presented itself before the Hungarian Parliament, it was received with hooting and jeers, and on the first vote was decisively defeated. Thereupon it offered its resignation to the King, who refused to accept it; and gave to the Count the power to choose his own time to dissolve the Chamber and to hold a general election. This leaves everything in suspense for an indefinite period, and the prospects of political peace are very doubtful.

Greece.

After making every concession to the demands of the Military League, and passing a large number of laws for the reformation of the country, hopes were entertained that a settlement might be possible. Those hopes have been disappointed, for thereupon supervened the most radical demand of all. This was for the convocation of a National Assembly. The King at first would not listen to this demand. In the first place a national assembly would be illegal, unless it was necessary that it should be voted for by two Chambers. This involved a general election. A general election would raise the question of Crete, and in all probability the armed intervention of Turkey; and this would mean war, for which Greece was quite unprepared. In the second place, the Assembly when called, might throw every institution of Greece into the melting pot, make itself into a Constituent Assembly, and completely overturn the existing order. Notwithstanding these objections, as the less of two evils, the King has given his consent, all the political parties urging him so to do. A new ministry has been formed, with as reliable a man as can be found in Greece at its head. The one compensation, and if realized a sufficient compensation, is that the Military has solemnly promised that it will dissolve itself as soon as the Assembly document is called, and thus put an end to the military rule which has for the past five months set aside the civil authority.

Belgium.

The expectations expressed in the last number, that parliamentary rule—bringing as it does the matter before the public opinion of the country—would prove beneficial to the inhabitants of the Congo, have been realized sooner than was expected. At a recent meeting of the Colonial Council M. Renkin, the Colonial Minister, announced that it had been decided to abandon at once any system of forced labor. This decision applied not only to the Grand Lacs Railway, which is now nearing completion, but also to the Ouellé and Majumbe lines, which will be begun shortly. The local authorities are already disbanding the gangs of forced laborers. The announcement of this reform has produced in Belgium an excellent impression.

With Our Readers

FEW celebrations of recent years have aroused so many inspiring memories of the past as the Golden Jubilee of the Paulist Fathers, which was commemorated almost simultaneously in New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Winchester, Tenn., and Austin, Texas, in all of which cities the Paulists have houses.

The centre of interest was naturally New York, where the Community first began its great labors and where the Mother-House is; and it was eminently fitting that the dominating spirit of the entire celebration should have been that of devotion and loyalty to the high ideals of Father Hecker.

The religious ceremonies will long be remembered by those who witnessed them, and they were made particularly noteworthy by the presence of Cardinal Gibbons, the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Farley, and a great number of the clergy and hierarchy, among the latter being Bishops Hickey of Rochester, O'Donnell of Brooklyn, O'Connor of Newark, and Cusack of New York. The order of exercises was as follows:

CHURCH OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE,

COLUMBUS AVENUE AND 60TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

January 24. 8 P. M. Solemn Vespers in presence of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Sermon by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hickey.

January 25. 10:30 A. M. Solemn Pontifical Mass in presence of his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Celebrant, the Most Rev. John M. Farley. Sermon by Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P.

January 25. 8 P. M. Solemn Vespers in presence of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate. Sermon by Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P.

January 26. 8 P. M. Choral Service with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Sermon by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph F. Mooney, V.G.

January 27. 8 P. M. Choral Service with Solemn Benediction. Sermon by Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.

January 28. 8 P. M. Choral Service with Solemn Benediction. Sermon by Rev. E. G. Fitzgerald, O.P.

January 29. 9 A. M. Children's Mass. Sermon by Rev. Joseph Daily, C.SS.R.

Mass Meeting, under the auspices of the Catholic Laity, February 2, Carnegie Hall, New York City.

Speaking at the conclusion of the Pontifical High Mass, January 25, Cardinal Gibbons said:

"Dearly beloved, I thank you in the name of the bishops, of the clergy, and congratulate the Paulist Fathers on the celebration to-day of their Golden Jubilee.

"The first time that I had the privilege and the honor of meeting the illustrious Father Hecker goes back probably farther than most here remember—to the year 1854. At that time I was undecided about my vocation. I was hesitating whether I should go into the world, or whether I should join the army of the Lord. Those three great men, before the Paulist Order was established, gave a mission in a Southern city where I lived. I was deeply impressed, and the memory of what they said remains to this day. I see with my mind's eye those three, strong, vigorous men: Father Hecker, with that smile and genial expression of an innocent and upright heart; the great, tranquil, dignified Father Hewit; and Father Walworth, whose eloquence reached the hearts of every audience. The words spoken on that day remain in my memory, and were, I believe, the instruments which prompted me to answer the call of God.

"The original Paulists founded the Order inspired by the desire to propagate Holy Faith, but, like all religious communities, it was founded in view of special needs of the day. St. Dominic, with his eloquent preachers, was raised to oppose the heresy of the Albigenses. St. Ignatius Loyola was raised up that he might fight the dangers that afflicted the Church in the sixteenth century. Father Hecker established this Community that he might endeavor to convert the American people, whom he knew so well and whom he loved so tenderly. That was his ambition. He was to make the Catholic Church better known, better loved than it was in this country. What a change has taken place in the sentiment of the non-Catholics of America within the last fifty years! At that time they were fearful of the Church, afraid to cross even its threshold. Half a century ago converts might be numbered by the hundreds—they can now be numbered by the thousands. Much in this change of sentiment is due to the labors of this Community founded by Father Hecker. He founded THE CATHOLIC WORLD, a magazine whose luminous pages have enlightened the Catholics and non-Catholics of our times. Through the "Question Box," for this is an institution of the Paulists, the missionaries of the Community have endeavored, honestly and fairly, to meet all honest and fair inquiries. Above all, the practice of giving missions to non-Catholics, and by this means explaining the teachings of the Church, has led our fellow-citizens to know us better, and, consequently, to love us the more.

"Followers of St. Paul the Apostle, you will endeavor in the future, as in the past, to promote your own personal sanctification,

your own goodness of heart; to be chaste in body and in mind; to be full of zeal before God in the greatest work of mind and heart—the ambition to labor for the sanctification of souls. My friends—and you are my friends—above all you will remember to love one another with brotherly love; to be always willing to help one another, bearing one another's burdens; in a word, to practice that beautiful virtue of charity—that great charity which is the mark of Catholic perfection, and which will not fail to bring down upon you every benediction. And I pray and hope you will answer the special call of your Institute; love your Institute, and endeavor to promote its glory always."

The great Layman's Meeting in Carnegie Hall brought to a close the exercises of the Jubilee. It was a magnificent tribute on the part of the Catholics of New York City to the labors of the Paulist Fathers. One of the features of this meeting was the presence on the stage of the well-known Paulist Sanctuary Choir, under the direction of Sir Edmund G. Hurley. The programme was as follows:

Choir: *a*. Ecce Sacerdos Magnus,
b. We sing the Glorious Conquest. *Young*.
The meeting will be called to order by Honorable Morgan J. O'Brien.
Presiding: His Grace, the Archbishop of New York,
The Most Rev. John M. Farley, D.D.
Choir: Tu es Vas Electionis, *Mendelssohn*.
Address: Reflections of a Paulist Parishioner.
Honorable Thomas C. O'Sullivan.
Choir, Ave Maria, *Gounod*.
Address: The Conversion of America. Walter George Smith, Esq.
Choir: Ecce Fidelis, *Hurley*.
Address: Father Hecker the Citizen. Hon. W. Bourke Cockran.
Choir: Hallelujah, *Handel*.
Choir: Holy God, We Praise Thy Name. The National Anthem.

In connection with the Jubilee, a lay committee of prominent New York Catholics has been formed for the purpose of raising $100,000 for the erection of a new headquarters for the Community. The Committee has met with gratifying success, though much still remains to be secured.

A handsome souvenir booklet of the Jubilee, containing a number of fine photographs, has been issued by the Columbus Press.

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THE Fairbanks incident comes opportunely to add interest to a little volume, just recently published, on *Europe and Methodism*. The author is Bishop William Burt, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who entered Italy as a missionary in 1886, took full charge

of the Methodist propaganda a few years later, and erected the imposing buildings in Rome of which his co-religionists are so proud. Since 1904, when he was elected bishop, he has had nearly all continental Europe for his diocese. His work, then, gives an authoritative but very summary survey of Methodist labors in Europe and of their results.

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HERE is his story, in brief, of the Italian missions. The first Methodist missionary left America for Italy in June, 1871. He studied the language, reconnoitred the field, located at Bologne, and after many difficulties procured a hall there and held his first services in June, 1873. A few months later a mission was established in Rome which became the headquarters of the work in the year following. Their early successes in the city of the Popes are vaguely referred to; but soon "a great indifference came over the people on religious matters. Then it was seen that much that seemed religious was only political, and hence there was a great decrease in enthusiasm and shrinkage in numbers." With perseverance, however, they were able, by the year 1881, to count 1,019 "members and probationers." They established a theological school at Florence in 1889, with Dr. E. S. Stackpole as president; he retired in a few years and the school moved to Rome. The work spread and the various missions were visited in 1896 by Bishop Goodsell. Apparently he was little satisfied, for "he judged it best to make many changes. Thirteen of the ministers were moved." The reasons for the drastic measure are left unrevealed. Our author, under whose direction these ministers worked, gave an interesting speech shortly afterwards at the Venice Conference. On arriving in Italy, he says, "we were young and full of courage and hope. We had dreams of success and visions of victory. . . . How little we have accomplished in comparison with what we had hoped to do! How many thorns, how many difficulties, how many disillusions, how many sorrows we have found in the way of which our youthful enthusiasm had made no account!" Dr. Burt does not delay to explain in detail the reasons of his disappointments. Much, however, had been accomplished, at least in a material way, as his imposing summary shows. "We now have a theological school, a boys' college, an industrial school, two schools for girls, six elementary schools, a publishing house, and a fund for worn-out ministers, widows, and orphans."

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THE results of thirty-five years' labors we give as taken from the (latest) official report of 1907. The "members and probationers" number 3,689; we are not told how many are probationers.

There are 1,922 "Sunday-school scholars and teachers." The average attendance is unstated. These figures net a total of 5,611 who may be called converts. Dr. Burt had stated, eleven years before, that the missions might, with careful management, become self-supporting. Our report shows that the converts contributed $459 to the "missionary collections," or an average of about eight cents each for the year, and for "self-support"—that is, of the Italian missions—$4,099, which would mean seventy-three cents a head for the year. It appears something also is received in fees from some children in their schools and colleges, but the amount is not given. These sums—four thousand dollars and a little more—go to the support of forty-three ministers, numerous teachers, and assistants of various kinds, and to the maintenance of several charities and institutions—churches, schools, colleges, etc. Their property is valued at $565,000. If Bishop Burt still hopes that the Italian missions will become self-supporting, he is undoubtedly a man of unconquerable hope. He does not tell us a fact we should like to know—we presume it is published somewhere—which is, the annual cost of supporting those Italian missions. At any rate, it is no cheap task to make an Italian into a Methodist. Whether in the process he loses his faith or "superstition," we doubt; but one thing is quite clear, he doesn't lose his money. Bishop Burt, who lived among this—to many—most lovable people of the Continent for about twenty years, has not one kind word for them in his fifteen pages. A softer, more expansive heart is needed to "win Italy to God."

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MEAGRE results, some might think; but Bishop Burt, who, as we have seen, is a man of great hope, expresses his encouragement. "The present success gives great hope for the future," he says. ". . . Italy needs us so much. The Italians on both sides of the ocean need us. In view of the past, and in hope of the future, Methodism has no more important mission than to Italy." We may add that the bishop entertains no high opinion of Roman Catholicism. While "the Greek Church has become degenerated and corrupt, . . . pagan in all but name," its evils "are multiplied and emphasized in Romanism; but with this difference, that the latter is Jesuitically aggressive." From sundry hints we infer, by the way, that the bishop does not like the Jesuits. Another drawback in Italy is "an army of intriguing priests, monks, and nuns" who are doing their utmost to keep the people in ignorance.

Under the circumstances one might expect a greater "revival of soul-stirring, conscience-awakening, joyous Methodism" than the report indicates; yet we wonder if it has been as great. Dr. Stack-

pole, to whom we referred above, in his book on *Four and One-Half Years in the Italian Missions*, which was reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD several years ago, revealed to us the old-time methods of rolling up a good Methodist report. As the salaries and grants were proportioned to the church membership, the ministers simply doctored the reports, at least if we are to believe this former president of the theological seminary in which Italian Methodist preachers were trained. Not having the book within reach, we quote it at second-hand from the *Sacred Heart Review* (Feb. 12). Dr. Stackpole says: "We once asked one of the preachers why he did not cut down the statistical Report for the Minutes to actual facts, and he replied: 'That would not please the Presiding Elder.' Every preacher on the Italian mission knows that all the authorities on both sides of the ocean want to see every year in the Reports an increase of membership, probationers, conversions, etc., and they are accommodating enough to make the desired increase." It appears, too, that on the occasion of a visit from the Presiding Elder, the ministers would pack the mission, borrowing members from the neighboring missions so as to make a good showing; somewhat—if an example from a profane source be permitted us—after the method of practical politicians, who vote "floaters" in different polling booths. As the Presiding Elder, on whom this method was practised, was our present author, Bishop Burt himself, we cannot expect any record of so painful a memory in his little book; at the same time, his reticence does not serve to remove our suspicion that the same method of computation is still followed by those who are "winning Italy to God."

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SOME Catholics are offended that the Methodists should send missionaries to convert our co-religionists; but we have no reason to complain. The report shows that, in 1907, there were four hundred and sixty-eight Methodist ministers evangelizing the continent of Europe, exclusive of those engaged in Austria, Hungary, Russia, and France, whose number is not given. Of these, over four hundred are striving to convert Protestants to Methodism, which would seem to indicate that the Protestants of Europe are judged to be about seven times as much in need of Methodism as the Catholics and Greeks together. The missions to Protestants are incomparably more fruitful; while they count only eleven hundred Greeks—including members, probationers, Sunday-School scholars, and teachers—and fifty-six hundred Catholics, they gained over one hundred and sixty-five thousand Protestants, or twenty-four times the given number of Greeks and Catholics combined. The value of their property in Europe is more than four and a half millions; the cost

of supporting their numerous struggling missions must be enormous. Do the American Protestants, who supply this money, realize that it is expended almost entirely to convert people from one form of Protestanism to another—from tweedle-dum to tweedle-dee? But Methodism, as this little book reveals, is very self-confident and—may we say?—Methodistically aggressive; with the only pure, primitive Christianity, its contempt for Continental Protestanism is only surpassed by its hatred for "superstition, Greek and Roman."

* * *

THE generous support which American Protestants give to their missions—and this Methodist report is only one of very many—recalls some words of the appeal on behalf of the Negro and Indian Missions, just issued by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan, and Archbishop Farley, to the Catholic laity of America. "If Catholics of wealth," they say, "are listening to these words, let them pause to examine how they acquit themselves of the responsibilities God imposed when He endowed them with riches. We trust God will inspire many of our wealthy Catholics, as He has already inspired some, with a worthy view of their responsibilities and opportunities, and with an earnest desire to use their means for the spread of religious truth and the salvation of souls; we trust that many of that large and increasing class who, though not wealthy, spend money freely and even with sinful extravagance, will remember the claims of charity; and we know that we can rely upon our good Catholic poor and our good Catholics of ordinary means, who are the backbone of the Church, to continue their aid to these missions to the Indians and Negroes."

* * *

THIS appeal is deserving of the most generous response; but we read between the lines an aim wider than its immediate object. Our spiritual leaders, if we interpret these words rightly, are rebuking the indifference towards important Catholic interests which is manifested by many rich Catholics. Comparisons are difficult, yet so much seems to be done—particularly for educational institutions and missions—by non-Catholic men of wealth and so little by our own. Perhaps these words of the Cardinal and the Archbishops will quicken the conscience of some, and encourage our generous Catholics to continue; they may even reach that class—most widespread to-day and most difficult to impress—the extravagant.

The cry for missionary workers in this appeal—far more insistent than the cry for funds—is one that we feel THE CATHOLIC WORLD should re-echo, and perhaps carry to some readers destined to heed it. Our venerable Prelates, looking again beyond their immediate object, say:

"We all need to kindle within us the missionary spirit. True, it is stirring in our land, more stirring even perhaps than at any time in our history. But the Church of America is still far from doing her full duty. From all sides cries for more workers reach our Bishops and our Religious Orders. Our Sisterhoods are calling out for young women who are urgently needed to equip our schools, hospitals, asylums, and other institutions; and many a young woman spends at home, in the school-room, in the office, or in the shop, those powers which God intended her to use in His service for the salvation of souls. Our Brotherhoods that labor so faithfully and unostentatiously, with so little earthly reward, are always ready to welcome young men with signs of a vocation. And many dioceses and many communities of priests have abundance of misssionary work waiting for young men who come to the priesthood in the spirit of zeal. Pray earnestly then that this Pentecost, the fire that will kindle this missionary spirit, may soon descend upon us from on high."

That the spirit of worldliness hinders many young men and women from hearing the inner call, we have no doubt; these earnest words, coming from such revered authorities and at this season, ought to fall upon heeding ears.

* * *

LAST month we gave space in this department to extracts from Father Rickaby's sermon preached on the occasion of the opening of the Newman Memorial Church at Edgbaston, England. We are pleased to announce that Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, are about to publish this sermon, together with another by the Father Provincial, in pamphlet form. Those interested in the matter, therefore, will be able to secure complete copies of these valuable sermons.

* * *

IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD of October, 1909, we published an article having to do with the Roman Breviary as "A Forgotten Book of Devotions." The purpose of this article was to encourage the use of the Breviary, in its English translation, among the laity. The letters which we received after its publication gave testimony of the interest shown in the work by Catholics. In this connection we wish to make mention of a valuable booklet just issued: *Learning the Office. An Introduction to the Roman Breviary*, by John T. Hendricks, S.J. It is published by Fr. Pustet, New York, and will prove of good service to those who read or intend to read the Office of the Church, as well as to young ecclesiastics, for whom it is primarily intended.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JOHN LANE & Co., New York:
A Sienese Painter of the Franciscan Legend. By Bernard Berenson. Price $2.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., New York:
The Warfare of the Soul. Practical Studies in the Life of Temptation. By S. C. Hughson. Price $1.20 net. *Social Relationships in the Light of Christianity.* By W. E. Chidwick, D.D. *The Divine Minstrels.* By A. Bailey. *The Healthful Spirit.* By H. N. Bate, M.A. *Evolution and the Fall.* By Rev. F. I. Hall, D.D. *Life of Christ for Children.*

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Francia's Masterpiece. By Montgomery Carmichael. Price $2 net.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.
Psychology and the Teacher. By Hugo Munsterberg. Price $1.50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
The Library and the School.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
John and Joan. By Sophie Maud. Price $1 net.

JAMES I. WHITE & Co., New York:
Charles F. Donnelly. A Memoir. By Katherine E. Conway and Mabel W. Cameron. *Roma; and Other Poems.* By Charles F. Donnelly.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Causes and Cure of Unbelief. By N. J. Lafort. Revised, Enlarged, and Edited by Cardinal Gibbons. *A Treatise on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.* Translated from the French.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:
Heaven's Recent Wonders; or, the Work of Lourdes. From the French of Dr. Boissarie. Price $1.50.

THE GRAFTON PRESS, New York:
New Poems. By R. E. Day.

FUNK & WAGNALLS, New York:
The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. VI: Innocents-Lindger.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
The Substance of Socialism. By John Spargo. Price $1 net.

CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York:
Wonders of the Universe. By James L. Meagher, D.D. *Faith and Reason—Showing How They Agree.* By Rev. Peter Saurusaitis. Price 20 cents.

THE NORTH AMERICAN, Philadelphia:
Ireland Yesterday and To-Day. By Hugh Sutherland. Introduction by John E. Redmond, M.P.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
The Seventh Noon. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Price $1.50.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston:
The Construction, Tuning, and Care of the Pianoforte. By E. Q. Norton. *Excelsior!* Ballad for School Chorus. Music by P. A. Schnecker. Price 25c. *Eight Violin Pieces in the First Position.* By Elizabeth Fyffe. Price $1.25.

THE GORHAM PRESS, Boston:
Floridian Sonnets. By William H. Venable. *Hylas; and Other Poems.* By E. D. Dargen. *The Oak Amongst the Pines.* By J. D. Henderson.

THE SCHOENHOF BOOK COMPANY, Boston, Mass.:
The Teaching of Latin in Secondary Schools. By Eugene A. Hecler.

M. S. HARDIE, Dubuque, Iowa:
Little Essays for Friendly Readers. By Carola Milanis.

SISTERS OF CHARITY, Cincinnati, Ohio:
Mother Seton, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity.

THE ARTHUR H. CLARKE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio:
Commodore John Rodgers (1773-1838). A Biography. By Charles O. Paullin. Price $4 net.

SOCIETY OF THE DIVINE WORD, Techny, Ill.:
A Brother's Sacrifice. By A. J. Eifel. Price 50 cents. *The Escapades of Condy Corrigan.* By C. Healy. Price 50 cents.

B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
Clericus Devotus, Orationes, etc., ad usum Sacerdotum et Clericorum. Price 85 cents net.

EMILE NOURRY, Paris:
L'Église et la Sorcellerie. Par J. Français. Price 3 *fr* 50.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE ET CIE., Paris:
Pour l'Eucharistie. Par A. Carré. *La Religion de l'Ancienne Egypte.* Par P. Virey. *Une Conversion de Protestants par la Sainte Eucharistie Jésus.* Par R. P. Maurice Meschler. *Histoire de S. François de Borgia.* Par Pierre Suan, S.J. *La Religion Assyro-Babylonienne.* Par le P. Paul Dhorme. *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique.* Quatrieme edition.

LIBRARIE HACHETTE RT CIE., Paris:
L'Opposition Religieuse au Concordat de 1792 à 1803. Par C. Latrielle.

PLON NOURRIT ET CIE., Paris, France:
L'Amérique de Demain. Par Abbé Félix Klein. Price 3 *fr.* 50.

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